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EMBELLISHMENTS.

VIRGIN AND CHILD.

PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP DUBOIS.

PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. HUGHES.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL CINCINNATI.

ORIGINAL MUSIC.—Hymns of the Roman Breviary, 14 pages.

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VOL. 2.

APRIL, 1842.

No. 1.

HISTORICAL PHENOMENA OF THE TENTH CENTURY.*

THE Tenth age of the Christian era has been styled, by not a few popular writers, the age of ignorance and barbarism—the age of iron; at least when there is question of Western Europe. Is this reproach justly merited? This question we purpose to examine in the following article.

One of the phenomena of the age of Louis XIV., was that Madame de Sévigné could read Saint Augustine in his original tongue; and that mother Angeline Arnauld could understand her breviary: the historians of port royal saw in this the marvel of their learned confraternity, and even of their age. If then, the age of iron, the age of ignorance and barbarism presents, in the midst of its pretended darkness, a similar wonder, a wonder still more surprising, what will we say? If this wonder is to be found not merely in the capital city, but in the depths of a barbarous province, what can we say?

But this wonder of the Tenth century, more astonishing than that of Madame de Sévigné, or mother Angeline, is the simple nun of the con-

vent of Gandersheim, in Hanover. She was born towards the year 940, and was named *Roswith*. Without quitting her pious retreat, she made herself mistress of Latin, Greek, the philosophy of Aristotle, music, and the seven liberal arts. Her preceptors were two other nuns of the same convent. What is still more admirable is, that she composed a great number of Latin poems, which begin to awaken the astonishment of the nineteenth century—and rank the nun of Gandersheim among the lights not only of Germany, but likewise of Europe. She wrote in verse the *panegyric*, or *reign of the three Othos*, who obtained the imperial dignity in the West after the extinction of the direct race of Charlemagne: and also more than *eight poems* on different Saints. She composed, besides, six or seven comedies in prose, in imitation of Terence, as she herself informs us. To honor and recommend chastity was the end which she had in view. “I desired,” she tells us in the preface, “to substitute edifying histories of pure virgins for the scandals of pagan women. I endeavoured to the best of my limited ability, to celebrate the victories of chastity, particularly those which were achieved by the weakness of

* Translated from the *Université Catholique*, expressly for the *Expositor*.

women, and in which the brutality of men is confounded."

Among the dramas of Roswith, there are two founded on authentic histories, viz.: the *Solitary Saint Abraham*, who disguises himself as a soldier to bring back to virtue his niece, Mary, who had abandoned herself to vice; and *Saint Paphnucius*, who makes use of a like stratagem to convert the courtesan, Thais.

These dramas, written in good Latin by a German nun of the Tenth century, were acted by nuns, and listened to by nuns—consequently, that language must have been familiar to them: which has never been the case in any succeeding age, not excepting that of Louis XIV. Moreover, although some of these dramas treat of subjects and adventures of a delicate nature, the diction of the pious nun continues always as pure and chaste, as her intentions were candid and irreproachable. Two modern litterati, the famous Erasmus, in one of his colloquies, and an English poet, in a theatrical piece, have treated a subject resembling that of Abraham and Paphnucius: and it is admitted now, that, for delicacy of sentiment, refinement of language, religious inspiration, and moral elevation, the good nun of the Tenth century, has incontestably the advantage over both. Nor is this all. In her dramas, Roswith proves herself to be familiar with music, astronomy, and even Aristotelic philosophy: and we find from her, what is not expected, the apology of science. After a philosophical discourse on the art of music, the disciples of Paphnucius enquire: "whence have you derived the knowledge, the exposition of which we can follow without fatigue."

Paphnucius.—"It is a mere drop which I have found by chance, and without seeking after it, in passing along the abundant springs of science. I have treasured it, and participate it with you."

The Disciples.—"We return you thanks for your kindness. Yet that maxim of the Apostle terrifies us: God chooseth the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

Paphnucius.—"The wise or foolish deserve to be confounded before the Lord, if they do evil."

The Disciples.—"Undoubtedly."

Paphnucius.—"All the knowledge which it is possible to have, is not that what offends God, but the unjust pride of him who knows."

The Disciples.—"That is true."

Paphnucius.—"And for what end can the arts and sciences be better employed, than for the praise of Him who has created all that we must know, and who furnishes us, at once, both the matter and instrument of science."

The Disciples.—"Knowledge could not be more properly employed."

Paphnucius.—"For the more we are acquainted with the admirable law by which God regulates the number, proportion, and equilibrium of all things, the more does our love burn for Him."

The Disciples.—"And with justice."

Such is the apology which the pious nun of Gandersheim makes of science. Certainly it is not bad for an age of ignorance and barbarism. But while she was cultivating the sciences and letters with so much success in Germany, a poor man cultivated them with still more glory in France. And this was GERBERT.

He was born in Auvergne, at Aurillac, of an obscure family. Whilst young, he embraced the religious life, in the monastery founded in that city by St. Gérard, towards the end of the Ninth century. After having there applied himself to grammar, and the other branches of literature, the desire of advancing more and more in science induced him to travel into distant countries. His abbot sent him to Borel, count of Barcelona,

who placed him under the Bishop Haiton, to study mathematics. The sciences were better preserved at Catalonia, than elsewhere, because the cantons had been less exposed to the excursions of the Normans. Besides, their proximity to Spain, afforded them an opportunity of profiting by the knowledge of which the Arabs then made profession. He carefully cultivated the acquaintance of the learned men of the country: as we may gather from the intimacy which he contracted with Guérin, abbot of St. Michel de Cusan, a man not less celebrated for his piety than his knowledge. Some writers likewise inform us that Gerbert penetrated still farther into Spain, and went to Seville and Cordova, to make new discoveries among the Arabs who there held sway. We are certain he acquired a prodigious knowledge of mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, medicine, and the mechanical arts.

Towards the year 968, the Bishop Haiton and Count Borel having determined to travel to Rome, invited Gerbert to join them. By this means, he became acquainted with Otho I., who gave him the abbey of Bobbio. On quitting Italy, he retired to the court of the Emperor in Germany, where he became the preceptor of young Otho. Thence he passed to Reims, where the Archbishop, Adalberon, entrusted him with the charge of the Cathedral school. In one of his journeys to Rome, whither he went from time to time, he formed the acquaintance of the philosopher Otrie, of Saxony, preceptor of Otho III. The two philosophers had a public conference at Ravenna, on all the sciences, in presence of the emperor and the literary men who were at court or in the city. Gerbert had a great number of disciples, of whom the most illustrious were the two first Othos, and prince Robert of France, afterwards king, who made such progress in the school of Reims, both in

virtue and science, that he was styled *clericus* on account of his learning, and *pius*, on account of his sincere religion.

Besides a great number of letters, Gerbert wrote treatises on arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, rhetoric, dialectic, &c. His favorite author was the celebrated Boëtius, who, with his friend Cassiodorus, transplanted into the West all the sciences of Greece. He was, also, skilled in constructing instruments of astronomy and music.

Ditmar, Bishop of Weresburg, the most judicious and faithful historian of these times, informs us, "that he was perfectly versed in astronomy—that he surpassed all his contemporaries in many other of the polite sciences—that when at Magdebourg, with the Emperor Otho III., he made a clock, the motion of which he regulated by the polar star, which he eyed *through a tube*."*

From the words of another learned contemporary, it has been concluded that Gerbert invented, in the Tenth century, first a clock on wheels, and secondly, an astronomical tube, or, in other words—the telescope! Another ancient writer speaks with admiration of the hydraulic pipes through which he introduced motion by means of *boiling water*;† from which we can infer, without doubt, that Gerbert was the first to discover the application of *steam*!

He was sought after, admired, celebrated as a learned man, by all the world. Hence he became successively Archbishop of Reims, Archbishop of Ravenna, and finally Pope, under the title of SYLVESTER II.

It is remarkable that Roswith and Gerbert were not the only lights that burned in the Tenth century. It produced an incredible number of Saints and learned personages, among

* Ditmar 1. vi. † Will. of Malmsh. 1. ii. ch. x.

princes and bishops—in the cloister and the world. And the Saints were the most zealous in acquiring, and diffusing abroad, the advantages of science. In England, we find Saint Odo, and Saint Dunstan, both Archbishops of Canterbury. In France, Saints Abbon de Fleury, Odon, Aimand, Mayeul, Odilon, all abbots of Cluny. In Germany, Saint Bernard bishop of Hildesheim, Saint Uldaric, of Augsburg, and the entire monastery of Saint Gall. In the

Kingdom of Lorraine, Saints Guarelin and Gerard, bishops of Toul, Saint John de Vendières, abbot of Gorze, Saint Gerard, abbot of Brogne near Namur, Saint Guibert, abbot of Gemblours; but above all, Saint Bruno, archbishop of Cologne, viceroy of the kingdom of Lorraine, which he divided into two duchies, for the government of which he himself formed two men, of whom one was the ancestor of Godfrey de Bouillon, and the other of the Dukes of Bar.

SPIRITUAL PLEASURES.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE YOUNG CATHOLIC FRIENDS' SOCIETY, IN THE MASONIC TEMPLE,—BOSTON.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

Among the various duties incumbent upon those who are placed conspicuously, either by their profession or talents, before their fellow-men, there is none more imperative than that of enlightening and directing the youthful mind. Without much pretension to the latter, I lay claim to the former:—and, raised by the sacred office which I fill, to a more elevated view of the community, it is my province, and certainly my delight, to communicate to the young of every denomination, but especially of my own, whatever gleanings of experience I may have picked up in the paths of meditation and study through which I have passed.

Gentlemen of this society, I appear before you with no ordinary satisfaction—and with a subject, too, that must claim peculiar attention from those among my auditors, who have a taste for intellectual pleasures. And when the topics on which I purpose to treat shall have been sufficiently de-

veloped to your understanding, they will be found calculated to reach every heart, where sensibility and virtue dwell.

The pleasures of the senses are not of a more keen or general character, than those of the spirit. They are, indeed, more quickly appreciated—for they are more directly referable to the physical construction of our being, and are, more or less, common to the irrational animal. Such are the pleasures of hearing, tasting, smelling, seeing, and so forth. Indeed, there is no human creature whose soul does not yield, with delight, to the influence of sound, the sweet singing of birds, the gentle accents of speech, the enchanting harmony of music, vocal or instrumental. And how does the spirit of man glow with rapture, when, through the organ of his eye, objects so varied and wondrous present themselves before him! the face and features of a bosom friend, a parent, a relative—the scene of his

native spot which he revisits after years of absence—the heaven's bright azure—the vale's deep verdure—the flowers' beauteous colors, more fair and lovely than Solomon in all his glory—and so many other equally interesting objects. Ah! he whose destiny it is to be deprived of hearing or seeing, stands among his fellows a mutilated being—his ears sealed up to the delights of sound, or his eyeballs rolling in perpetual darkness. Yet, upon these pleasures it is not my intention to dwell to-night. But I solicit your attention to the consideration of those which the spirit enjoys; and which depend for existence, not on the senses of man, but on his soul. The subject may be divided into these three following heads:

I. INTELLECTUAL PLEASURES—or the pleasures of the intellect.

II. CORDIAL PLEASURES—or pleasures of the heart.

III. VIRTUOUS PLEASURES—or the pleasures of virtue.

These three divisions will cover the whole extent—as far, at least, as may be necessary just now—of one of the most agreeable topics, in my opinion, that could be offered to the consideration of the young minds which form this excellent society.

I. Intellectual pleasures are those which spring from the mind, as from a natural fountain, and diffuse a certain delightful influence over the knowledge acquired by industrious study. They are the offspring of that excellence of genius which makes itself known and admired by the elegant expression of one's own thoughts, and the just appreciation of all that is most interesting and useful in those of others. Nor let it be imagined that these pleasures are abstract merely: they are, indeed, abstract pleasures, but not, therefore, the less real and fascinating. For the mind so acts upon the physical organs of the human system, that when they are delighted, the entire being participates in the

mental delectation. And so essential is it that the mind should be in a condition of happiness, in order that the man should be really so likewise, that unless this be the case, no pleasure worth the name, can possibly exist.—Hence the truth of that poetic, and, at the same time, philosophic, adage: *mens sana in corpore sano*.

The spirit, concealed in its mysterious hiding-place, never ceases to think: and its sweetest pleasures are derived from thought. Spirits hold communion with one another. Mine communicates its ideas to yours—and yours to mine. This is done by speech, oral or written. The more beauteous, high, and elegant those thoughts, the more pleasure is thence derived. This theory cannot be called in question, at least by the intellectual reader, whose best delight it is to hold converse with those master-writers, whose works are famed for lofty and virtuous thoughts.

The spirit is a celestial spark, struck—I think some poet has it—from the throne of God. The breath divine has inflamed it, and it burns with splendid ardor. It is the fire which animates and vivifies the intellect: and nothing but the foul clouds of passion can enshroud it in gloom. Nay, oftentimes, even through that gloom—dense and darksome as it is—the light of the spirit, unquenchable and fierce, will struggle, though with a glimmering ray.

Spirit must not be confounded with genius, taste, judgment, talent.—From these it is distinct, although it partakes of all—for they are its offspring: and the pleasures derived from them—and these are infinite—must necessarily be referred to it. I say these pleasures are infinite. Need I attempt to explain? It would require a hundred tongues, nay, a hundred volumes, to enter into all the delights which are produced by taste, judgment, and talent. And these are intellectual pleasures.

The spirit, through the medium of genius, can give beauty to the commonest ideas: this is done by *finesse*, if I may use the term, and delicacy. By *finesse*, is meant the art of giving to understand a sentiment which is not openly and clearly expressed. This touches the language more than it does the thought: but *delicacy* refers to the sentiment—and is well elucidated in the sentence of him who said:—*quando omnia peridi, omnia obtinui. By losing all things, I have gained all.*

Similes, comparisons, allegories and metaphors, are so many aids to give relief, as it were, to the spirit, and to develope thought. And the pleasure derived from the right use of figurative speech, expressed by such aids, is of a rare and exquisite character. These intellectual pleasures emanate from the different qualities I have indicated, and interest the soul under many respects. Novelty is delightful to it, sentimental ideas touch it, cheerful objects attract it, pleasant thoughts cheer it, racy expressions charm it, lively images expand all its sensibility, grand and sublime conceptions excite all its admiration. In this way, such intellectual pleasures, which may be multiplied to infinity, concur for our enjoyment and felicity; causing us to derive delight, not merely from our own genius, but, likewise, that of others.

The energies of spirit should not be exerted, except at a proper time, and in a becoming manner. To this end, it will be well, nay necessary, to familiarize one's self with the master-works of genius, which time has consecrated, and the opinions of all men rendered venerable.

Here is an inexhaustible fountain of intellectual delight. To live the past over again, as it were, by blending our living thoughts with beings great and illustrious, whose spirits, ages ago, have ceased to act in this world by their present influences, but which have bequeathed their mental

treasures—the richest boon of antiquity—to countless succeeding generations. They are stars shining on through the night of years, and studing the firmament of letters with gems and pearls of mind. They are beacons among the ruins of other spirits, which, if they gave a ray of light at all, it lasted only for a brief space, and was quenched in eternal darkness. Moreover, the spirit does not display itself, in all its worth, or produce its full effect, unless sustained by reason; otherwise, it will make but a pompous exhibition of a vain and fallacious splendor.

But I must not forget to remark, that the greater and more multiplied the pleasures of the spirit, the more dangerous does the abuse of them become. And when abused, then all its faculties combine to palliate vice, to disfigure truth, to support error, to depreciate the merit of others, and to strew over with flowers malignity and falsehood. Were it needful to adduce examples of this melancholy assertion, what mighty spirits could I not array before you, who, by abusing their extraordinary attributes, fell into absurdities the most gross, and became victims to theories the most vicious and immoral. Vanity is too often the cause why intelligencies, sublime and glorious, at first, have been made to shoot, like so many falling stars, from their brilliant spheres, down into depths more terrible than chaos. We have seen names in the book of Truth, which no prophet could have foreseen would have been otherwise than monuments of spiritual worth, erased, on a sudden, by the hand of Religion, and transferred to the records of scepticism or error, by the Genius of Pride. We have witnessed this catastrophe in our own times. If, in by-gone years, we read of once glorious spirits "whose candlesticks were removed," the nineteenth century has seen the grandest spirit of the Church of France hurled down by its own vanity, from

the throne of Truth, into the dungeons of St. Pelagie.*

I said that spirit, properly defined, differs from genius and taste. Genius is a more elevated attribute, inasmuch as it is animated by a creative sentiment which approaches to perfection. The pleasures of genius are more rare, and, consequently, more lively; for they are transported at times even as far as enthusiasm, and constitute the consummation of intellectual enjoyments. Genius is, moreover, a pure gift of nature, which produces master-works far beyond the ability of those who are not so sublimely gifted. Hence, a man of genius is immediately recognised; for he possesses a peculiar train of ideas, and presents them to others in language which marks him, forthwith, as a favored child of nature. But, as the lapse from the highest pinnacle is, not unfrequently, into the profoundest depths, so, when a great genius errs or falls, his error, his fall, are like that of the defeated Archangel, into the lowest depths—"a lower deep still opening to devour him." Voltaire might be mentioned as a striking exemplification of this truth. But, genius well regulated and steady in its bearing, begets wisdom—and the fruits of wisdom, like the palm-tree in Cades, never decays: and those fruits afford a perennial store of intellectual pleasures.

Taste, is the handmaid of genius. She gathers up the flowers as they bud forth under her genial influence, and weaves them into fragrant wreaths to crown her. Taste governs talent. The luxurious growth of figures she prunes; and realises the maxims of the Roman critic:

*"Non satis est pulchra esse poemata,
dulcia sunt."*

"'Tis not enough your verse should beautiful be;
Let it be sweet in language."

* The great but unfortunate De L'Amenais.

Taste, gives the polishing stoke to every work of genius; infuses into it exquisite sentiment, which, at a glance of the eye, can be perceived, and which cannot fail to inspire with intellectual delight every man of good sense and refined appreciation. By the operation of Taste, beauty is discerned from mediocrity, good from bad, in every work whose object and aim are to be useful or pleasing. And it is only the man of taste who can distinguish with wisdom that which is calculated to touch, to delight, to instruct; and the impressions he receives thereby produce the most delicious intellectual enjoyment. Of Taste, it may be said in the language of the above cited Poet:

—"*Hæc virtus erit,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia
dici
Pleraque differat, ac presens in tempus
omittat.*"

"This is its virtue: some things now to say,
And others to the future to defer—
This to adopt, and that to lay aside."

From what I have said, the pleasures of the spirit may be generally understood. Those of Taste and Genius combining, form a delightful association which imparts to the soul more congenial enjoyment than any extrinsic or sensible objects can bestow; and to renounce these, would be to check the fountains of mind—to destroy the sources, so pure and abundant, of intellectual happiness. Let us now pass to the second head, viz:

CORDIAL PLEASURES, or the pleasures of the heart.

II. On the threshold of this enrapturing subject, my hand almost refuses its labor, and my pen seems ready to fall from my grasp, so absorbed is my mind in the prospect before me. Sweet friendships, hallowed loves, tender affections, and gentle sympathies crowd upon my imagination. Gratitude, charity, commiseration, heroism, com-

ing forth from the mysterious depths of the heart, present their spiritual tributes to the sum of intellectual enjoyments.

Cordial pleasures are composed of those blissful emotions, that delightful interest, which the soul experiences in receiving tokens of tenderness, attachment, and beneficence. Spirit yearns after spirit. There is a mystic relation binding them together—a chain made in heaven, whose every link is a soul depending one on the other—sympathising with, and, in great measure, essential to one another. Companionship is our natural condition. Isolation is a negative; spirit is positive; and thus, when one shews kindness to the other, there is an electric delight, which thrills the heart, and gives rise to those exquisite sensations which constitute its pleasures.

The springs of these pleasures are sensibility and beneficence. In the word *sensibility*, who can tell what sympathies and relations are contained? It is a tender affection of the soul, a touching virtue, which feels a lively interest in every thing that concerns humanity. It is the tear which drops over the miseries, the afflictions, the sorrows of a neighbor. It is the sigh which the heart heaves when mourning over the domestic scene, and lays down by the hearth-stone, in the silence of the dead, the loved one who once deepened its gladness by his blended smiles and animated speech. When the poor man tells his tale of want, she pities, and relieves. When the orphan's craving glance fixes itself upon her, and cries for his absent mother, she presses him to her bosom, and warms him with her love. She palliates the errors of humanity, and rejoices in its virtues. She melts, not only at real woes, but, likewise, at the ills of fancy—not, indeed, with morbid sentimentalism, but with a feeling which is inseparable from virtue, and the characteristic attribute of an upright heart; an attribute, which

prompts not only to relieve, but, if possible to prevent, the evils too incident to human life. And from these actions, from this tender sympathy of soul, a thousand spiritual luxuries emanate, which are a perennial fountain of cordial enjoyment. With no less reason than originality, did the immortal author of the "Deserted Village" express himself, when he sang of the *luxury of doing good*.

The cold philosophy of the egotist, does not admit this theory. Nay, it has dared assert, as one of its principal tenets, that sensibility, far from creating enjoyment, generates pain. It confounds, moreover, sensibility with mawkish *sensibilism* or *sentimentalism*, and pronounces it unbecoming a manly heart. But, upon this ground, even virtue itself may be discarded. For virtue, as we will see in its proper place, is all gentleness, feeling, and love, while, at the same time, as its very name imports, it is all courage, fortitude, and valor.

The sensible heart, I know, often bleeds, because of its own exquisite sensibility, for the sorrows and miseries of others. But, then, there is a nameless pleasure even in that pain: there is a spiritual blending of satisfaction and noble complacency with the anguish of sympathy, which, as it were by a mystic alchemy, converts the bitterness into sweetness—and imparts a sensation infinitely more to be coveted than the frigid imperturbability of the stoic's soul. Sensibility transforms into joys those very pains which it occasions—and the bounty and charity which accompany it, cause the heart to forget its own sorrows in the good which is done to another.

It is, then, beyond all doubt, that the sensible heart enjoys more than any other the purer pleasures of existence; and the interest it experiences for others, diffuses itself over a greater number of objects. It possesses within itself the spark of virtue, which re-

quires only to be excited in order to warm and enlighten its aspirations and actions. Reflection may render a man honest, but sensibility alone can make him sympathetic. Rigid honesty dispenses to all their rights, with philosophic severity, but heeds not the gentler offices of compassion and love. But sensibility seeks after them, and her best delight is to mingle her spiritual aids with their necessities. She is the mother of humanity and generosity. She will be found in the abodes of distress, near the couch of sickness, in the dungeons of guilt itself: and her only study is how to confer upon all, whom she can reach, the blessings of her influence.

Sensibility realizes what charity inspires; and carries her beneficence to such a degree of perfection, that she is often ignorant of her own most generous deeds. Thus reducing into effect the sublime morality of the gospel; when the left hand knows not what the right performs—but all is reserved to the providential regard of our heavenly Father, whose eye seeth in darkness.

When not in a situation to follow the kind suggestions of beneficence, sensibility will not be satisfied with her own internal desires, but will have recourse to every means in order to give external evidences of them. She is always industrious in devising plans, always fruitful in producing resources, by which to bestow relief and consolation; and if every exertion fail, she soothes her disappointment with the reflection that to sympathize with our fellow beings is to impart to them a share of comfort, and, if other aids are wanting, she can, nevertheless, extend her salutary counsel. And, among the various means of shewing sympathy and sincere regard, I know of none less equivocal than that of sincere and heart-felt advice given when solicited either directly, or by the appeal of circumstances. True friendship can never be more firmly testèd; especial-

ly when he for whom such advice is intended occupies a station of influence and authority. One of the most difficult things, in my estimation, is for an inferior to say *no*, or even *beware*, when a superior says *yes*, and *fear not the consequences*. But, where the heart is warmed by genuine beneficence, the intense desire of making others happy will be the only motive of its action—and candor will speak what sensibility feels. And in this blessed effort to do good, and avoid evil, there is contained a sweet satisfaction, which claims no lowly place among the *cordial enjoyments*, or pleasures of the heart.

Sensibility is incompatible with ingratitude; a vice, of which the very name is held in horror. And not only this;—not only the sensible heart cannot be ungrateful itself, but, moreover, it is slow to accuse others of that vice. Men frequently complain of the ingratitude of others merely to cover their own avarice, or justify their want of charity. They will not assist, or hardly pity, a neighbor in distress, because of the ingratitude with which many good actions are often required. But this is a fallacious pretext. This is a cold and speculative theory of stoicism which ill comports with the susceptibilities of the human heart, or the sublime character of the christian code.

Gratitude is, indeed, an essential duty on the part of him who receives a kindness; but, in bestowing that kindness, the sensible heart is not actuated by the desire of being gratefully required. No; such an idea does not enter into its holy views; otherwise the beneficent deeds of charity would be but a kind of cordial speculation, by which one heart would be moved to sympathy for another only for the return which should be made; and thus would the gentle charities of the soul be bartered, as it were—as in a commercial speculation, where money is lent only to be returned with usury.

Supposing ingratitude to be more common even than is really the case, should the fountains of benevolence be, therefore, sealed up? This, indeed, would be to destroy humanity, to trample to the earth all the feelings of sensibility. There would then exist no such virtue as disinterestedness, which naturally inclines and leads to doing good, without any other recompense than the mere pleasure of having performed an excellent deed, which pleasure is of a *cordial* nature, an exquisite enjoyment of the heart.

Beneficence, growing out of sensibility, is a virtue of all others the most pregnant with delight, the most useful, and the most active. It sheds its celestial balm into all the evils which afflict humanity, and knows no limit save the impotency of doing more good. By this was prompted every philosophic act recorded on the historic page, every heroic privation made by generous and devoted men, and every chivalrous and noble feat which distinguished and immortalized the patriot, the missionary, and the martyr.

The only rock which such beneficence has to fear, is that of pride: of exacting services and reciprocities—which corrupts all the good that has been effected. An act, no matter how sublime it may seem, if performed with such an intention, loses all its greatness: and far from satisfying him for whom it is intended, becomes insupportable and odious to him. It has the character of a *favor*—and no man of independent feelings would be willing to be regarded as under an obligation to another, who has merely acted for the purpose of extorting that obligation. For, if vanity govern the one in the exercise of benevolent offices, pride will sway the emotions of the other, and cause him to disdain, what, under another influence, would have proved a source of pleasing gratitude. Beneficence, fostered into action by the spirit of ostentation, pro-

ceeds not from the well-spring of sensibility or virtue: but beneficence, warmed by the ardor of charity, and acting under her gentle inspiration, takes its birth in heaven, and brings down upon the heart which is opened to receive its blessings, the most lasting and precious delights; which delights, like the pleasures of charity, are exquisite alike to him who gives, and him who receives.

Among the pleasures of the heart, the sweetest of all, by far, as well as the purest and most enduring, is that of friendship. Friendship! at this sacred name, the soul exults with delight; for in it is contained whatever most endears and consecrates our nature. All tender yearnings, all fond dependencies, all social intercourse, are its blessed offspring. Deep sentiment alone can define it, whilst, in fact, it owes its origin to sentiment. He who feels the hallowed spirit of friendship in his soul, has felt there first the glow of virtuous sentiment. Well has Young exclaimed—

Celestial happiness! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone—the bosom of a friend,
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit: in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder
froze:

True love strikes root in Reason—passion's
foe.

Virtue alone endures us for life:

I wrong her much—endures us forever!

And Cotton, in his Sixth "Vision:"

Friendship! thou soft propitious power,

Sweet regent of the social hour:

Sublime thy joys;—nor understood

But by the virtuous and the good.

Friendship may be regarded as an illimited contract between two sensible and virtuous hearts. They are bound by reciprocal affection which flows from the fountains of sensibility and virtue. Fountains unpolluted by any selfish admixture of passion, pure from the dregs of sordid interest, limpid in the serene sunshine of candor

and peace. Esteem and attachment form the elements of friendship. Without them it cannot flourish. But, where hearts are blended together by them, their existence is rendered delightful—every instant is gilded with happiness, and every pain is alleviated or destroyed. And what makes these pleasures more invaluable is, that they are pure as they are sweet, and estranged from repentance or remorse. Nay, further, they augment with years, and are remembered with a sentiment of transport.

Friendship affords to every age and condition an inexhaustible source of contentment and felicity. It is this noble sentiment which causes men in society to look upon one another as brethren; which mingles together their various interests, and enlarges the boundaries of their sociabilities. This sentiment is co-natural to man, it is innate, requires not the agency of external circumstances, waits not for the interposition of contingent opportunities. In effect, there is no expression which can sufficiently denote the affections of the heart—much less give utterance to them—which friendship inspires: affections, by which it produces an admirable and sweet transfusion of soul into soul.

True friendship is of rare occurrence. The name is common, but much abused, and little apprehended. In the composition of friendship so many extraordinary attributes must enter, that when we consider them together, it would almost seem they are no where to be found. Have you ever examined the bases on which it is established? They are as follow:

First, **VIRTUE**—which, with her holy blandishments, attracts and unites together hearts and souls, and then breathes into them her celestial spirit—which is nothing less than the breath of God:—and by this breath is friendship animated.

Secondly, **ESTEEM**—which is obtained only by the conscious know-

ledge that the object we love is free from vice. This can be found nowhere except in the paths of virtue; and can be preserved only by reiterated trials, and constant fidelity.

Thirdly, **CONFIDENCE**—which generates a certainty that our interests will not be endangered or betrayed.

Fourthly, **PRUDENCE**—which foresees, at a distance, every motive of a change of friendship, and kindly and cautiously removes it in time.

Fifthly, **SENSIBILITY**—which divides with ourselves the misfortunes of our friends, and urges us not merely to afford them succour and comfort in them, but, likewise, even, if possible, to prevent them.

Sixthly, **GOODNESS** and **INDULGENCE**—which render amiable the commerce and intercourse of life, and spread the mantle of charity and forgiveness over the errors of human weakness.

Seventhly, **FIRMNESS** and **CONSTANCY**—which exclude all levity from the solid and lasting sentiment of friendship. Without these qualities, there is no much thing as genuine attachment. It would be impossible to harmonize the different and conflicting dispositions of humor, character, and condition. Viewing the subject in this its proper light, we will not be surprised to find that friendship is so rare among mankind; as rare as real virtue, and as valuable as wisdom itself. For, it is made up of both—and will own no companionship, admit no kindred feeling, but with the virtuous and the wise. In a corrupt and lowly soul, it will not deign to make its habitation. The powerful man may have his slaves—the wealthy man his adulators—the man of genius his admirers; but the wise and good man alone will have his friends.

It is not difficult now to perceive the infinite difference between true and solid friendship, and the passing and fiery passion which often tortures the rash hearts of youth. There is no happiness in such delusion. For a

time, the hope of enjoyment may beckon onward the unwary victim of vice, but that hope, like the *ignis fatuus*—beckons onward to ruin. Far be it from me to depreciate the union of soul and body effected by virtuous love, and consummated by the matrimonial bond; no, the Church, our holy mother, has sanctified this; and has ranked the nuptial ceremony among her sacraments. But where the noble object of such union is not had in view, love is a guilty passion, disordinate in its character—the abuse of sentiment—the profanation of sensibility—the offspring of caprice. It is light and inconstant—it is destroyed by time. It fires the hot and giddy excesses of youth. It is always accompanied by fears, uneasiness, remorse. Friendship is solid and enduring. It adorns and enobles every age. It is guided by confidence, truth, and virtue. Its pleasures are unalterable. They are enjoyed in the present, the past, and the future; and if there be felicity on earth, it is in such friendship that it is to be found; not in that precarious attachment which is disordinate and capricious as the passions, empty as vanity, and selfish as interest. If there were anything further to be added on his subject, I would merely state, that Religion alone is the foundation of genuine Friendship. Possessing this,

His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

III. From these intellectual and spiritual pleasures, we now pass to those of virtue. And this is the part of my subject most worthy the attention of all, but especially of the young gentlemen who constitute the members of this Society.

Virtue is so fair, so attractive, when seen in her native and original form, that the heart that would not yearn after her—would not open, at once, to her holy influence—must be sealed against the tenderest appeals, and closed against the charms of loveli-

ness. Virtue is a seraph, bright and immortal, descended from the spheres of glory to walk among the sons of earth, and to make them good and perfect and happy. She is the angel-guardian of youth—she is the angel-solace of old age. To every condition and class of life, she is the most unerring and prolific source of happiness in the present world, as well as the future, beyond the tomb. And behold here the infinite advantage which Virtue bestows. In the language of Montesquieu—*intended to render us happy hereafter, Virtue likewise perfects our happiness here.*

“It was not without profound wisdom,” remarks the Count de Maistre, “that the Romans expressed by one and the same word *Virtue* and *Force*—*VIRTUS*. For there is no *Virtue*, properly speaking, that does not imply a victory over ourselves. And what costs nothing, is worth nothing. If sometimes *Virtue* appear to have less talent than *Vice* to obtain riches, offices, &c., so much the better even in a temporal point of view. Let us never envy crime, but leave it to its sad prosperity. *Virtue* has its fortune; it has all that it is lawful to desire; and even had it less, nothing would be wanting to the just man—for there would remain peace of heart. Inestimable treasure! health of the soul! charm of life! which supplies the place of everything else, and for which nothing else could be a substitute.”

Virtue elevates the soul above itself by inspiring it with super-human sentiments. It repudiates and condemns every low and craven feeling. *Virtus timoris nescia* is a beautiful and just expression of the Roman Lyrist. What has the upright and religious man to dread? With infinite truth may he exclaim:

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jacula neque arcu, etc.*

The virtuous man from vices free,
Recks not the Moorish lance or bow,
Nor poisoned arrow from the heavy quiver.

His path is straight-forward, and his conduct before the world, courting its scrutiny, and fearless of its censure. For, his whole being is animated, as it were, by her spirit; his affections are governed by it, and his soul imbibes a delicious enjoyment which the treasures of the earth could not purchase. One hour in such delights is better than a thousand years in the tents of iniquity. Well and beautifully has a poetical writer exclaimed:

Oh! why will you talk of the pleasures, which
earth

For a brief, passing hour to the guilty may
bring?

One drop of that Joy, to which Virtue gives
birth,

Is worth all the torrents from Luxury's
spring.

Drink not of the former; for in them can
you never

Slake the thirst of the soul which is pant-
ing for bliss;

But go to the latter; whose waters flow ever
From Elysian realms to the spirits of this.

Virtue imparts courage to support all real evils, and renders in inaccessible by imaginary ones. For, to the least observant it must be known, that men are sometimes more harrassed, more broken down, by the latter than even by the former. Virtue regulates the imagination. She admits within its sanctuary nothing of a profane, nothing of a distracting character: and, instead of those hauntings which too often infest the minds of the guilty, she introduces into them pleasant ideas, gentle thoughts, and holy imaginings. She spreads over the whole a sweet calm, lulling into quiet all the elements of the soul, and thus inducing a state which is an anticipation of that to which we aspire in heaven. Who, therefore, can doubt, after entering the least into the consideration of the subject, that virtue affords the principal source of the pleasures which flow into the heart. The tie that exists between virtue and happiness is so strict and intimate, that they are quite inseparable. With

elegant propriety has the muse of Pope sung:

“Virtue alone is happiness below.”

And unhappiness cannot be considered otherwise than an effect inevitable from an indifference to virtue. All the miseries entailed on the human family were in consequence of that indifference, or rather were the lamentable offspring of the vices; all the blessings lavished on them, the inestimable results of the love of virtue. These propositions have been developed by some of the greatest christian philosophers, and, save by the blinded sceptic, cannot be called in question. Moreover, the virtues are sisters, and *one* cannot be violated, but at the expense of our happiness. For example, probity commands us not to act towards our neighbor in a manner which we ourselves would be unwilling should be the guide of others in our regard. That is to say, it forbids us to injure another. But beneficence goes farther, and not only prohibits the doing evil to a neighbor, but requires that we should afford him assistance in his misfortunes. If we comply with the former, but neglect the latter, the pleasure which would redound from the one would be destroyed by the remorse which will attend and follow the neglect of the other. But when all are cultivated, it is impossible to tell how perfect the human character becomes, or what pleasures the human heart enjoys.

We all know—alas! perhaps experience has taught us all—to what numberless difficulties and dangers virtue is ever exposed. Whither-soever the eye directs its gaze, the scene is fraught with perils. Young men, you need but walk abroad amid the dissipating scenes which crowd your streets, to feel how careful should be your path. Listen not to the song of the worldly Syren, heard from some enchanted spot, and echoed back by luxurious hills and vales, where every

pleasure seems to bloom, but where certain destruction awaits the unwary victim. Bind yourselves to the mast, as your bark glides by, and remember that with virtue at the helm, you will pass safely on, escape the shoals more dangerous even than those of Scylla and Charybdis, and be wafted on to the haven where happiness dwells. Remember again that to preserve virtue, you must distrust your natural strength, and elicit all your moral energies to struggle against every obstacle.

I have thus performed the task assigned me, of addressing the members of this most excellent society. A pleasing task, indeed, to me, and may I trust it has been the same to all those whose attention has been occupied by it? To leave, awhile, the duller avocations of life—to withdraw, as it were, into some christian Academus or literary Porch, there to devote an hour stolen from the business of the world to the contemplation of the pleasures of mind, is a beautiful and instructive practice. And what are these Lectures, but such contemplations. In them, are contained the results of serious study, the wisdom of great abilities, and the experience of mature

observation, calculated to enlighten, please, and instruct the hearts of young men. How much better such nights—these *noctes cœnæ quæ Deum*, as they have been so elegantly styled by the Poet, than those spent in dissipation, idleness, or crime. I love to see the ardor with which these lectures are conducted; and, while I praise the gifted men who have consented to share their wisdom with the young and gentle mind, I applaud the youthful circle of ingenuous hearers, who seem desirous to improve their auspicious opportunities; and prefer these evening *reunions* to the vain pageant of the theatre, or the hectic excitement of ball or rout. If my humble abilities have brought anything to the occasion either instructive or pleasing, my pains will be amply rewarded, and my hopes and desires accomplished. In conclusion, young gentlemen, let me again exhort you to seek after wisdom; for, in the sweet language of Miss Carter:

Beneath her clear, discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show:
She sees through every fair disguise
That all, but Virtue's solid Joys,
Is vanity and wo.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.

Canticle of Magnificat.

I.

A star above the world's wild sea;
A hope within the christian breast;
A desert fountain springing free;
Eternity to minds oppress'd!
Holy mother such art thou
Virgin of the beaming brow!
Star of love and hope of light,
Desert fountain free and bright
Ave Maria!

II.

The play thing of the storm am I
 Upon life's treacherous ocean tost :
 To thee I look with watchful eye
 For if I loose thee I am lost.*
 Be my constant beacon thou,
 Pure of heart and calm of brow,
 Lend me still thy mediate light,
 Thro' this world of stormy night.
 Ave Maria !

III.

In my young heart's elysian day,
 My thoughts were bright as summer flowers
 When with the morning light they play,
 Or sleep in moonbeams through their bowers :
 They were shaken in their pride :
 They were fragile, and they died :
 But the parent tree is here
 Bid it bud with flowers as fair.
 Ave Maria !

IV.

Hail ! chosen vessel of the Lord ;
 Hail virgin mother of the Word :
 Parent of man's Redeemer hail :
 Pray to his throne—thou cans't prevail !
 Pray as Mercy's Mother may ;
 Pray as Heaven's Queen can pray ;
 Hear a suppliant of earth
 Thou wert too of mortal birth !
 Ave Maria !

PHIL. RILEY OR THE CONVICT.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Here without one consoler near,
 To whisper comfort to the ear,
 His fate consigned to judgments frail
 With whom a breath might turn the scale.
 Alas ! if misery dwells below
 This is her darkest den of woe !
 The Curse of Kishogue.

CHAPTER I.

" May God in his mercy look down
 upon me, and uphowld me in this
 thrial as he did in every other ; for
 surely 'tis a terrible thing to be af-
 ther selling the pass upon the poor boys
 that done it all for the best, and if
 they were wrong they believed they

were right, and if I must suffer, why,
 God who knows all hearts, won't turn
 away his blessed face from me. No !
 no ! I'll never be an informer and have
 their blood upon my hands : there
 never yet was an informer in Phil.
 Riley's family, and my name shan't
 be the black spot upon theirs. The
 honest characther must not stop away
 from my grave—no ! those prison
 walls must bury me first."

* " Si je te perd je suis perdu."

Such were the ejaculations and resolutions of one of the many prisoners who awaited their trial in the Clork County jail, in the year 182—, charged with having arms in their houses without legal authority. Fire arms had been found in his dwelling; but his hand had never placed them there, and he knew not of their presence or possession. His ever upright and unimpeachable character, was of little avail against the evidence of the policeman who found them beneath his roof. Nor was it more available, when placed against the suspicion, that he could have had no other use of them, than that of aiding, abetting, and assisting, in the lawless deeds of insurrection, which, at that time, were a very correct miniature likeness, or rather facsimile of the great tragedy which the British “*Divide et impera*” “got up,” with all its revolting scenery and sanguinary details, in that fated country, in the memorable year of 1798. At this, as at that period, the same systematic, occult, sapping and mining system was practised—and if we are to judge of the tree by its fruit, the result of this diabolical *malice prepense*, was proof of its parentage, and did wondrous credit to the hereditary spirit of “the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.” The British Government, which, *translated Hibernice*, means “the Orangemen of the British empire,” were afraid that the fire might become extinct which their pious progenitors had kindled to “the glorious, pious and immortal memory;” and therefore fomented this outbreak, by the way of giving ventilation to the flame, and keeping the national furnace in a state of sufficiently vigorous temperature. This periodical trial of the government pleasantries—this classic re-action, for a more *conservative* purpose, of the bloody amusements of the gladiatorial arena, created a similar sportive spirit in the peasant-

try, who, since the closing of the European Continental arena, were rapidly *degenerating* into peace and *Pa-pacy*. The scene of this cold blooded interlude was laid in the very part of the country, (the South), where, from the very happy and peaceful dispositions of the people, and the harmony of the social relations, the springing of the mine would be most destructive; and the catastrophe was all which the Genius of evil could, at the time, desire; it being, as before observed, just sufficient to keep the hand in play.

Neighbourly distrust, suspicion, jealousy, hate, insecurity, discord, sprang up like hot-bed plants: and the propagation was invigorated by a judicious sub-straum of middlemen, proctors, and Peelers; of these, the first were a species of the lingo breed, who hold a place between the owner and cultivator of the soil, and by a spaniel-like pliancy on the one hand, and an assumption of friendship on the other, generally succeeded in controlling the credulity and obtaining the confidence of both. The second also, possesses his duplicate power of evil—for while he has the dishonest privilege of demanding the inappropriate, or lay tithes, as holding a kind of family connection with the rent-charge, and therefore the less objectionable *de jure*, he can exercise, as circumstances may advise, his authority in wielding the merciless power of the law-church against the poor Catholic, who, in many instances, is deprived of his culinary articles, and his “last blanket” for the payment of this Satanic exaction, legislated in Pandemonium but enacted in Ireland, for the benefit of the mitred lordlings of that land, and for the plunder of a peasantry, to whom the name of the proctor is a synonyme for “curse and desolation.” The third in this triumvirate is of a later, though not less malign creation and influence: the Peeler is a genus—

per se—they partake of the treple character of military *partizan* and constabulary—purple, orange and blue—a Cerberus of the real PÆL impregnation, blood and fang! and faithfully and fearfully is the intention of this sub-agency—amalgam carried into effect—oppressive, maddening and murderous.

Having thus given a faint, but fair idea of the government and the few of its agencies of pacification more immediately connected with the horrifying history of the times, it will be neither irrelevant nor uninteresting to take a slight view of that class who were the victims—those to whose *caste* Philip Riley belonged.

It would be unreasonable to expect that an oppressive and vicious government, should possess the affections or confidence of its people: to look for the reverse is at once natural and justifiable. Consequently, the people, goaded to desperation by those bad men, and being led to believe that any change must be the herald of better fortunes, readily enrolled themselves into secret societies, who, under the associate or general name “White Boys,” carried on a kind of half-disciplined midnight warfare against their oppressors, armed with pikes, hay-forks, reaping hooks, and other agrarian weapons and implements, and also with such an assortment of fire-arms as they could obtain, *per fas et nefas*, with as little scruple of conscience, as desperate recklessness of consequences. Like all such wild resorts to self-justification, this course only strengthened the strong and weakened the injured party; and the attacks on private houses for the procurement of arms, and the destruction of property which were frequently and variously successful, always terminated in the death of some, and the capture of many of the misdirected “White Boys.” Martial law was proclaimed and vigorously executed, and the pris-

oners became so numerous, that a “special commission” was issued for their trial, and the gallows and the transport-ship, were put into active requisition. The wail of the broken-hearted, whose dearest life-links were thus rent asunder, was loud throughout the country, and the sight of *cart loads* of the condemned as they were borne through the crowds of paralyzed spectators who thronged the streets and the windows of the city, and followed by a kind of funeral of their wretched relatives, who rent the air with their lamentations, to the place of execution, was not less tragical than the bloodiest scenes enacted in the darkest days of the French Revolution. It sometimes happened that the previous good character of the prisoner was held as a reason for mitigation of punishment, and in some few cases the appeal of the Tory Landlord procured the government-pardon, where the *Catholic* majesty of Spain and an antediluvian reach of loyal ancestry, would fail of success. Some were pardoned with the prospective hope of inducing them to inform against their fellow-associates in the insurrection; and to others, the promise of rewards as well as freedom, was held out for a similar purpose: for, although the courts of justice were only just as pure as the standard of the government policy rose and fell, still the *character* of the informer had great moral influence on the public mind, and through it on the *impartial* reputation of the court and jury. Philip Riley was one of the latter; overtures had been repeatedly made to him to reveal all he knew concerning the “goings on”—promises of affluence and public employment, and a snug little house and a couple of acres of ground were, with the same proviso, tendered for his acceptance; but although he was poor, he was proud, and far better, he was honest, and honorable, and the characteristic detesta-

tion in which the *informer* is, and ever has been held by the Irish peasantry, did not degenerate in his family's generations; and no contingency could prevail upon him to sully the family name. When Riley was arrested, he was openly accused with having fire-arms concealed in his house, which accusation he as boldly denied—the arms were produced, and he was asked if he had not seen them before. He replied he had not, and to interrogatories whether he had not obtained them indirectly from the house of Robert Hedges Eyre, Esquire, whose name was engraved upon them, he said he knew nothing whatever concerning them. The questions which are usually put to the accused in all preliminary examinations, were successively put, but elicited only the same negative reply; until the *Rev.* Mr. Orpen, a magistrate, (for "such things were"), asked him if he knew any of those who attended and assisted at the White Boys midnight drills? he said that God as well as himself, knew *he* had neither "hand or part" in them. Orpen, seeing the evasion, pressed his first question, and at length was answered in the affirmative, but no farther would Riley reply: and he was committed, tried and convicted; and sentenced to transportation for life beyond the seas, upon the testimony of one, who must henceforward occupy a prominent and interesting place in this "ower true" narrative of "the Guiltless Convict."

It was at the close of the month of September, when the harvest generally is granaried, and the relations between landlord and tenant are at their semi-annual regulation point, wound up for another six months action: rent-roll inspections are disposed of—the poor tenant has been allowed "a day of grace," and the solvent one has secured his receipt and his landlord's favor, both in full. Sir Nicholas Conway Colthurst, relieved thus far as a landlord from the duty

of estate-financiering, was thinking of setting off for London to resume his seat in parliament, the Catholic Emancipation question having assumed a new and important interest in consequence of state papers recently received at the Home department from the Castle—that is from the Irish Government, respecting the feelings of that country, and their leaders, and the fear that the cause had its advocates among those, to whom hitherto, government would first look for support in any extremity or emergency. Sir Nicholas, therefore, to expedite his departure, proceeded to dispose of his remaining private business, first among which was the consideration of several petitions which he had received from as many prisoners confined under the Insurrection Act, praying his interest in their behalf respectively. They were all from late residents in his immediate neighbourhood: one, however, was from one of his own tenants:—it protested not against his arrest—his degradation in being tried in a public court as a rioter—an enemy of his country's peace—a criminal—nor did it remonstrate against the severity of his sentence, or complain of his sufferings; it stated his innocence, and recommended inquiry lest justice be insulted in her own name, and within the walls of her own temple. This petition or rather remonstrance, was from Philip Riley, whose name and virtues have given a title to this paper, and whom we found imprisoned after despatching it to his landlord; (whose justice alone he deigned to solicit, as a measure due to his family, society and himself;) calling on Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, for his sustainment and consolation. The Baronet, feeling that his tenant, whom he had known for years, had a claim upon his preference of consideration and interest, called a confidential *attache* of his household, who knew every hole and corner in the

barony, and had been secret-keeper of half its itinerant match-makers in more peaceable days, and telling him his intention to do something for Riley, asked him had he any idea of the number of White Boys within a couple of miles around Ardum, (the name of his residence.)

"Why then, Sir Nicholas, (replied Desmond), how could I be able to answer such a question as that? but I'll tell your how to come at it asiest—jest take up every mother's sowl you meet, from Cork to Macroom, and count 'em and then, maybe, you'll be purty near the mark."

"What! all White Boys?"

"That's jest the way, 'tis, and no other, as near as you can go, Sir! barring that same poor man, the crame o' the whole tinantry, and if you ever meet—

"Whom do you mean, Desmond?"

"Wisha, who would I mane, your honor, but poor Philip Riley. I was going to say, you needn't take him up, for the sorrow a book he ever kissed among the Boys, though he's sufferin' in the black dungeon with his poor ould gray hairs, the crathur. God help him, and indeed, Sir Nicholas, he will help him."

"But the arms were found in his roof-thatch, where they had been concealed, and as the law presumes, by him."

Oh! thin murder an ounds! what's the world coming to, at all—at all; and what kind o' ground are we standing on? The divvil a bit o' concealment about it, by him I'm shure, and I wouldn't believe he had a hand in it, or wint nis nor near them pistols, if they were found in his very pockets; no, nor thin itself."

"But his daughter is a servant, and might be induced by her father, in some unreflecting moment, to take them! I mean 'tis possible—though I hope they both know better than to do so: at all events it would be an easy thing."

"Don't—don't your honor! don't say 'twas an aisy thing, for poor Mary is a threasure of a *colleen*, and 'tisn't her father would tache her to bethray the blessing her mother gave her on her dying bed, and she in the cowl'd grave."

"I think with you, Desmond; and we all know the ways of the wicked are dark and many, and that innocent people are often implicated by malicious men; but the government very reasonably looks at the suspicious circumstances and the probabilities, and these in the eye of the law, are clearly against him."

"Very thrue for you, Sir—toothrue, the Lord help us—but my life and my heart's blood for it, he's innocent."

"Well, I don't see what can be done. Perhaps he suspects some enemy?"

"Yah, who could have the stony heart to be Phil. Riley's inimy, Sir Nicholas?"

This conversation terminated with the baronet's expressing a determination to exert his utmost interest in behalf of the prisoner, Riley, and to sift all the circumstances of his case to the fullest and minutest inquiry.

In the foregoing summary of the events which were the hot-bed of many a tragic act, and many a foul conspiracy, an insight has been had into the facilities which such times afforded, of discharging with impunity the full vial of revenge on any devoted head, which poverty or any other similar crime, Catholicity for instance, exposed as a suitable mark, or private enmity might have devoted to destruction; and of such a character is the following chapter of incidents in the life of Mary Riley, the daughter of the prisoner, and the martyr of devoted attachment to her religious scruples and fidelity to filial affection.

SYRIAC BIBLE.

BY CAPTAIN DOUGLAS, U. S. M.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society has, perhaps, conferred no little benefit on the literary world by publishing the Holy Scriptures, or rather parts of them, in some of the languages of the east, thus enabling students to avail themselves of the use of their copies, where better could not be had. The preservation of civil society in its present state, and its advancement to greater perfection, demand that fields should be tilled, houses built, the arts cultivated, and knowledge acquired, by the best means that may come within our reach; and if, for the attainment of these objects, none but imperfect or rude instruments can be procured, it is better to employ them than none at all. The bibles of this society, are printed in the native languages of those people, among whom they are intended to circulate; and it would be incompatible with the principles of its organization, to render more easy the labor of missionaries, by accompanying any of these bibles with a Latin version. It would, perhaps, have furthered the ultimate object of their association, had they made an exception in favor of the biblical languages, and thus adopted the principle so rigidly adhered to, by the learned bishop of Chester.

The Latin Church, on the contrary, while giving its sanction to the publication of bibles in foreign languages, opposes not the accompaniment of the authorised Latin version; so that missionaries, while studying the scriptures in the language of their church, may, at the same time, be acquiring, perhaps gradually and imperceptibly, the language of the country which has become the field of their labors. Incredible as it may appear, it is obligatory on the Catho-

lic clergy to read the scriptures; and it may be owing to this circumstance, that they have acquired, among their opponents, the reputation of being well versed in sacred lore, and of wielding the weapons of controversy with a skilful hand. To establish this fact, I will step aside and quote a short passage from the *Manuale Ordinandorum*, printed at Clermont, in France. It is the third article of the duties of the priesthood, under the head of *Recte sancteque vivendi Regula*.

“*Lege quotannis Ritus et Rubricas, simul et Canones ac Statuta, quae ad te spectant, ut ea semper accurate valeas custodire: item praecipuos Theologiae, seu Moralis, seu Scholasticæ Tractatus, qui paulatim excidunt, nisi identidem horum refricetur memoria: praeterea novum Testamentum integrum; et Vetus saltem biennio, Divinas Scripturas, ait S. Hier. saepius lege; imo nunquam de manibus sacra lectio deponatur. Tenenti codicem somnus obrepat, et cadentem faciem pagina sancta suscipiat. O utinam, te e vivis sublato, sic tuum inscribi possit sepulcrum!*”

Te veniente die, te decedente legebat, Lex sacra; aeterno, lector, nunc lumine gaudet.

It appears by this extract, that the Catholic clergy are directed to read the Old Testament once in two years, and the New Testament yearly. The writer inculcates this duty with more than usual fervency;—quoting St. Jerome, and even travelling into the regions of poetry.

I know not how many versions of the Bible have been made into Syriac, nor how many are still extant; nor am I able to designate any but the Peschite, which it is said, belongs to

the second century. The copy before me is published in London; the Old Testament without a date; the New Testament dated ASKV. or 1836. The Old contains 705 quarto pages, measuring about six inches by seven and a half; the New contains 360 pages of the same dimensions, but occupies a greater proportion of space, being pointed with vowels. The title pages are in the Estrangelo character, and the text in the common Syriac.

The sections or paragraphs of the Old Testament, occur more frequently than in the Hebrew Bible, and are marked by four dots in the form of a diamond, but have no openings, nor do they begin a line. The text, therefore, presents one solid body of matter from the beginning to the end of a book; and in this respect, resembles the Greek and Latin copies, written prior to the time of Cardinal Hugo de S. Caro, who divided the Bible into chapters.

This Syriac version appears to have been made from some ancient Hebrew copy, which may have been more full and perfect than that which we have at the present day. Some alterations and additions may have been made by the translators, to render the sense more explicit; and some errors may have occurred by mistaking one letter for another. But it could not have been translated from the Septuagint, though, in some few instances, it may agree with that version. To confirm this position, I shall occasionally bring these two versions in view of each other.

In the second chapter of Genesis, the Hebrew words HBDLH VABN HSHM, are written in Syriac BROLHA VKAFA DBRVLA. If we suppose the Syrian translations to have mistaken or substituted *r* for *d*, which is often the case, they have merely transplanted the word BDLH into Syriac, conforming it to their own idiom; the *olaf* being only added, as *os* and *us* in Greek and Latin. Diodati has trans-

lated it *le perle*, the pearls. If by commercial intercourse, the word BRULA ever found its way into Italy, it might have been softened into the Italian PERLA. The Scriptuagint renders these words in the singular: O ANTRAX KAI O LITOS O PRASINOS, the carbuncle and the onyx stone. The Syriac words are each surmounted with two dots, designating the plural number; so that it would be rendered literally, pearls and stone of beryls.

The Hebrew words *gn idn* are literally rendered in Syriac prdsaacdn, garden of Eden, or garden of pleasure, *prds* being merely the Syriac word for garden. The Greek translators have in the first place, made Eden a proper name, Edem, and afterwards translated it in the third chapter, της Τρυφης of pleasure. The word *prds* occur in the Hebrew Bible in the song of Solomon, where Diodati translates it garden. But the Syriac translators have made a distinction in this book, between the Hebrew words *perds* and *gn*; the one being translated *frdysa* and the other *gnth*. See the beginning of the fourth and fifth chapters. In the Greek canticles, *prds* is translated *paradeisos* and *kepos* is the Greek word for *gn*.

In the fourth chapter of Genesis, the original of the Greek words Δεῖτερον εἰς τὸ Πεδίον, let us come into the field, or of the Syriac nrda lqalta, let us go down to the plain, is not to be found in Hebrew. The words *andiamo a campo*, have been supplied in Italics by Diodati; otherwise he would have been obliged, in order to make sense of the passage, to give another meaning to the Hebrew word *viamr*, which signifies "and said." This has been done by king James' translators, who have rendered it as if the original had been *vydbr* instead of *viamr*.

In the fifth chapter of Genesis, the Syriac agrees with the Hebrew, in the birth of the patriarchs, whereas,

in the Septuagint, they are recorded as having been born a hundred years later; as for instance, *Στρ* Ἐλῆος δὲ *Στρ* πύρε καὶ διακρία ἔρεα καὶ ὑψήσε τὸν Ἑρῶς. Sometimes the Syriac alters the proper names, transposing the letters, or substituting one for another; as Aidor for Irad, and Arfaxar for Arfaxad. In the eighth chapter, Ararat is written *qrdu*, and *trvy*, mountains, is in the plural number; so that mount Ararat is here called the mountains of Koordoo. Sometimes, by mistaking the letters r and d, Edom is written for Aram or Syria. See 2 Sam. x.

In the beginning of the eleventh chapter of Genesis, the Hebrew *sfh*, lip, is in Syriac written *lma*, tongue. In Hebrew *ahdym* is the plural of *ahd*, one, and *abrym* may be translated words, speeches. In Syriac it is in the singular number,—*mmlohd*, one speech. The Greek varies from both. *Καὶ ἐν πάσι Χείλος ἐν καὶ φωνὴ μὴ πάση*, and all the earth was one lip, and one voice, to all. I would understand by this text, the existence of one language, universally known, and uniform in its pronunciation; and that if this primitive language was Hebrew, it had not yet branched into dialects, giving origin to the Syriac, the Arabic, the Ethiopic or the Amharic, not to mention the lesser variations which may have occurred in these languages in the lapse of many ages.

To the words, In thee shall be blessed all the families of the earth, the Syriac adds, *vbrlk*, and in thy seed. There is a transposition in the speech of Abraham to Lot, If thou to the right, I to the left, &c., which does not affect the sense; but as it varies both from the Hebrew and the Greek, it may be adduced to prove, that the errors and deviations of the Syriac version are not always to be traced to that of the Seventy.

In the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, Tidal and Thedal is written Thar-

gal in the Greek, and *trkyl* in Syriac, the r being substituted for d. The vale of Siddim, in Hebrew *kmq hsdjm*, is in Syriac *kmqa dsdvmya*, the latter word being marked as plural. The article h being prefixed to the word *edjm*, which is also in the plural number, it could not have been a proper name, unless that name had some appropriate signification. In the twelfth chapter of Job a similar word is translated robbers. But is translated Vallis Silvestris in the Vulgate, and Valley of Salt in the Septuagint; and I do not know that any translator has yet ventured to call it the valley of robbers. On the contrary, the Hebrew word *gvym*, which is translated nations, has no article prefixed to it, and need not have been translated, for most of the Hebrew proper names, admit of an interpretation.

There is a passage in the fifteenth chapter of Genesis which has not been uniformly translated. I am of opinion that the Seventy have made the nearest approach to the meaning of the original. Their version is,—*ὁ δὲ ὕδης Μάσεκ οἰκογένητος μου οὗτος Δαμασκὸς ἔλιξεν*. In some versions *msq* is translated steward. In Hebrew the sentence seems to be unfinished:—"And the son of Mesek, of my house, he himself, Dammesek Eliezer." It is resumed in the next verse: "and behold a son of my house will inherit after me." This version of my own I offer as a mere conjecture as to the meaning of a text in the interpretation of which, almost all translators have been at fault. In the Syriac, the words *bn msk* are omitted, and *yrt ly*, added. So that the same expression, *shall be my heir*, occurs twice in the Syriac. Luther translates it, "and my steward, this Eliezer of Damascus, has a son." This is certainly not literal. The Syriac article d might have been added to the name of Mesek, to preserve the memory of his Syrian ex-

traction, and to distinguish him from others of his name. The Septuagint and Vulgate do not give Damascus as the name of a city, though such a city might have then existed. These versions have Damascus Eliezer, and not Eliezer of Damascus.

In the 21st chapter of Genesis, it is said in the Septuagint that Sarah saw the son of Agar, the Egyptian, playing with her son Isaac. The Syriac follows the Hebrew literally, and Sarah saw the son of Agar the Egyptian, which she bore unto Abraham, laughing.

In the same chapter, the Syriac word *aemyth*, elevated, raised, or lifted up, is given as the meaning of the Hebrew word *slh*. We learn from scripture that Ishmael was fourteen years old at the birth of Isaac, and Abraham one hundred. The expulsion of Ishmael did not take place till Isaac was weaned; and some have supposed that Ishmael might have been seventeen years old when this event took place. It seems improbable that his mother would have thrown or cast him down while he was in so weak a state, exhausted with fatigue and thirst. It should be recollected that Hagar continued her journey till her supply of water failed; and as we are not told that she carried Ishmael, who must have been at least fifteen years of age, it is reasonable to suppose that she sent him under the shade of a tree or shrub while he was yet able to walk. The Hebrew word *slh* properly signifies *to send*; at least it is more frequently used in that sense than in any other. The word *send* in our own language may sometimes convey the idea of throwing, hurling, or casting violently, but this does not deprive it of the native and original meaning. I am, therefore, of opinion, that the translators have not in this instance been successful in their attempt to improve the original text.

In the 22d chapter, the Hebrew

vyslh is translated into Greek, *kai exeteinen*, in Latin, *extenditque*, in Syriac *vavst*, and Abraham extended or put forth his hand. As the same Hebrew root is used in the text relative to Hagar and Ishmael, it might signify that she extended him on the ground in the position in which she expected him to breathe his last. In our language there is a wide latitude given to the word *send*, as well as in Hebrew to the root *slh*. We send an envoy to Europe or Asia, and we send an arrow from a bow, or a stone from a sling.

In Syriac, *varym* signifies "and lifted up," as, *varym Abrhm lymohis*, and Abraham lifted up his eyes; *varmyth lilya thyt hd mn syho*, and she lifted the boy under one of the bushes. In the Septuagint this is translated, *kai erripse to paidion opokato mias elates*, and she threw or cast the boy under a fir-tree.

In the same chapter, the Hebrew *nahz bsbk bqrnyv*, is in Syriac, *ahzd bsvkta bqrnth*, caught by a sabec by the horns. In the Septuagint it is, *κατελημένος ἐν κέρω σαβὶς τῶν κεράτων*, which I suppose may be rendered, caught in a sabec plant by the horns. The Hebrew root *sbk* conveys the idea of perplexity or entanglement, but this does not prove that there was no plant in Arabic bearing that name. The version of the Septuagints was adopted by St. Chrysostom, as appears from the following passage in one of his discourses: "Vide insuper ovem duobus cornibus haerentem in planta quae appellatur sabec. Intuere et Christum Agnum illum Dei duabus manibus Cruci implexum et implicatum in Cruce. Planta Sabec, si interpreteris, remissio est, (dimisit enim a caede filium senis) crucem praesignificans, quae mundo peccata sua remisit, vitamque dedit. Aries in planta sabec pendens mysticè solum Isaac liberavit. At agnus Dei pendens in Cruce liberavit mundum a morte et ab inferis. Avulsus est Isaac a pueris

suis, tum cum montem moriturus peteret. Avulsus est et Christus a discipulis suis, cum ad necem pro nobis perferendam tenderet.

I doubt much whether Hebraists of modern days will concur with St. Chrisostom in his interpretation of the word *sabec*. It occurs in the 18th chapter of 2d Samuel, but it is there written with a *ship* and not with a *samec*, and is translated thick boughs; but in Syriac it is written with a *semkath*. In Arabic, *sbq* signifies preceding or excelling, and *skb* melting or pouring. Consequently the Arabic root can throw no light on the meaning of these words, which are, I believe, of rare occurrence in the Hebrew Bible.

In the 23d chapter of Genesis, the Syriac reads, *vqm abrhm vsqd lkm darka lbny hyt*; and Abraham worshipped or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keth. In the Greek, it is, 'Αναστὰς δὲ Ἀβραάμ προσκυνοῦντος τῷ Λαῷ τῆς γῆς τοῖς υἱοῖς Κετ. And Abraham standing up, saluted or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keth. In Arabic, *fqam abrahym vsqd lskbalarz lbny hyt*; and Abraham arose and worshipped or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keth. In Hebrew, *vygm acrhm, vysiha lkm harz blny ht*; and Abraham arose and worshipped or bowed to the people of the land, to the sons of Keyth. It is repeated in the same chapter—and Abraham worshipped before the people of the land. The same root, *shh* is to be found in the 137th Psalm,—I will worship towards thy holy temple. Adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum.

We are not to suppose that the English word *worship* always implies divine adoration, or that kneeling, bowing and prostration, are acts of eternal devotion exclusively addressed to the Deity; nor yet kissing the hand, which seems to have been the origin of the military sword salute. This latter mode of salutation is

alluded to in the 31st chapter of Job. There could be no greater or more expressive acts of humility, respect or reverence than those which I have just mentioned; and these were offered alike to gods and men. But when offered to men they were signs of human respect; when offered to the Deity they were acts of divine adoration. So the Greek word ἄγγελος signifies literally a messenger; but applied to a messenger from heaven, it signifies an angel or divine messenger.

Translators have availed themselves of the copiousness of their own language to give various meanings to the same word. Thus Diodati renders the passage before us, *Ed Abraham s'inchino al popolo del paese*; whereas in the first commandment he writes, *non adorar quelle cose*. In Hebrew the root *shh*, and in Syriac and Arabic the root *sgd*, are used in both these places.

The words *ydr shdta*, hillock of testimony, are given as the Syriac name of the heap erected as a memorial of the contract between Jacob and Laban. They are written *ygra dshdta* in the Syriac Bible, showing that Laban spoke a language nearly allied to the Syrian. In the Septuagint the Chaldee name is translated ΒΟΡΝΟΣ τῆς Μακρηπίας, and the Hebrew *bounos martus*. It is probable that in naming the monument, each adopted his own language, and that both names have the same meaning.

Before concluding this article, which some will consider to be already of sufficient length, I would direct the attention of the reader to the benediction of Reuben, in the thirty-third chapter of Deuteronomy. In Syriac, it is, *naha robyl vla nmvt, vnhva brunyma*. In the Septuagint it is, let him be many in number. Translators disagree with each other as to the meaning of the Hebrew word *mtyv*. Some render it his men or his people. In the Greek it is

translated πολλοί, or many, and the Syriac omits it altogether. At the end of the 34th chapter of Genesis, the Hebrew words *mtv mspr*, are translated, few in number. In a Basil edition of the Greek Bible, published in 1545, with a preface by Philip Melancthon, the text reads thus: Ζητὸ Ρουβεν, καὶ μὴ ἀποτεανοντο, καὶ Σιμεὼν ἐστὶ πολλὸς ἐν ἀρμύτω· let Reuben live and not die, and let Simeon be many in number: thus leaving it to be inferred that transcribers have omitted the benediction of Simeon, by mistake.

There occurs another difficult passage in the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of first Samuel. In Hebrew it is literally, "a son of a year Saul in his reign, and two years he reigned over Israel." In Syriac it is translated, *ekd sn̄ta hda v̄rtyn amlk sval bmlkv̄th bl aysrayl*; and when one year and two reigned Saul in his reign over Israel. The Septuagint has omitted this altogether, so that the chapter begins at the second verse. The Gaelic translator seems to have believed that, instead of *bn snh* the Hebrew should read, *bn slsym snh*, a son of thirty years; and has rendered the passage thus: *Bha Saul deich bliadhna fichead a dh'aois an uair a thoisich e air risgach, agus risghaich e da bhliadhna os cionn Israel*. Saul was thirty years of age when he began to reign, and he reigned two years over Israel. According to scripture chronology, Saul reigned about forty years.

The divisions of the decalogue correspond with those of the Hebrew Bible, and, consequently, with those of the Catholics and Lutherans, as far as the ninth commandment; after which every object which we are forbidden to covet is distinguished by the section mark of four dots, :: as if each were a separate commandment.

At the end of the book of Job, the Greek version has an account of the family of that patriarch, said to be

translated from the Syriac Bible. This is not in the edition before me, and I do not know that it belongs to this version. The Bible Society would, of course, omit any thing in the shape of comment, ancient or modern. It is commonly understood that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were translated into Greek in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. Did the Seventy translate all the sacred books, or only the pentateuch? And if the Greek version, which was in use before the Christian era, refers to the Syriac, at what time was this version made? It is not improbable that the Israelites dispersed through the Assyrian empire, should have provided themselves with copies of the Scriptures in the Aramaic language. If they could conscientiously read them in Greek, why not in Syriac, a language nearly allied to their own?

The books of the Old Testament are in the following order: the five books of Moses, Job, Joshua, Judges, First and Second Samuel, First and Second Kings, First and Second Chronicles, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Ruth, Canticles, Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zachariah, Malachi, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel.

The New Testament is divided into lessons, or rather epistles and gospels, appointed for the feasts and fasts of the church, each lesson having its appropriate caption. When these begin a chapter, they are so marked; but they seem to have no reference to the chapters, which in like manner with the verses, are numbered in the margin. They are placed in a line by themselves, with a blank on each side. The text also being printed with vowels, the lines are more distant from each other. Unlike the Old Testament, which is without vowels, and is in other re-

spects condensed as much as possible. Even the captions, when they occur in the Old Testament, are embodied in the text; as, *ksra ptgmyn*, the ten words; and are only distinguished from the text, by having a section mark on each side.

I have thus endeavoured to bring the Syriac version of the Scriptures into notice, by selecting a few remarkable passages, chiefly from the book of Genesis. It may easily be perceived that this subject requires to

be treated more at large, and by some one better acquainted with the Syriac language; I am aware that by making this attempt, I have rendered myself liable to severe criticism; but as it may serve to awaken the attention of the biblical student, and as the learned seem to neglect this department of literature, I have ventured to lay this essay before the public, without asking the lenity of the critic, but rather desiring that he would expose its imperfections.

CATULLUS.

During the *villigatura* at Rome, which, with my companions in study, I was accustomed to spend at the villa Macao, I amused my leisure hours by translating into English some select pieces from Catullus. For many years these youthful productions have been lying by: and, perhaps, so little is their merit, it would be as well to leave them in their slumbers. But, with the hope of affording some fugitive amusement to the reader, among the grave and didactic compositions of this periodical, I venture to give them a place in its pages. The classical scholar, to whom the original is familiar, will not repudiate the feeble attempt of a boyish muse.

C. C. P.

HE DEDICATES HIS VOLUME TO CORNELIUS NEPOS.*

I.

On whom shall I, of all I know,
This small, unpolished book bestow?
On you, Cornelius, who could deem
My sportful trifles worth esteem:
When, first of the Italian race,
You dared on three small sheets to trace
The various features of each state:
A laboured work, by Jove! and great.
Take then, this volume, gay, tho' small:
'T will please thee, if 't will please at all,
And oh, Minerva!† may each page
Full long survive the present age!

* Cornelius Nepos, born at Hostilia, a town near Verona, was, consequently, a countryman of Catullus. He is highly esteemed for his writings, which are every where pregnant with purity of language, and correctness of sentiment. His style was peculiarly succinct and strong, for which reason, I think with those who say, that by the words *tribus chartis*, Catullus intended to praise him for the beautiful brevity of language, for which he is so justly admired: Scaliger believes that he meant to signify three volumes, so also do the Vossii.

† The Learned differ also about *PATRINA VIRGO*; I think the more probable opinion is, that he meant *MINERVA*, and, therefore, with due respect to the sentiments of others, I have thus translated it.

HE PRAISES THE BARK IN WHICH HE SAILED FROM BYTHŒNIA TO LAKE BENACUS.

II.

This little bark, my friends, you see,
 Is said the swiftest bark to be :
 No other bark that leaves the shores,
 Whether it urge its little oars,
 Or lift its canvass to the wind,
 Can leave this little bark behind.
 Of her the Adriatic coast,
 And horrid Thracia can boast.
 Her name the Islands Cyclades,
 Her name the dangerous Pontic seas,
 Her name th' extending waves that flow
 From Hellespont to Bosphorus, know.
 This little bark which now you see
 Was once, my friends, a leafy tree :
 And oft on the Cytorian rocks
 Gave whispers from its leafy locks.
 Pontian Amastris, e'en to thee
 Well known this vessel used to be :
 And Cytore, to thy boxy shore,
 On whose high banks it stood of yore,
 And, leaning downward, lov'd to lave
 Its branches in thy chrystal wave.
 And thence to many a foreign shore,
 O'er harmless seas its owner bore :
 Whether it spread its dexter wing,
 Or left—as zephyr loved to sing—
 Or whether both expanded flew
 Before the prosperous gales that blew.
 And not an offering did she make*
 'Till gliding on this limpid lake.
 Such was she once ; by fortune blest—
 But now grown old, she lies at rest,
 And dedicates herself to you,
 O Castor, and your brother too !†

A FRAGMENT.

III.

When the beams of the evening have melted away,
 They are soon to return more resplendent and gay :
 But ah ! when the light of our transient life dies—
 Farewell !—for again it is never to rise †

* This expresses the facility with which she arrived in the lake Benacus ; for it never became necessary to offer any vow to the sea-god for prosperous weather, as the pagans were accustomed to do, when the winds were unfavorable, or the seas stormy.

† Pollux.

‡ The pagan was little aware of the bright hopes of the Christian beyond the grave, in a region where mortality will put on immortality—and what is now sown in corruption, will rise in glory !

SOIREEES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

"Though I am, as you have seen, intimately convinced," said the Count, "that the general sentiment of all men forms, to speak thus, truths of intuition, before which all sophisms disappear, still I believe, Senator, that, on the present question, we are not at all reduced to sentiment. For, in the first place, if you look closely to it, you will see the sophism without being able to clear it up. This proposition, *it rained yesterday*, is not more certain than that, *it will rain to-morrow*, beyond doubt, *if it must rain*. But this is precisely what is now under discussion—So that the question only begins again. In the second place, and this is the principle point, I do not see those immutable laws, and that inflexible chain of events of which so much is said. On the contrary, I see in nature but pliant resources, such as ought to be adopted as far as possible, to the action of free beings, who frequently combine on earth with the material laws of nature. See in how many ways, and to what a point our influence is felt in the reproduction of animals and plants. There may be something constituting a law of nature, according as man exists or does not exist. You speak, Chevalier, of a certain quantity of water which must fall in each country during the course of the year. As I have never given much attention to mythology, I know not what has been said on the subject; and yet, to speak the truth, it seems to me impossible to decide from experience, at least with even

an approximate certainty. However that may be, it can only refer to a common year; at what a distance shall we place the period? They may be distant; perhaps ten, perhaps a hundred years. But I will afford fair play to these reasoners. I will admit, that, every year, there must fall in every country, precisely the same quantity of water; this will be the invariable law. But, the distribution of this water will be, if I may thus speak, *the flexible part* of the law. Thus you see, that with your invariable laws, we may notwithstanding have inundations and dirths. *General rains* for the world—and rains of *exception*, for those who have prayed for them.* We will not pray that the olive may grow in Siberia, or the *Klukwa* in Proveince. But, that the olive may not be destroyed by the frost in the fields of Aix, as it happened in 1709, and that *Klukwa* may not suffer from the heat during your rapid summer. All the philosophers of our age are speaking about *invariable laws*. Their object is to persuade men not to pray—and this is the infallible means of arriving at that end. Hence the rage of the infidels when preachers or moral writers tell us that the material scourges of this world, such as Volcanos, Earthquakes, etc., are divine chas-

* Pluviam voluntariam segregabis, Deus, *hereditati tue* (Ps. xlvii. 10.) This is precisely the *καταμηνον ορον* of Homer. (Iliad xiv. 19).

tisements. They persist that it was absolutely necessary that Lisbon should be destroyed on the first of November 1755, as it was necessary that the sun should rise that very day. A specious theory indeed! and admirably adapted to the perfection of man. I remember that I was indignant on reading, one day, the sermon which Herder addresses in part to Voltaire, on the subject of his poem on this disaster of Lisbon: "you dare," he exclaims, "complain of providence for the destruction of this city. You do not reflect, that it is a formal blasphemy against the *eternal wisdom*. Do you not know that man, as well as his beams and tiles is indebted to nothing; and that every thing now existing must pay that debt? The elements assemble, the elements dispense: this is the *necessary law of nature*. What, then, is there astonishing in it, or why complain of it?"

Is not this a beautiful consolation and well worthy the comedian, who taught the gospel in the pulpit, and pantheism in his writings? But philosophy knew no better. From Epictetus down to the *bishop of Weimar*, and even to the end of ages—philosophy will cant about the *invariable* and necessary laws of nature. It cannot discover the oil of consolation. It dries up, it hardens the heart, and then boasts of making men wise! Voltaire himself has replied to his critic in advance, in that same poem on the destruction of Lisbon:

"Bring not before my agitated heart
Those changeless laws of dire necessity.
That chain of bodies, spirits, and of
worlds:
Dreams of the learned, and chimeras
deep!
God holds the chain, and his hand is
not chained:
His gracious choice determines all
events:
And he is free, and just, and not implacable?"

So far, no one could express him-

self better: but sorry, it would appear, for having spoken reasonably, he immediately adds:

"Why suffer we beneath so just a master?
Behold the fatal knot which must be solved."

Here commence rash interrogatories? *Why do we suffer then, if God is just.* The catechism and common sense reply: BECAUSE WE DESERVE IT. Behold the *fatal knot untied*: and from this solution we cannot deviate without erring. In vain will the same Voltaire exclaim:

"Will you, beholding such a pile of victims,
Assert God is avenged—their crimes
have caused it?
What crime, what fault have these
poor infants done,
Who hung, all blood-stained on their
mother's breast?"

Bad reasoning!—a want of attention and analysis. Undoubtedly there were infants at Lisbon, as there were at Herculaneum in the year seventy-nine; and at Lyons, a short time before; or if you choose, in the time of the deluge. When God punishes any society for the crimes they have committed, he acts justly, as we ourselves do in similar cases, without causing any complaint. A city revolts; massacres the representatives of its Sovereign; closes its gates, defends itself, is taken. The Prince dismantles it, and deprives it of all its privileges. No one will blame him, in consequence of the innocent within its walls.

Let us not treat two questions at once. *The city is punished in consequence of its crimes, and had it not been for them, it would not have been punished.* One proposition true and independent from any other. Do you ask me then *why the innocent have been enveloped in the same punish-*

ment? This is another question, to which I am not obliged to give an answer. I might acknowledge that I do not understand any thing about it, without altering the evidence of the first proposition. I may likewise answer that it would be impossible for the Sovereign to act in any other manner; and I should not want good reasons to prove it.

"Permit me to ask you," said the Chevalier, "what could prevent this good King from taking under his protection the inhabitants of that city who had remained faithful to him, and transport them into some more happy province, where they might enjoy, I do not say the same privileges, but privileges, still greater, and more worthy of their fidelity?"

"That is precisely what God does," returned the Count; "when the innocent perish in a general catastrophe. But let us return. I flatter myself that Voltaire had not more pity for those unfortunate children *hanging all blood-stained on their mothers breasts*, than we have. But, it is a delirium to cite him in contradiction to the preacher who exclaims: *God is avenged; these evils are the price of our crimes*: for nothing is more true in general. It becomes us only to explain why the innocent are comprised in the punishment inflicted on the guilty, but as I have just said, it is but an objection; and did we make all truth fall beneath difficulties, there would be an end of philosophy. I doubt, moreover, whether Voltaire, who wrote so fast, ever reflected, that instead of treating a particular question relatively to the event which he commemorates, he treats a general one, and asks, without perceiving it, *why children who could neither merit nor demerit, are subject, all over the world, to the same calamities which may befall adults*? For if it is decided that a certain number of children should perish, I do not see what difference it makes to

them, whether they die one way or another. If a poinard pierces the heart of a man, or a little blood accumulate in his brain, he must die alike. But, in the first case we say, he died a *violent death*. For God, however, there is no violent death.

"We must ascend still higher, and ask, *in virtue of what cause has it become necessary that a certain number of children die before birth: that more than one half of those who are born, die before the age of two years: and that thousands of others die before they attain the use of reason*: all these interrogatories made in a spirit of pride and contention, are worthy of *Matthew Garo*; but if they are proposed with respectful curiosity, they may exercise our minds without danger. Plato treated them. For, I remember, that in his work on the Republic he brings on the scene, I cannot exactly say how, a certain Levantinus, an Armenian, if I mistake not, who relates many things concerning the punishment of the future life, eternal or temporary. For he distinguishes them with great exactitude. But with regard to children who die before the use of reason, Plato says: *with regard to their condition in the other life, that stranger related things which should not be repeated*.

"Why then are these children born? why do they die? What will become of them, one day? These are mysteries which perhaps are unfathomable. But we must be deprived of common sense to argue from what we do not understand to what we do, and well understand.

"Would you see another sophism on the same subject? Voltaire will again offer it, in the same work:

"Had Lisbon, which no longer is, more vices,
Than London had, or Paris plunged in pleasure;
Lisbon is ruined—and they dance in Paris!"

Good God! did this man wish that the all-powerful had changed the site of every great city into a place of execution? or did he wish that God should never punish, because he does not punish always, everywhere, and at the same moment!

"Had Voltaire then received the divine scales to weigh the crimes of kings and individuals, and to assign them the precise instant of their punishments! and what would he have said—rash man!—if at the moment he was penning those silly lines, in the midst of that City *plunged in pleasure*, he could have seen in the twinkling of an eye, the unrevealed future—the committee of public safety, the revolutionary tribunal, and the long pages of the *Moniteur* all stained with human blood!

"Pity, indeed is one of the noblest sentiments of humanity, and we must be careful not to extinguish, or weaken it in the heart. Still, when we treat of philosophical subjects, we must cautiously avoid every appearance of poetry—and see in things, nothing but things. Voltaire, in the poem just cited, shews us *a hundred thousand wretched beings whom the earth devours*: but why *a hundred thousand*? He might have told the truth without injuring his verse—for, in effect there perished but twenty thousand, much fewer than in some great battles which I could mention. Then we must consider that, in these great calamities, a number of circumstances are viewed only by the material sight. If, for instance, an unfortunate infant is *crushed under a stone*, this is a frightful spectacle for the sight; but, for him, it is infinitely better than to have died of small-pox, or teething. If three or four thousand men perish at once, and by a single stroke—in an earthquake or inundation—to reason, it is one and the same thing: but to the imagination, the difference is enormous. In such a manner that it may very easily

happen, that these terrible events which we rank among the greatest scourges of the universe, are nothing in fact, I do not say for humanity merely, but even for a single country. You may here see a new example of those laws pliant and immovable, at the same time, which govern the world. Let us regard it if you choose as a determined point, that in a given time, so many men in such a country must die. This is invariable. But the distribution of life among individuals, as well as the time and place of deaths, form what I have styled the flexible part of the law. So that an entire city may be destroyed, and mortality may not be augmented. The scourge may be doubly just, on the part of the guilty, who have been justly punished, and of the innocent, who have received as a compensation a happier and a longer life. The all-powerful wisdom which governs every thing, has so many resources, so varied and so admirable, that the side which is visible to our eyes, should teach us to revere the other. Some years ago, I was cognizant of the mortuary register, made with great attention and exactness, in a very small province. I was not a little surprised to learn, by the result of these registers, that two furious epidemics had not augmented mortality from the year they raged. So true it is, that that hidden force which we call *nature*, has resources of compensation, of which there can be no doubt."

"A sacred adage says, *that pride is the beginning of all our crimes*,"* remarked the Senator, "and perhaps we might add, *of all our errors*. It leads us astray by inspiring us with an unhappy mania of contention which causes us to seek for difficulties for the pleasure of contesting, instead of submitting to a proved principle. But I am much mistaken if these disputers themselves do not

* Eccles, x. 15.

feel within their own breasts, that it is very vain. How many disputes would cease, were men forced to say what they think?"

"I am of your opinion," returned the Count: "but before proceeding further, permit me to bring to your observation a particular character of Christianity which presents itself to me, in relation to the calamities which we are now speaking of. If Christianity was a human institution, its doctrines would vary with human opinions: but coming from an immutable being, it is, like its author, immutable. Certainly, that religion which is the mother of all good and true knowledge, which exists in the world, and whose greatest desire is the advancement of that knowledge, is careful not to interdict us from it, or retard its progress. She approves of our investigating, for instance, all the physical agencies which act in the great convulsions of nature. As for herself, being in strict relation with her Sovereign, she does not trouble herself about the ministers who execute his orders. She knows that she is made to pray and not to dissent—since she knows all that she ought to know. Whether, therefore, she is praised or ridiculed, blamed or admired, she remains impassible: and, on the ruins of a city destroyed by an earthquake, she cries out, in the nineteenth century, as she did in the twelfth:

We beseech thee, O Lord, to deign to protect us. Strengthen, by thy supreme grace, this earth shaken by our iniquities, in order that the hearts of men may know that it is thy wrath which sendeth chastisements, as it is thy mercy which delivereth us from them.

There are not here, as you see any invariable laws. Nor is it for the legislator to know, in setting aside every discussion on the truth of creeds, whether a nation does not gain more by entering into these sen-

timents, than by giving itself up exclusively to the investigation of physical causes, to which, however, I am far from acceding a very great merit of the second order."

"I approve of your Church," said the Senator, "which, claiming the right to teach the whole world, will not be taught by any one. And, doubtless, she must be endowed with great self-confidence, as opinion can have no influence over her. In your character as Latin—

"Why call me *Latin*?"—interrupted the Count: "know, Senator, that in religion, I am likewise *Greek*, as you are."

"No jesting now, Count," returned the Senator.

"I do not jest," continued the Count: "I am in earnest. Was not the symbol of the apostles, written in Greek before it was translated into Latin? Does not the *Greek* symbols of Nice and Constantinople, and that of Athanasius contain my faith; should I not die in defence of this truth? I hope I am of the religion of St. Paul and St. Luke, which was Greek. I belong to the religion of Ignatius, Justin, Athanasius, Gregory of Nyssa, Cyril, Basil, Gregory of Naizanum, Epiphanius, and of all the Saints who are on your altars, and whose names you bear, and especially St. Chrysostom, whose liturgy you have retained. I admit all that those great personages admitted; I respect what they respected. I moreover, receive, as I do the Scriptures, all the Œcumenical Councils held in Greece, *Asiatic* and *European*. I ask you whether it is possible to be more of a Greek."

"What you say, brings an idea to my mind, which I think very just"—observed the Senator: "If there should ever be a question of a treaty of peace between us, we might propose the *statu quo ante bellum*."

"I would sign it on the spot," rejoined the Count—"and even with-

out being instructed, *sub spe rati*. But what were you about saying, touching my quality as *Latin*?"

"I was going to say, that as *Latin*, you always recur to authority," answered the Senator. "I am often amused to see you *sleeping on this ear*. However, even if I were a protestant, we should not dispute on the subject to-day. I deem it quite just, and, if you will, quite philosophical, to establish as a national dogma, that *every scourge comes from heaven*. And what society has ever denied it? What nation, ancient or modern, civilized or barbarous, in all possible systems of religion, has not regarded those calamities as the work of a superior power, which it was possible to appease? I, however, applaud the Chevalier, for never having laughed at his *Curé*, when that worthy man ordered the payment of his tithes, *on pain of hail or thunder*: for, no one can say that such a calamity is the consequence of such a fault, especially, if trivial, yet we may, and can in general be assured, that every physical calamity is a punishment: and that thus, what we call the *scourges of heaven*, are necessarily the consequence of some great national crime, or of an accumulation of individual crimes. In such a manner, that each of these scourges might have been prevented, first, by a better life, and secondly by prayer. We will, then, let the Sophists talk about their *eternal and unchangeable laws*, which exist only in the imagination, and which tend to nothing less than the extinction of all morality, and the absolute brutalization of the human race.*"

There must be electricity, you observed, Chevalier; therefore there

must be thunder and lightening, as there must be dew—you might likewise add, as there must be wolves, tigers, serpents, &c. Upon this I cannot decide. Man, being in a state of degradation, as visible as it is deplorable, I am not prepared to say what being or what phenomenon are necessary to this state of existence. In England they do without wolves; why can they not elsewhere. I am at a loss to pronounce whether the tiger is necessarily what he is, or whether it is necessary there should be tigers. Who can forget the divine prerogative of man? *That wherever his species is established in sufficient numbers, the animals with which he is surrounded, should serve him, amuse him, or disappear*. But quitting the foolish hypothesis of optimism, let us suppose that the tiger ought to exist, and be what he is, we will conclude, therefore, *is it necessary that one of these animals must, this day, enter into a certain habitation, and destroy ten persons*? It is necessary that the earth should contain different substances, which, on some occasions, may burst into flame or vapour and produce an earthquake—will we argue therefore, *it was necessary, that on the first of November 1755, Lisbon should perish by one of these catastrophes? the explosion could not have taken place elsewhere; in a desert, for instance, or in the basin of the sea, or a hundred yards from the city. The inhabitants could not have been admonished by slight preliminary symptoms, and save themselves from the ruins*? All human reasoning not founded on sophistry, must revolt from such consequences.

"I undoubtedly believe," said the Count, "that good universal sense is

* Not only labors and precautions, but prayers, too, are necessary: God, having had in view these prayers before regulating things. And, not only they who contend under the vain pretext of the necessity of events, that all

care which affairs demand may be neglected, but they likewise, who reason against prayer, fall into, what the ancients termed, the *idle sophism*. (Liebnitz. Theod., Tom. ii. in 8 vo. p. 416.)

right, when it adheres to the etymology of which itself is the author. *Scourges* are destined to *strike* us, and we are *struck*, because we deserve it. We might not have deserved it, and even after deserving it, we may find many. This it seems to me the result of all that can be sensibly said on the subject; and this is one of those numerous cases, where philosophy, after long and wearisome searches, returns to repose in the universal belief. You perceive, then, Chevalier, how opposed I am to your comparison of *nights and days*. The course of the stars is not an evil: on the contrary, it is a constant rule, and a blessing belonging to all human kind. But how can evil, which is but a chastisement, be necessary? Innocence could prevent it; prayer can ward it off. To this great principal I return. Remark, on this subject, a strange sophism of impiety, or if you choose, of ignorance. For I ask nothing better than to see the latter in the place of the former. Because Omnipotent goodness knows how to make use of one evil to exterminate another, it is believed that evil is an inintegral portion of all. Let us remember what wise antiquity has said on the subject. *That Mercury, (which is reason,) has the power to tear out the nerves of Typhon to make chords for his divine lyre.** But if

* This allegory is Egyptian. (Plat-de Is. et. Os. liii. liv.)

Typhon did not exist, this power would be useless. Our prayers being, therefore, but an effort of an intelligent being against the action of *Typhon*, their usefulness and necessity stand philosophically demonstrated."

"The word *Typhon*," remarked the Senator, "which was in antiquity, an emblem of all evil, and especially, of every temporal scourge, brings to my mind an idea, on which I have often reflected, and which I will divide with you. But, I beg you to excuse my metaphysics to-day, as I must go to the great fire works which are this evening to be exhibited on the road to Peterhoff, a representation of an eruption of *Visuvius*. This is a *Typhonian* spectacle, as you see, but perfectly innocent."

"I would not answer for it," added the Count, "as far as the numberless birds which flutter through the neighboring woods are concerned; nor even some rash being of our own race, who might easily leave his life or some of his members behind, crying out, meanwhile *Niebosse!** I know not how it happens that men never meet in great crowds, but to expose their lives. Go, however, my dear friend, and do not fail to return to-morrow with your head full of *volcanic* ideas.

† *Fear not*—an expression familiar to the Russians the most hardy and daring of all nations.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

It has occurred to me to render into English verse, for the edification of our lay readers, the hymns of the Roman Breviary. Accordingly I have commenced with

the hymn for the apostles, as found in the *Commune Apostolorum*. It is my intention to furnish one, or more, for each number of the Expositor.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES.*

I.

With joy let all the world exult,
Let heaven the song of triumph raise :
Let earth and sky their voices blend
To sing the Apostles' praise.

II.

Ye Judges of the tribes of men,
True lights of this dark world below,
To you the suppliant heart breathes forth
Its mingled prayer and vow.

III.

Ye, who have power to open wide
And close again the gates of heaven,
Grant, that, from every guilt set free,
Our souls may be forgiven.

IV.

Ye, whose command forthwith imparts
New health, and chases far disease,
Oh ! heal, we pray, our languid minds,
Our virtues, too, increase.

V.

That, when the Judge supreme shall come—
CHRIST JESUS—at the end of years,
Of endless glory he may deign
To make us happy heirs.

VI.

To God the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, unto thee,
Be glory,—as it ere has been—
Through all eternity.

THE PROTESTANT DOCTRINE COMPARED WITH THE SCRIPTURES.—AN ESSAY.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

It is the common crying out of Protestants, that Catholics have abandoned the Scriptures ; and that they, on the contrary, follow the sacred word in the purest and strictest manner. Thus have they fascinated a great many, who, incapable of judging for themselves, and unaware of being ruled by an authority of the

most pernicious character, embrace the dictates, and even the fancies of men, while they really think they are guided by the divine doctrine. As to the calumny of our disregard for the Holy Scriptures, it is not my object to meet it in the present Essay, but only as far as the deviation of the Protestant doctrine from the Holy writings, will prove our conformity with them—I therefore, will confine

* At Vespers.

myself to show that the Protestant doctrine, is not according to the Scriptures.

The reader will easily perceive, that the protestant doctrine being so much divided, that we may say, that every sect, has its own system of Christianity, and its own Bible; it would be very tedious, and almost impossible, to compare them in detail, or one by one, with the written word of God. Consequently, it would be expedient to consider the different doctrines taught by Protestants, whether all are taught by one sect or by many sects, because all of them are the fruits of the branchy tree of Protestantism.

As a preliminary to this investigation, I will derive a natural conclusion from a fact, admitted by all parties, and of such a character that it proves at once the proposition which I intended to demonstrate. The Protestant sects are the offsprings of *disagreement*, and they being formed, and followed by men of sense and learning, their difference cannot be merely upon points of no importance, for it would be very ridiculous, to say the least, to form a religious sect, and to establish serious and dangerous controversies upon such ones. Hence their doctrines are not all of them according to the Scriptures. Therefore, at the very first step in our investigation, we find evidently demonstrated, that some of the Protestant doctrines are not according to the Scriptures. There is now an *unknown* point or *incognita* to investigate, namely—are some other Protestant doctrines according to the Scriptures?—To clear up this point, in a satisfactory manner to our adversaries, I will take their own fundamental principle for a guide. viz., Christian doctrine must be *evidently* expressed in the Scriptures, or evi-

dently deduced from them. Now the nature of *evidence* is such, according to all logicians, that no intellect can reject it, unless, in consequence of a lamentable fascination next to madness; which is *morally* impossible in so many thousands and millions of Protestants. Hence their doctrines are neither evidently expressed, nor evidently deduced from the Scriptures. But no doctrine can be put down as Scriptural, but by the application of the principle which rules Protestantism. Hence, no Protestant doctrine can be considered as evidently Scriptural. Let it be noticed, that when I speak of Protestant doctrines, I allude to those which are properly *such*; and not to those which we also believe with them, which are evidently expressed in the Scriptures, but they cannot be called Protestant doctrines.

Although the above demonstration is enough to convince any impartial reader of the truth of our assertion, namely, that Protestants have deviated from the Scriptures, I will enter into some points in particular, in order to satisfy those, who, guided by their prejudice against us, will still believe that our former reasoning is nothing but an effort to fascinate. I will present the text of the Scripture, and annexed to them the doctrines of Protestants, so that the reader may judge, with proper knowledge, of the cause. In order to avoid any suspicion, or rather, any unpleasant feeling or prejudice, I will not make use of the Catholic Bible, but, I will copy word for word, from the Protestant Bible, and as to the doctrines of Protestants, I will follow their authors, particularly the famous among them, Francis Budd, in his work entitled "*Institutiones Theologiae Moralis.*"

Scriptures.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by Prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery." 1st Epist. to Timothy, Chap. iv. v. 16.

Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee, by the putting on of my hands. 2. Ep. to Tim. c. i. v. 6.

"Is any sick among you? let him call the Elders of the Church, and, let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayers of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

"What, therefore, God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Math. C. xix. Verse vi.

I will give unto thee, (Peter,) the keys of the kingdom of Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind *on earth*, shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose *on earth*, shall be loosed in Heaven.

Take and eat, THIS IS MY BODY.

Therefore brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which ye have been taught, whether *by word* or by epistle. (2 Thesal. c. 2. v. 14.)

As also in all his, (that is Paul's) epistles, speaking in them of these things, in which are some things *hard to* be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable, wrest as they do also, the other Scriptures unto their own destruction. (2 Peter, ci. 3, v. 16.)

The Church of the living God, the pillar and the ground of the truth. (2 Timothy, 3, 15.)

The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. Math. 16, 18.

I am with you (the Apostles) always, even unto the consummation of the world. Math. 28, v. 20.

Ye see then, that by works a man

Protestant Doctrine.

"Ordination is not a Sacrament, consequently, gives no grace, and no particular gift or spiritual character, but it is a mere appointment, and reception of an individual by the Church as a minister."

"It is a Romish superstition to anoint the sick, and much more, to expect them to be cured by such anointing."

Marriage is broken up, not only by adultery, but also by other causes equivalent to it, as a *scandalous abandonment*. Some will even consider it destroyed by mutual consent, and some went so far as to sell their wives, and no Protestant Church ever came out against it.

No man has any power to forgive sins on earth, neither has any man on earth, the power of binding any of his fellow men before God. Peter was no more than any other man as to the forgiveness of sins.

The Eucharist, is not the real body of the Lord.

We shall not be guided by traditions as the Romanists.

The Scriptures are plain, and in need of no comment.

The Church is not infallible.

A man is justified only by faith.

is justified, and not by faith only. Sam. 2, v. 24.

Who can say I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin. (Prov. 20, v. 9.)

Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my soul. (Job 9, v. 20.)

Who can understand his errors, cleanse me from secret faults. Ps. 19, v. 12.

But I keep under my body, and and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away. Paul 1, Cor. 9, v. 27.

Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall. (Cor. 10, v. 12.)

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. Ps. 143, v. 2.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. 1 Ep. of St. John, c. i. v. 9.

For a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again, but the wicked shall fall into mischief. (Prov. 24, v. 16.)

For *there* is not a just man upon earth, that does good, and sinneth not. Eccles. c. 7, v. 20,

If they sin against thee, (for there is no man that sinneth not,) and thou be angry with them &c. (1 Kings, chap. 8, v. 46.)

For in many things we offend all. Jam. c. 3, v. 2.

Whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of judgment, and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire. Math. c. 5, v. 22.

There shall be no *reward* for the wicked man. Prov. 24, v. 20.

☞ Hence there is is a *reward* for the just man.

In keeping them (the judgments

A man regenerated, certainly knows and is sure, that he is pure, and has obtained an inadmissible justification, by which he can never be a cast-away.

Every sin is *mortal*, and there are no *venial* sins.

☞ According to this doctrine, the just man would commit many mortal sins, and still remain just!! Moreover, as every man commits sins, and very few, or none, will die without them, very few or none, will go to Heaven. As to the last text, if every sin is mortal, every one deserves hell-fire, and therefore, whosoever is angry with his brother without cause, and whosoever will say to him Raca, will be in danger of hell-fire, as well as he who shall say, Thou fool. This would destroy the whole text. Hence the Protestant doctrine is inconsistent with it.

The doctrine of the merit of good works is inconsistent with the Scriptures, and it is nothing but a Romish corruption. Man is saved by faith alone, without any regard to his

of the Lord) there is a great reward. Ps. 19, v. 11.

If ye love them which love you, what *reward* have ye. Mat. c. 5, v. 46.

When thou dost *thine* alms do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do. Verily, I say to you, they have their *reward*.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand does.

That *thine* alms may be secret, and thy father which seeth in secret, himself shall *reward* thee openly. Math. C. vi. v. 2, 3, 4.

☞ We read the same as to the fast in the 18th, v.

Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water in the name of the disciples, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his *reward*. Math. 10, v. 22.

Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your *reward* shall be great. Luke vi. v. 25.

Now, he that planteth, and he that watereth are one, and every man shall receive his own *reward* according to his own labor. 1, Cor. c. 3, v. 8.

If any man's works abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a *reward*. 1 Cor. c. 3, v. 14.

If I do things willingly, I have a *reward*, but if against my will, a *dispensation of the Gospel* is committed unto me. What is then my reward? 1 Cor. c. 9, v. 17-18.

Thou should'st give *reward* unto thy servants, the Prophets and to the Saints, *and* them that fear thy name, small and great. Apoc. c. ii. v. 18.

And behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his works shall be. Ap. c. 22, v. 12.

Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from

works. Those who are to be saved, their works will never prevent them from entering Heaven, so that the Great Father of the Reformation explained this sublime thought, by an enumeration of actions, that certainly are criminal, if committed by those who are not *elect*, but that in his opinion, will never be crimes, when done by the pre-destined to Heaven. Only believe firmly, without the least hesitation, and you shall be saved. But if, unfortunately, you are not elect, whatever work you may perform is a sin before God, who will accept nothing from you, so that your prayers and good works are real offences to the Divinity.

Some Protostants, deviating from the sentiments of their father Luther and several others of their leaders, will not go so far in condemning every work of those who are not in number of the *elect*, but they still believe that the good works are not meritorious, that is to say, that they are not the object of divine mercy, and do not incline God to reward a man, nay, the word reward cannot be properly admitted, speaking of the salvation of man.

The Romanists have invented this doctrine of the merit of good works, in order to flatter the ignorant, and to make them believe that they can purchase Heaven. By these means, they impose upon the people several precepts as to fasting and several other mortifications.

Avarice is the guide of the Church of Rome, and therefore it turns all these unscriptural doctrines into its own pecuniary profit, without consulting the Holy Scriptures, which the papists detest, only because the divine word is inconsistent with their crimes and errors.

labors, AND their *works do follow them*. Apoc. c. 14, v. 13.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great *is* your reward in Heaven. Math. c. v. v. v. 12,—13.

He that have received the five talents, came and brought other five talents, saying—Lord thou deliverest unto me five talents : behold, I have gained besides them, five talents more. His Lord said unto him, Well done *thou* good and faithful servant : thou has been faithful over few things, I will make thee the ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Mathew c. 25. v. 20.

Come, ye blessed of my fathers, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

For I was hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger, and ye took me in.

Naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick and ye visited me ; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Matthew xxv. v. 34, 35, 36.

To him that soweth righteousness, shall be a sure *reward*. Prov. c. 11, v. 18.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. 11 Cor. c. iv. v. 17.

Who will render unto every man according to his deeds.

To them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honor and immortality and eternal life. Rom. c. 11, v. 6, 7.

I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith.

Henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also, that love his appearing. 11 Tim. c. iv. v. 7, 8.

The above, I think, is enough to prove that the Protestant doctrines are nothing but real deviations from the Holy Scriptures, which they always pretend to follow. I would point out many other texts, had I not in view to confine myself to the Protestant Bible ; and therefore, to the books they admit as canonical. Even in the texts which I have transcribed, I have passed unnoticed, some alterations made by Protestants, few of which, I now point out ; and let this observation be considered as an addition to my Essay, on the five Bibles sold by the American Bible Society. In the text from the Revelation c, 14. v. 13, the English Bible says, "AND their works do follow them," while in the Spanish and the Portuguese, sold by the Society, we read "FOR their works follow them." They substitute AND in the place of FOR, in order to avoid the proof which Catholics take from the text in favor of the merit of good works, and Protestants have done as to this text, the same as they have done as to the text which proves the Priesthood, and the sacrifice, namely : that Melchisedec offered bread and wine *because* he was the Priest of the Most High, and the Protestant Bible says : "*and* he was the Priest of the Most High," as I observed in my Essay, above mentioned. But their efforts are unsuccessful in both cases. I have already proved it as to the one, and I shall now prove it as to the other. Indeed, the works of the just man would not follow him after his death for no purpose, and the Scriptures would not mention this circumstance without some great object. But what can it be, if it be not that the just man would receive the reward for his good works ; Protestants, indeed, have advanced nothing by making such alterations in their Bible, for whatever sense they may give to the text, will come to prove our doctrine.

In the text of Ecclesiastes, "a just man will fall seven times in the day, they have left out the last words *in the day*, as if this would make the text less suitable to prove the existence of venial sins, but really such alteration does not serve them in the least, because it is enough that man would commit many mortal sins to lose the character of a *just* man, although he would not commit them in the same day. But in regard to the generous Bible Society, it gives to the Spaniards and Portugese the text with the words *in the day*, so that we have no reason to complain against it, and those who do not like such words in their Bible, may buy, in the same office, an English or French Bible.

I am aware that Protestants quote some texts in favor of their doctrine, but are these texts so plain and evident as those above quoted? Should Protestants answer that they are, the conclusion would be, that the Scriptures plainly and evidently contradicted themselves, and if such texts are not so plain and evident, as those we quoted, they prove nothing. Moreover, if both sides of the texts are equally evident, there is no reason why those we quote, should be explained according to meaning of the others, and, on the contrary, the texts quoted by Protestants, should not be explained according to those we have above presented. But the Scriptures cannot contradict themselves, and therefore, the texts quoted by Protestants, cannot be plain and evident, as long as those we quote are such. Consequently, their doctrine cannot be plain and evidently Scriptural. But according to their own principle, no doctrine should be admitted which is not plainly and evidently Scriptural; hence according to their own principle, their own doctrine should not be admitted.

There are some points upon which Protestants have put aside the Scrip-

tures entirely without bringing forth any text to rely upon in opposition to those we present. Such is what they have done as to the sacrament of Extreme Unction. They cannot deny the text of St. James, they bring forward no other to explain it, and they absolutely neglect to fulfill the ordinance contained in it, without any more authority than their own reasoning, or rather their own will. Thus they break through their own principle of not admitting any doctrine which is not evidently contained in the Scriptures, for surely the text of St. James does not evidently contain that it should not be observed. Protestants do not admit Extreme Unction as a Sacrament; we should ask them why, and their answer will never be a satisfactory one. Let us, however, overlook this *unscriptural* denial, but we hope that they will grant, at least, that the text has some meaning, and direct us to do something—Why is this omitted? What Scripture is there for such omission? What is still more inconsistent, why the fulfillment of said text should be called Romish superstition?

The doctrine that every sin is mortal, can neither be proved by any text of the Scriptures, for those generally quoted by Protestants, are very far from proving it; and they, themselves, do not consider such texts as convincing proof. I do repeat, that Protestants themselves will not believe it; because they, (at least, many of them,) believe that God will not *impute* some sins; and therefore, they are pardoned. But I should ask them, where is that in the Scriptures? No where—and if every sin is *imputed*, why are some easily pardoned, and some not, if every one is mortal? That Protestants also believe as we do, that some sins are more easily pardoned than others, can be inferred from the hope they entertain of the salvation of those who committed some smaller faults, and the fear for

those who were great sinners. Several Protestants go so far as to teach, that death-bed repentance is of no use, but none of them ever applied this doctrine to those who had lived holy lives; but had, however, committed some small faults. Nothing can be so *unscriptural* as this horrible doctrine, which deprives a man of every hope of pardon, from a merciful God; who punishes his obstinate enemies, but receives, at any moment, his repenting children.

Protestants blame the Catholics for fasting, at least, as a meritorious work; and they certainly have no text of the Scriptures, which can give any other meaning to the evident texts we have already brought forward, to prove that there is a real merit in fasting; and strange it is that in their conduct, they evince that they entertain our doctrine, although, in their books and conversations, they deny it. They have their fasting days, and the Presbyterian more strictly (of late at least,) than any others, and such days, are precisely on some particular part of the year, and some particular occasions. Why do they fast? Certainly, to implore divine mercy, to obtain grace, to avoid their sins, and pardon for those which they have committed; and this they do on certain times, on which they thing it their duty to apply to God. In a word, they intended to please the Lord by fasting, and by this means, to obtain his blessing. Is not this the Catholic doctrine? Therefore we may conclude, that the Protestant *written and preached* doctrine, is a real deviation from the Scriptures, and consequently from the Catholic doctrine; but the Protestant, *really believed and practised* doctrine, is altogether in conformity with ours.

I cannot close this Essay, without making some observations as to the Protestant religious practices; which I consider, totally at variance with

the Scriptures. They have no veneration for their temples, while the Scriptures often inculcate the profound respect, fear and humility, which man ought to possess, entering the house of God. They have no altar, while the Scriptures in the Old, as well as the New Testament speak of one, and call the faithful to it; and this scandalous omission comes from an intimate persuasion that they have no sacrifice, and nothing to receive from the altar, which name they know very well, that it cannot be applied to their pulpits, and reading desks, or benches. Indeed, altar means *alta ara*, or an elevated place to sacrifice upon. They oppose (except the Episcopalians) written prayers, while we have many in the Scriptures, and Christ himself, taught one to his Apostles, and ordered them to use it. Therefore, the Protestant practice, far, from having any Scripture in its favor, is against, or at least finds fault with the instruction given by our Lord. They laugh at our practice of kneeling down and prostrating in the Church, while they read in their own Bible, that our Lord in the garden of Gethsemane *fell on his face and prayed, saying, &c.* Matthew, 25, v. 39. In a word the whole system of Protestant worship shows, that it is really *Protestant*, that is, a protest of human pride against Christian humility. Let them not boast any longer of their *pretended* Scriptural doctrines and practices."

Death-bed saying of Sir Isaac Newton.—"I do not know," said the great philosopher, a little before his death, "what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to be only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

ISADORE.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

I knew her in her childhood's time, when blessings round her clung,
 And her baptismal innocence, a halo o'er her flung,
 Ere the wild world's deep traitor, sin, had drawn her in its guile,
 And Heaven had lent a glory down, to dwell within her smile.
 Oh, she was fair ! I'd never seen, a thing of earth so fair ;
 With joyous brow, and dove-like eyes, and waves of shining hair,
 No wonder, for her little heart, with trusting footsteps trod,
 Beneath the Holy Virgin's smile, the path that led to God !

Child as she was, the stricken ones of earth had called her blest,
 And by the bed-side of the poor, she was an angel guest,
 And when unto her undimmed faith, the bread of life was given,
 Unsullied tears gushed from her heart, that might have flowed in Heaven.
 But years rolled on—the child of wealth must fill her station now !
 The father's pride, the mother's hopes, lit by ambitious glow
 Sent forth the trembling, sinless one, to brave the snares of earth,
 When all her sweet affections clung around the household hearth !

The hair that once was flowing free, in many a shining curl,
 They braided up with glistening gems, and beads of costly pearl,
 They wrapped her in the richest robes, and decked with diamonds rare
 The gentle hands, that she for years, had lifted up in prayer !
I saw her then—The world had claimed her young heart's solemn vow,
 And bade her kneel before its shrine, and to its idols bow,
 And lifted up on high with songs its fantasies of light,
 And laid fair garlands at her feet, that made her pathway bright.

She trembled when those lute-like tones, came with their magic swell,
 And wove around her spirits dream, a deep melodious spell !
 The tempters breath is on her cheek,—it flushes on her brow—
 Oh maiden taste not of the cup, that he would give thee now.
 But ling'ring still she hears fond tales, of earth's enchanting lore,
 Which tell her that no storms disturb, the sunlight of its shore,
 She smiles, then wanders off to seek, amid life's desert maze
 The fantasy, that charmed her heart with such alluring rays.

Alas ! her brow is crowned with light, but not the light of Heaven :
 Oh one, by one, those ties of love, are by the cold world riven !
 They melt like snow flakes on the waves, of some dark turbid stream,
 And contrite tears are like the thoughts, of some remembered dream.
 I pity thee, thou erring one, and fain would have the go
 Back to the crystal fount, from whence the living waters flow,
 Back to the cross—back to the shrine and sweet Madonna's smile ;
 Thy guardian angel folds his wings, and lingers near thee, child !

I saw her die—like rose leaves tossed upon a wintry wave,
 Death tore those painted hues away, and left her but a grave ;
 I will not tell her agonies, as to its bourne she trod—
Her soul went up without a veil, to stand before its God.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHARTREUSE AT ROME.

After having spent the holy week in following the pompous ceremonies of St. Peter's, and the Sixtine Chapel, we went to visit the Church of *Santa Maria degli angeli*, and to pass an entire day at the Convent of the Chartreuse. This church almost always deserted, though ever open to the public, is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful in Rome. Built according to the plan of Michael Angelo, its vault is supported by eight columns of oriental granite found in the baths of Dioclesian. Its elegant form is that of a Greek cross; its magnificent pavement is of mosaic, and presents perhaps, in its different compartments, an arrangement more ingenious and more noble even than that of St. Peter's. Beautiful frescos adorn the walls; of these, two made upon me a peculiar impression: one was the Saint Sebastian of Dominichini, admirably preserved, and the best specimen of the coloring of that admirable painter. The Saint beholds the heavens opened; ecstasy seems to render him insensible to suffering; Jesus Christ appears, and exhorts him to constancy, extending his arm to receive his servant. The executioners present frightful forms, which seem to reflect the horrors of hell. The second fresco, by Battoni, represents Simon Magus confounded by St. Peter, and is remarkable for a beautiful effect of *chiaro oscuro*, and by the serenity of the head of the apostle compared with the trouble depicted on the imposter. At the entrance of the church a very beautiful statue of St. Bruno stands erect, like the celestial guardian of the convent, whose patron he is.

Whilst admiring these *chefs-d'œuvre*, we were struck with the melodious music of a bird—a prisoner in this vast temple. The brother Sacristan, who had received us very obligingly, remarked that it was the *solitary sparrow* to which Jesus Christ alludes in one of his most touching similes. For many years the pious monk had followed all the movements of his companion in seclusion. Sometimes the little bird drops from the cornices of the lofty vault as though struck down by a mortal blow, and writhes in convulsions which appeared those of agony. Then he revives by degrees, and attempts to walk on the marble pavement: and finally he spreads out anew his wings, and springs back to the high vaults from which he appeared to have been precipitated forever.

In the interior of the cloister, one breathes I know not what peace—strangely contrasted with the ceremonies in St. Peter's—which, indeed, are pure and grand, but which, by the crowd of spectators, hostile or indifferent, are mixed with a noise profane. A hundred columns of *travertino*, of the Tuscan order, and united by porticos, surround a vast garden and give it a religious grandeur. In the midst of that garden there is a fountain around which Michael Angelo planted four cypresses. Three of these ancient contemporaries of the founders of the convent still wave over the cloister their ever-verdant boughs. The fourth is dead—as all things in this world must die—and is replaced by a young sprig. Thus does St. Bruno revive in his successors who continue his holy contem-

plations, and the inflexible austerities of his primitive rule.

The honors of the convent, were done us by the actual prior, Dom Paul Gérard, with extreme grace and amenity. He showed us the library—and then to satisfy our antiquarian curiosity, made us walk under the immense vaults of the baths of Dioclesian. From the depth of the cloisters he showed us these gigantic Roman constructions, among which branches of trees are shooting from the interstices of disjointed bricks and stones. Finally, he conducted us to the narrow cell of one of the religious, whom we found occupied in cultivating flowers in his little garden—the violet, the ranunculus, the tulip—embellishing the parterre with their various colors, while the walls were covered with citron-trees laden with fruit. A cloudless sun lighted up this narrow solitude, and darted its brilliant rays into the modest oratory of the monk. A beautiful fountain refreshed the scene; and a shady grotto invited to its shade—where, in a mossy niche was placed a miniature statue of St. Bruno. I now could understand how manual occupations, enjoined by the rules of this order, could impart a delicious repose to the spirit, after the fatiguing extacies of contemplation. The good religious who occupied this cell was a Spaniard. He had been driven from his own convent, because, since liberty was introduced into his country, there is no longer liberty to serve God as he might choose! But, less unfortunate than many other exiles, he found at Rome a family where he recognized his brethren: or, it might more properly be said, he found once more his lost country, in a small cell like that which he had quitted, at the foot of the altar where the same canticles and the same prayers greeted his ears; and in the little garden where the fruits of the orange and the citron ripen, as under the sky of his own Iberia.

I offered my congratulations to the prior on his having changed the snowy tops of the Alps for the genial climate of Rome. But he answered with a sigh: “all here is very beautiful; our church glitters with marble and splendid paintings; our atmosphere is brilliant and serene—but still I regret the sombre cloisters of our great Chartreuse, the thick saplings that surround it, the rocks and glaciers that hang over it, and the very clouds that darken the horizon. There is here something softening, dissipating: there, everything inspires a severe and profound recollection. Here, we must create a solitude; there we find one already made by the hands of God. Moreover, it was there that I made my noviciate and profession, there I was born to a religious life. I love it, therefore, and I ought to love it, as a child loves his mother!”

It is impossible to express the simplicity, elevation, and sensibility contained in these words of the venerable man. I analyze coldly, I am aware, my interview with a saint and an apostle. To represent it in a worthy manner, it would be necessary for me to have a tongue of fire.

Before quitting Dom Paul, I questioned him concerning the number of his religious, and how his community was composed. He answered that there were seven *Fathers*, of whom three were Frenchmen, one Piedmontese, two Spaniards, and one Swiss of Lugano. Sometime before, he received two novices, a Roman and a German, but the Roman could not support the austerities of the rule. The German persevered.

To my great surprise, he informed me that the Italians, and above all, the Romans, were less disposed than the French to a cloistered and contemplative life. “Many candidates offer themselves,” he observed, “but when we fathom those lofty minds we discover in them nothing solid or persevering.”

It is thus that this excellent monk communicated to me the treasures of his sensibility and his wisdom. I had, a few days before, read a rather severe critique on the monastic orders in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This critique emanated from the pen of a celebrated woman, who once had devoted herself to solitude in the deep deserts of a Chartreuse at Majorca; a woman of a deplorable genius who has justified proscription by sophisms, and who has taken a melancholy pleasure in spreading her haughty incredulity and impure ideas among the vaults of the cloister, even into those very cells in which before she prostrated herself with a chaste and humble fervor. A woman greatly to be pitied—who seems to understand every kind of devotion, except that which has God for its object: a woman who is lost to all religious sentiment, and who never sought to employ the exaltation of her heart, nor the poetry of her imagination, to feel or conceive one of the most consoling dogmas of Christianity—the communion of saints.

But, alas! these prejudices have found an echo even among believers. Let a learned man, a distinguished *savant* feel a vocation to immure himself in the vaults of the Chartreuse, and you hear persons who style themselves orthodox, becoming indignant or afflicted at it; as if it were a life less useful to the Christian world, than a life of study or research: as if Joshua would have conquered on the plain, if Moses had not prayed on the mountain.

Jesus Christ, whose moral code is admired without restriction by those even who deny his dogmas, declared that he preferred the contemplation of Mary to the busy life of Martha. *Mary*, he said, *hath chosen the better part*. And this is the motto of all contemplative orders, inscribed on their institute by the finger of God.

Is not human wisdom often deceived in attempting to supply the place of the wisdom of the Gospel? If, for example, the abbé De Laménais had taken the habit of St. Bruno, twenty years ago, after the publication of the first volume of his *essai sur l'indifférence*, what regrets would not have been expressed. "What a loss for religion!" would it have been said. "What a suicide of genius! what services would not such a man have rendered had he but remained in the world!"

It is thus, weak as we are, that we suffer ourselves to judge of the ways of God. Do we not lose sight of the vicissitudes and dangers to which we are exposed? We forget the fall of the wisest of men in the ancient law, the heresy of Tertullian, and the errors of Pascal.

There must be asylums for hearts sick of the vanities of life, as there are for bodies in a suffering state. Let us, then, not interfere with the mysterious vocations, the sublime holocausts, of those who retire into the monastic solitudes. We should respect and admire them—although to our worldly minds they appear incomprehensible.

THE INDIAN HALL.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

The following work, by the author of "Father Rowland," was written in vindication of a dogma, which is not only questioned, but systematically attacked, by a denomination who style themselves Christians.—This too, is the most vital dogma of Christianity : for, if the founder of the new covenant was a mere man, the system which he established, is not as sublime as that of the old. The reality is not more substantial than the figure. The prophecies have not been fulfilled.—Christ is no greater than the Prophets, less than Moses.—This will be made manifest, it is thought, to any one who will peruse this little work with attention, and without prejudice.

CHAPTER I.

Quel mar tu sei, che in onde intatta e casta
Chiuder potèo l'immensità natia
Di un mar, per cui la terra e'l ciel non basta.
Mazarra.

At the close of a delightful evening in spring, when the golden lustre of the setting sun tinged the peak of the green-decked mountain, and the last sweet day-hour seemed to linger about its summits, Charles Clermont, the youngest son of Major Clermont, proposed to visit the "Indian Hall." The Clermont family had settled on the banks of St. Mary's River, and was one of that magnanimous colony who, for conscience sake, had emigrated from their native land to settle on those uncultivated shores. With

a principle which nothing could subdue, and a fortitude which stood the test of many a revolution, the descendants of that respectable family, cherished, with primeval attachment, the doctrines and customs of the Roman Catholic Church. Major Clermont had married a Catholic lady in Wales, by whom he was blessed with a numerous offspring ; of whom three were female, and the rest male. The ladies had received an education suited to their standing and fortune, and could figure, with unaffected elegance and dignified simplicity, in the proudest circles of Europe. The boys, too, had been educated in England, under the care of a venerable ecclesiastic ; and had grounded themselves not only in science, but likewise in the knowledge of their religion. Charles was highly gifted by nature, and his natural endowments were graced and perfected by a splendid education. The names of the ladies were Paulina, Emilie, and Constantia.

The "Indian Hall" was an ancient mansion situated on the Virginia shore, and belonged to the Preston family, staunch Unitarians, who, with the exception of the Clermonts, dili-

* This little work was published, some years ago, under the title of the "Indian Cottage : " but the author, having since become aware of the existence of a tale written before he was born, under the same title, deems it expedient to adopt that which appears above. The reader who has taken the trouble to peruse the first edition, will perceive many corrections, and much enlargement, in the present, prepared expressly, by the author, for the pages of the "Expositor."

gently avoided any correspondence with Roman Catholics. Col. Preston, however, was intimate with the Major; and their families were in the habit of mutually spending some weeks of the year at each other's houses. Their beautiful pleasure-boats, which glided like the inmates of the water over the surface of the dark-green bay, facilitated their visits and their correspondence. Mrs. Preston was of high English blood, and her daughters Caroline and Elizabeth, had been deeply imbued with English prejudices—particularly against popery.

There was every inducement, this evening, for his sisters to accept the proposal of Charles to pay a visit to the Indian Hall. The evening was bland and delicious, the waters of the bay were unruffled by a breath, and, save where the solitary fish leaped from the sparkling brine, as hushed and silent as the grave. The boat was immediately got in readiness; four stout oars-men were at their stations, the ladies took their seats, Charles seized the rudder, and they dashed forward towards the Virginia shores.

"You, perhaps, are not aware, dear sisters, why I was in so great a hurry to get off this evening," said Charles.

"Why, Charles, it is your manner," answered Paulina: "when you decide on a thing, you are not at rest till you accomplish what you have in view."

"Just like Papa," added Emilie—

"You know it is a common observation, Emilie, among our good neighbours, "that the Clermonts are slow to decide, but quick to execute," remarked Constantia.

"This is giving us a noble character," remarked Paulina.—

"A very desirable one, indeed," added Charles—but really you are construing my *manner*," he continu-

ed with an emphasis, "rather too favorably."

"How so, Charles?" asked Emilie.

"Why, sisters, *this* is what caused my hurry," taking a letter from his pocket, "it is a very curious thing, but will afford extraordinary joy to our family when made public."

"From whom is it, Charles? and what is the nature of it?" asked Constantia.

"It is from Elizabeth Preston—the subject will be best communicated by reading it to you."

"Dear Mr. Clermont,

"It will surprise you, not a little, I am sure, when you peruse the contents of this page. The subject of it is not according to my usual strain, a description of what has happened in our circle since we last had the pleasure of seeing you, but one of a momentous and invaluable nature—Religion.—" At the pronunciation of this word, Charles fixed his eyes upon his sisters. They, on their part, evinced an expression which no pen has ever yet succeeded in describing, no pencil, however skilful, has been able to portray. The mingled expressions of astonishment, joy, and gratitude to God,—all blending into one deep glance of the speaking eye.

"Religion!" exclaimed Paulina, "I could have imagined any thing else from Elizabeth—what does she mean, Charles?"

"She surely does not intimate that she wishes to know more about the Catholic Religion," observed Emilie.

"The Catholic Church!" cried Paulina, "the Prestons despise the very name of what they ignorantly term Popery."

—"I was educated," Charles resumed, "as you well know, in a school systematically opposed to your church. I was taught, from my cradle, to look upon it as a mass of absurdities and a heap of superstitions; my parents strengthened my

prejudices as my years increased ; all that I read was written either directly against it, or tended to impress on my mind erroneous opinions. But within the past year, I have been communicating by letter with Virginia Wolburn, who has become a strict and enlightened Christian, under the guidance of Father Rowland, and the arguments and books which she has put before me, are such as leave no trifling doubts on my mind. This is all a secret.—Neither Papa nor the family have the most distant idea of any such change, and on no account, would I wish it to be hinted to them. I should be delighted if you would visit the Hall as soon as possible, and be good enough to pray Paulina, Emilie, and Constantia, to accompany you. I intend to put to advantage the opportunity I shall have of conversing with you and them, on the fundamental points of religion.

“ With great respect, &c.

E. PRESTON.”

The perusal of this note, whilst it seemed to electrify with amazement the ladies, filled them with delight which they could not but give vent to in terms of deep emotion.

“ I trust, Charles, you have had the precaution to provide yourself with books for the occasion,” said Constantia. “ All her questions must be solidly answered.”

“ A very necessary precaution, indeed ; for your own divinity, I fear, might give out,” added Emilie with a smile.

“ I should be very loth to confide in my own resources with so well educated a lady as Elizabeth,” said Charles : “ I have brought with me an erudite treatise on religion, commencing from the first great truth, the existence of God, and comprising all the disputed points of religion.”

“ It will be unnecessary, surely Charles, to investigate the existence of a Supreme Being,” said Paulina.

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“ To *investigate* it, would be useless, Paulina, or even as far as Elizabeth is concerned, to examine that doctrine which all nations and ages have admitted.”

“ The author of the work I alluded to,” returned Charles, “ here it is,” opening it to his sisters—“ examines the subject, not as a point of natural religion, but discusses the peculiar manner in which it has been revealed by the Almighty himself. But of this we shall see more to-morrow.”

The boat was meanwhile gently and gallantly cleaving the twilight waters—the heaven’s bright firmament, like a lovely arch of jasper, circled over their heads, and here and there a dim star appeared twinkling above, like some glorious spirit looking down in peace on the dusky vale of sorrow.

“ Oh !” exclaimed Paulina, pointing to the skies, “ there, Charles, there is the best and most eloquent treatise on the existence of God. There his Power is manifest—there his majesty is inscribed in everlasting light.”

“ Beyond those lovely heavens are the regions of pure spirits, where we shall one day meet in bliss,” said Paulina. “ Those dimly discovered stars are like beacons of hope lighting our wayward passage across the waters of time.”

“ True, true,” rejoined Charles, “ and they are beauteous emblems of Her—the ever Blessed Mary—who is styled by the Church *the star of the ocean*.”

“ Apropos, Constantia ; you have your guitar with you—music is sweet at any time—but doubly so on the calm bright waters,” added Emilie.

“ A hymn to *the star of the ocean*, would at once delight and edify us ;” said Charles, “ and Constantia will not deprive us of this two-fold advantage.”

“ With pleasure shall I hail the Virgin Mary—she is the patroness

of all christians—the refuge of all sinners.” She then adjusted her instrument, and raising her expressive eyes to the firmament, with a deep gush of feeling and devotion, broke forth into the following strain :

1.

Ave maris stella, hail !
Beaming from the sky ;
Light, by which in peace we sail
Towards eternity.

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

2.

Dei mater alma—thou
Reignest with thy Son :
Every prayer and every vow
With him thou smil'st upon.

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

3.

Atque Semper Virgo, e'er,
Ready to incline
To the Christian Virgin's prayer—
Hear this hymn of mine,

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

4.

Felix cæli porta—oh !
To thee it hath been given
For us, when leaving earth below,
To ope the gates of Heav'n.

While our frail bark cleaves the waters,
Virgin, smile upon thy daughters.

“How sweet it is to invoke the patronage of the Blessed Virgin,” said Charles—“My dear Constantia, you feel it as you sing her hymn.”

“Oh! dearest brother,” she returned, “tender should be the devotion of every christian, to her who is so full of compassion for poor mortal, and so powerful to assist him in his wants.”

“Strange it has always appeared to me, how our dissenting friends should refuse to call upon her,” said Emilie; “especially since they read in the Scripture, that the first miracle which our Saviour wrought, was through her intercession.”

“Very just, indeed, is your remark, Emilie,” returned Paulina; “at the marriage of Cana, in Galilee, our divine Redeemer changed the water into wine, at the instance of his holy mother.* And though, as I have somewhere read, he evinced an apparent reluctance to comply with his mother's request, *as his time had not yet come*, still he could not refuse to hear her; he anticipated, as it were, *his time*, and performed a miracle, which, at once, proves the power of the mother, and the divinity of the Son.”

“For my own part,” said Charles, “let it appear credulity, or even superstition to my Protestant friends, I attribute, much of my prosperity in life, and the little piety I still possess, to my devotion towards the mother of God, which was instilled into my boyhood, in my college years, and which I can truly say, I have ever since warmly cherished.”

“Persevere in these good sentiments, my dear brother,” said Constantia, “they have already made you an exception to the generality of young men, and you will continue so to be.”

“I trust, my dear Constantia, that nothing shall ever alter them. They are too deeply laid up in my heart.”

The interesting conversation between Charles and his sisters, beguiled the length of their voyage, and shortened the time requisite to pass from Maryland to Virginia. The abrupt shores of the latter were now near: upon their craggy heights the shades of the night were collected, and they frowned in darkness upon the waters which rippled, with incessant murmur, against the strand. The oars-men ceased their tugging: and the boat, with a steady motion, cut its way into a nook; over which a beacon shone, to guide them where to land. Col. Preston's carriage was near the beach, awaiting their arri-

* John ch. 2.

val. They entered, and the coachman, cracking his whip with great glee, drove away for the "Indian Hall."

CHAPTER II.

Dio, ch'in abisso, e'n terra, e'n ciel ti trovi,
E'n te cielo, e'n te terra, e'n te abiss' hai ;
Ineffabil virtù splendore eterno.

Paterno.

The mansion of Col. Preston, I remarked above, was called the "Indian Hall," from the circumstance of its being situated on the spot, where, tradition told, had once been established a settlement of Indians. Those aboriginal children of the forest, had long since been driven from these parts, into the interior of our continent. The rude and shapeless graves of their fathers, were still, however, occasionally discovered in the fields, or near some quiet stream of water; and the sturdy ploughman not unfrequently disclosed, as he turned up the earth, the blunted arrow and rusty tomahawk. The hands that once wielded these bloody weapons, have long mouldered beneath the clod, and the ghosts of the warriors seem to shriek in the night winds, that howl in winter around the spot in which they were interred.

On their arrival at the Cottage, the visitors were heartily welcomed by the Colonel, Mrs. Preston, and Caroline, and especially by Elizabeth, whose eye most eloquently indicated the fullness of her heart.

"Your passage across the bay was pleasant, I hope, Mr. Clermont," said Mrs. Preston.

"Perfectly so, dear madam," replied Charles.

"You came over comfortably, and quickly, too, no doubt," added the Colonel.

"A more lovely night I hardly ever beheld, replied Paulina," the

waters were calm, and scarcely a zephyr breathed upon their surface.

"How gratified we all are to see you and your sisters with us to-night, Paulina," exclaimed Elizabeth, taking her by both her hands.

"And her brother too, I hope, Elizabeth," added the Colonel, in good humour.

"Oh, papa, in addressing Paulina, you well know that I mean to include all."

"Upon my word, Elizabeth, you give me *no* chance," said Caroline in mirth; "well, Constantia, I will express my pleasure in seeing *you* on this shore, this beautiful night."

"Beautiful as is the night, a new charm was added to its delightfulness, by Constantia's guitar," said Emilie.

"Sweet plaintive music; oh! it melts the heart,

"Devotion wakes, and tears unbidden start."

Exclaimed Mrs. Preston.

An hospitable repast was spread out before the welcome guests, of which they partook with a healthful appetite; and a sprightly conversation was kept up until the hour for retiring to repose, when the Colonel withdrawing, wished them a good night's rest and golden dreams.

The morning arose as brilliantly as the evening had faded away. The sun, lifting his glorious orb to the horizon, walked forth as it were in the consciousness of his pride, surrounded with infinite hues, and joyfully darting his beams askance the dewy fields. The trees, whose limbs were just robed in their earliest green, nodded to the king of day, and seemed to rejoice in his light. Who has not viewed with rapture, the rising of the vernal sun: who has not hung upon the scene, when the country is all fragrance and beauty: when the grass, glistening with pearly dew, and the youthful clover clad with fresh verdure, spread a downy

carpet over the plains. Who has not longed to wander forth, at early hour, to hearken to the matin chirrings of the blue-bird, and the twittering of the swallow, or the shrill warbling of the robin: and who, in contemplating the spectacle, does not feel his heart dilate with gratitude to God, for his bountiful gifts to man? O man! forget not Him from whom all things descend. Be not so familiarized with creation, as to lose sight of the Creator.

It was amid this loveliness of morning, that Elizabeth and her visitors rambled through the park adjoining the "Hall." Eager to unbosom herself to Charles on the subject which she had expressed in her letter,—“dear Mr. Clermont,” she said, “I would not wish that the communication which I made you on the subject of religion should be disclosed to my parents, not indeed that I should desire to keep any thing secret from them, but merely for the sake of prudence—until circumstances will render it known. You remember I mentioned that, for some months past, I have been keeping up a regular correspondence with Virginia Wolburn, whose conversion is as sincere as it was wonderful.

“I repeat now that I have been in constant and serious correspondence with her on the doctrines of religion: and from her last communication, which I will read to you, I have come to the determination to investigate the subject dispassionately.”

“Any person of your accomplishments and fine mind, Elizabeth, must soon find out the true religion, if you enquire after it sincerely,” observed Constantia; “and pity it is that more of our amiable and piously-inclined friends, do not give the subject more consideration.”

“A very great pity, I begin now to think it is,” said Elizabeth.

“The letter of Virginia Wolburn would afford us all delight,”

said Charles. “May we hear it read?”

“It has more than delighted *me*,” returned Elizabeth. “It is as follows:”

“My dearest Elizabeth,

“Depend upon it, as I stated in my last, that by a scrupulous investigation alone, you can come to the knowledge of religious truth. Education is not a sufficient basis on which to ground our eternal hopes. I speak frankly, Elizabeth, because I feel what I say. Experience is my guide. You know all the particulars relating to my change; I have more than once dwelt upon them in my confidential communications with you—oh! that my dearest friends could be induced to think as I do on every point of doctrine: they would then rest secure, on the authority of an infallible church, and could not apprehend the danger of being *tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine*. Begin, dear Elizabeth, the enquiry—I am aware of your difficulties, arising from your parents and relatives—it will be impossible for you at present, to converse with any of our clergymen,—but you may confer with Major Clermont’s family, on whom you may, in every respect, rely. I advise you to begin with the first grand truth, the existence of God, as revealed in the Bible; the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the nature of Faith, the character of the Catholic Church, &c. &c. By this means, you will be conducted from link to link, down the great chain of truths which should bind us altogether, and centre us all under one head. May you persevere, and you will be crowned.

VIRGINIA WOLBURN.”

“Oh! how sincerely she writes, and with what earnestness and zeal!” exclaimed Constantia.

“She is full of zeal, indeed, and enlightened zeal,” added Paulina.

“Her advice to you, Elizabeth, is

truly excellent, and you cannot refuse to follow it," said Emilie.

"I am determined—determined to follow it," returned Elizabeth with great earnestness—"and the sooner we commence the subject the better."

"Charles has come well armed for the occasion," observed Constantia, with a smile.

"Here is my solution to all doubts, and my proof of all truths," said Charles, taking from his pocket a neatly-bound book. "Here is a treatise beginning with the first of all truths, the revealed existence of the Creator, and embracing all the other dogmas taught by the ancient Church, to which your ancestors and mine belonged before the reformation."

"Well, Mr. Clermont, what is said of the first truth, the existence of God?" asked Elizabeth.

Charles read as follows: "Two truths were revealed to the Jews, concerning God: first, that he is ONE, secondly, that he will *reward the good and punish the wicked.*"

"Are the particular texts, in which these are revealed, cited by the author?" asked Elizabeth.

"They are," replied Charles.—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is ONE."* "This is quite plain."

"Perfectly so," said Elizabeth: "Be pleased to quote the others, Mr. Clermont."

"And thou shalt know," continued Charles, "that the Lord, thy God, he is the strong God, and faithful, and keeping his covenant, and *mercy for those loving him*.....and repaying them that hate him, to *destroy them*.....†

"This doctrine of future accountability the Catholic Church keeps constantly before the mind of her children, so that what we have to expect hereafter, depends entirely upon our conduct here. If we love God, we

shall be remunerated by his mercy; if we hate him, we shall be destroyed, or punished forever. Here are future rewards and punishments."

"This point satisfies me completely," said Elizabeth. "So far, I have no doubt whatever. But was there no other truth concerning God, revealed to the Jews?" she inquired.

"Many others," replied Charles: "but, as my author says, they may be reduced to the two we have just considered."

"I should wish, however, to have them specified," rejoined Elizabeth.

"The Psalmist teaches, that God is infinite," resumed Charles, "when he cries out: 'great is the Lord, and exceedingly to be praised: and of his greatness *there is no end.*'* He teaches again, that God is *omnipresent*: 'whither shall I go,' he exclaims, 'from thy spirit, and whither shall I fly, from thy face.'"

"Do we not see his spirit in every part of creation," said Constantia.

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, "every thing in the firmament, on earth, in the waters, speaks that the Deity is all-present. We see him every where."

"Racine has beautifully expressed this," said Emilie, "in his poem on God—the translation, though unequal to the original, is not without some beauty."

"Do you remember the lines, Emilie?" asked Elizabeth.

"They are these:"

"Yes, 'tis an hidden God whom we adore:

But still, to witness his unbounded power,

What shining proofs are ranged before my eyes!

Answer, O heaven! speak ye, earth and skies.

What hand, yon azure canopy hath spread,

And kindled up the stars that glitter o'er my head!"

* Deuteron. chap. vi. v. 4.

† Deuteron. vii. 9.

* Ps. 144, 2.

"Very poetical, and full of truth and feeling," exclaimed Elizabeth.

"God is likewise *immutable*," continued Charles, "as we read in the Book of Numbers: 'God is not like man who deceiveth, nor the son of man *who changeth*.'* 'He is *Eternal*.' 'Before the mountains were made,' sings the Royal Prophet, 'or the earth was formed,—thou art, O Lord—'"+

"This attribute is likewise beautifully expressed by Racine, in two lines," observed Emilie.

"Older than time, he formed the world and man;
Omnipotent, his being ne'er began."

"His *omnipotence*," said Charles "is revealed in Genesis, where the Lord himself speaks: 'I am the OMNIPOTENT God.'"+

"There could not be a more delightful season in which to contemplate the works of Omnipotence, than the present," observed Elizabeth. "The world reviving from its torpid state—the grass and the leaves shooting forth: the birds singing around us: the waters stretching before our view. What beauty, what order, what simplicity!"

"It appears impossible, that a reasonable being, contemplating these things, could call in question the existence of God," said Constantia.

"No reasonable mind ever did question it," returned Charles. "You remember that the Scripture expressly remarks, 'the *fool* saith in his heart, there is no God.' Nor can any truly reasonable being consistently believe in God, and disregard his menaces, and his judgments! And yet is it deplorable to perceive that millions of rational creatures live on as though there were no God!"

"And so few take the trouble to

know what God has revealed, what religious worship he requires, or what church he has established," added Paulina.

"Since God is ONE, he could not reveal two different kinds of religion, each contradicting the other. And, since he is IMMUTABLE, he could not establish a religion, the essence of which is subject to change," remarked Constantia.

"The Catholic Religion," said Charles, "is the only one which is not liable to change, and consequently, the only one worthy of HIM who is immutable. From your own observations you will perceive that all other denominations are as changeable as the caprices of the human mind. They are human institutions, indeed, and have all the weaknesses of humanity about them. Our holy religion was established by Christ himself: preached by his Apostles: professed by the Confessors: taught by the Doctors, and cemented by the blood of countless martyrs: and, consequently, it is the only true one; the only unchangeable and lasting one—which has survived all past revolutions, and will continue to the end of things,—which is stamped with the characters of the Divinity, and which is worthy of its eternal founder. That Church was established by Jesus Christ; and if He is Divine, it is manifest that his Church must be a divine institution. And since all other religions stand in opposition to some of her vital doctrines," he added, "all other religions are necessarily the works of human agency."

"The Divinity of Christ is a topic which I wish fundamentally to investigate with you, Mr. Clermont," said Elizabeth.

"My author can satisfy all doubts on that most vital of all subjects," returned Charles. "And if ever there was a period when such an investigation demanded the attention of the Christian, it is now, when rationalism and transcendentalism seem to

* Numbers, chap. 23, v. 19.

† Psalms, chap. 89, v. 2.

† Genesis, chap. xvii. v. i.

dispute the ascendant which supernatural truth has so long claimed over the minds of men."

"My doubts have long since been dissipated, but I desire to ground myself more solidly on that dogma."

"Perhaps, before entering on the immediate topic, it would be more in order to show on what authorities the doctrine of the Trinity is established," returned Charles. "For having considered the existence of God in

itself, the next question that naturally occurs is, *how* does he exist? Is there a unity or trinity of divine persons? This is the fundamental point, from which all the subsequent peculiarities of revelation must take their character: and which will determine the long-agitated question, which is in our own day, renewed with such fearful excitement—viz. the DIVINITY OF CHRIST."

LA MADONNA.

Behold thy Mother.—St. John, chap. xix. v. 27.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

BEHOLD THY MOTHER! To the heart
How much these simple words convey.
"Lo! sorrowing child of earth, thou art
Not all forsaken," do they say.

"The *bleessed among women*—she
Whom God has raised so far above
The hierarchy of Heaven—for thee
Hath all a tender mother's love!"

Mother! It is a name to thrill
With holiest joy the troubled breast,
And with a gush of rapture fill
The bosom long with cares oppressed.

For in the rich and varied store
Of language, can that name alone,
In all their freshness, bring once more
The feelings to our childhood known;

Or shed on darksome age and pain
The light that o'er our youth was cast;
Or reunite the golden chain
That draws us ever to the past.

And she upon whose virgin breast
In cradled sleep that head hath lain
On which the cruel thorns were pressed
To form a diadem of pain—

Who, when she wept the cross beneath
Whereon the world's Redeemer hung,
Mourned not alone her Saviour's death—
But for her child her heart was wrung !

She is our Mother ! and through her
We brethren are of CHRIST ; and He
Whene'er a suit she may prefer
Will listen with benignity.

Then let us, when calamities
Assail, to her draw near ; and thus
With trustful hearts on bended knees,
Cry, " Virgin Mother ! pray for us !"

NOTICE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following interesting particulars, relating to the establishment of the Catholic Religion in the United States, are selected from an old French MS. preserved in the library of the Archbishop of Baltimore. From certain passages, we are inclined to believe, that it was originally written in English by Archbishop Carroll, and translated into the language in which we find it. To all who feel an interest in such details, this notice will be pleasing and valuable.

Towards the end of the reign of James I. king of England, who died in 1625, the Catholics, oppressed by the penal laws of that kingdom, sought afar an asylum from the persecutions which they suffered at home. Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, obtained from the king a grant of all those lands which now form the State of Maryland. This grant was confirmed to him by a charter issued in form immediately after the accession of Charles I. to the throne of his father. By this same charter, the king granted to all who should emigrate to the new Province, the liberty of exercis-

ing their religion, and the rights of citizens. A great number of Catholics, and especially the descendants of ancient families, quitted England, and settled in America, towards the year of 1630, under the conduct of Lord Baltimore. With them came Father Peter White, an English Jesuit. This band of emigrants chose for their residence a district of country near the junction of the Potomac and St. Mary's river : the latter afterwards gave its name to the first town that was built there, and which continued to be the capital of the country, during seventy or eighty years.

Father White, finding himself unequal to the duties which pressed upon him, returned to Europe, in order to procure missionaries : and, from the very imperfect memoirs before us, it appears, that he brought over with him Fathers Copley, Harkey and Perret. Their principal residence was a place which they called *St. Inigo*, a Spanish word which signifies Ignatius. They acquired there a considerable tract of land, a part of which is still in the possession of the Jesuits.

All historians, Protestant as well as Catholic, speak, in favorable terms, of the first Catholic emigrants, who faithfully observed the laws of justice, and, by their humane deportment, gained the confidence of the Indians. Not an inch of land did they take by violence from the aboriginal inhabitants : but they purchased a large district, and honorably confined themselves within the limits traced out in the charter, insomuch that neither fraud nor bloodshed disgraced the birth of this rising colony.

In proportion as it increased, (and its progress was rapid,) the heads of the establishment advanced into the country, accompanied by some clergymen ; who, for their subsistence, and that of their successors, made several acquisitions of lands.

Towards the year 1640, a design was formed to carry the Gospel to the Indians of the neighboring parts. In the MS. which was lent us, we find, that the Provincial of the Jesuits wrote, this year, to the young men at Liege, exhorting them to consecrate their services to this difficult and perilous enterprise. In consequence of this invitation, more than twenty requested, in urgent language, to be associated in the new missions : but, from what we can learn from contemporary monuments, it does not appear that they ever crossed the ocean : prevented, in all probability, by the influence of the Protestants who inhabited the district of Virginia ; and who saw with a jealous eye, the incomparably better understanding that existed between the Catholics and the Indians, than between themselves and the tribes around them. Add to this the troubles which arose, the same year, (1640,) in England, and ended in the deposition and decapitation of Charles I. in 1649. The incredible hatred which the dominant party of that kingdom entertained against the Catholics, and the umbrage which was taken by the factious, at any enter-

prise that could further the promotion of the Catholic religion, rendered it necessary for the emigrants to break off all communication with the Indians.

As long as Cromwell was in power, the Catholics of Maryland were cruelly harassed : Lord Baltimore was removed from the government, the Catholics were excluded from all offices of trust which they had held before, and the clergy were reduced to the necessity of exercising their functions in secret, and with great circumspection.

From this epoch, I cannot discover any steps taken to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel among the Indians. Before the death of Cromwell, it is probable they removed into the interior to a very great distance, and in Maryland, there were hardly clergymen enough to discharge the duties towards the Catholics. The power and influence of the Protestants, supported by the English government, and favored by the colonies that surrounded them, had greatly increased : and the jealousy, formerly occasioned on the part of the Catholics by their correspondence with the Indians, was still alive.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, Maryland again flourished under the genial government of Lord Baltimore, and his representatives. Pious establishments were formed, and the clergymen were scattered through the different sections of the province. They subsisted not on the contributions of the faithful, but on the products of the lands which they had obtained.

But after the revolution which followed in England, the Catholics were again deprived of public offices, and of the exercise of their religion, contrary to the privileges granted in their charter. In consequence of this intolerance, Lord Baltimore would again have been stript of his authority, had he not unfortunately yielded

to the times, and conformed to the Protestant religion. From this era, a tax was levied on all the colonists without distinction, for the support of the ministers of the Anglican Church. Many attempts were made to enforce the penal laws; and if they were not generally carried into execution, but only in certain places, and that, too, by intervals, it was, according to all appearances, less through a spirit of toleration, than through policy. The most distinguished families, impatient of the restrictions, and induced, perhaps, by the example of Lord Baltimore, forsook the Catholic Church. By this means, the Protestant party became strengthened: the seat of government was transferred from St. Mary's to Annapolis, where the Protestants were most numerous: and the Catholics, oppressed and persecuted, were reduced to poverty and contempt.

Notwithstanding these misfortunes, several congregations existed in the province, with resident priests; and others, which were occasionally visited by the missionaries. But they were so removed and dispersed, that a great number of families could not assist at mass, and receive instructions, but once in the month: and though pains were taken by the pious heads of families to instruct their children, it must have been done but imperfectly. Among the poor, many could not read, and those who could, were without books, to procure which it was necessary to send to England: and the laws against printers and sellers of Catholic books were extremely rigorous. It is surprising that, notwithstanding all these difficulties, there were still so many Catholics in Maryland who were regular in their habits, and at peace with all their neighbors. The propriety of their conduct was a subject of edification to all, and continued to be so, until the new emigrants from foreign parts introduced a licentiousness of manners, which

exposed the Catholic religion to the reproach of its enemies.

Near the residences of the clergy, and on the lands belonging to them, small chapels were built, but few elsewhere: so that it was necessary to say mass in private houses. The people contributed nothing towards the expenses of the clergy, who, poor as they were, had to provide for their own support, for the decoration, &c. of the altars, and for their travels from place to place. They demanded nothing, as long as the produce of their lands could suffice for their maintenance.

Towards the year 1730, Father Grayton, a Jesuit, (all the clergymen, it should be remarked, who labored in the colonies, were Jesuits,) went from Maryland to Philadelphia, and laid the foundation of the Catholic religion in that city. - He resided there until the year 1750. Long before his death, he built the chapel near the presbytery (St. Joseph's) and formed a numerous congregation, which has continued to increase to the present day. "I remember," said Archbishop Carroll, whose language we here use, "to have seen, in 1748, that venerable man, at the head of his flock."

He was succeeded by Father Harding, whose memory is still in benediction in that city: and under whose auspices, and the untiring energies of whose zeal, the beautiful Church of St. Mary's was erected.

In the year 1741, two German Jesuits were sent to Pennsylvania, for the purpose of instructing the German emigrants who had settled in that province. These were Father Schneider, a Bavarian, and Father Wapeler, a Hollander, men full of zeal and prudence. The former was particularly gifted with a talent for business, and possessed, says the MS. before us, "consummate prudence and intrepid courage." The latter, after having labored eight years in America, during which he converted many,

was, in consequence of his bad health, constrained to return to Europe. He was the founder of the establishment now called *Conewago*. Father Schneider formed several congregations in Pennsylvania, built the Church of *Cosenhoven*, and propagated the Catholic religion around that country. Every month, he visited the Germans who lived in Philadelphia, until the time when he judged it expedient to establish a resident German priest in that city. The gentleman chosen to fill that post, was the Reverend Father Farmer, a distinguished and highly respectable personage, who, some years before, had arrived in America, and had been stationed at Lancaster, where his life was truly apostolical. It was about the year 1760, that he took possession of his new appointment. "No one can be ignorant," remarks our MS. "of the labors which were undergone by this servant of God." His memory is in veneration among all who knew him, or have heard of his merit. He continued to be a model for all succeeding pastors, until his death, which occurred in 1786.

In 1776, the American Independence was declared, and a revolution effected, not only in political affairs, but in those also relating to religion. For, while the thirteen provinces of North America rejected the yoke of England, they proclaimed, at the same time, freedom of conscience, and the right of worshipping the Almighty, according to the spirit of the religion to which each should belong. Before this great event, the Catholic faith had penetrated into two provinces only, viz. Maryland and Pennsylvania. In all others the laws against the Catholics were in force. Any priest coming from foreign parts was subject to the penalty of death; all who professed the Catholic faith were not merely excluded from the offices of government, but could hardly be tolerated in a private capacity. While this

state of things continued, it is not surprising that but very few of them settled in those provinces: and they, for the most part, forsook their religion. Even in Maryland and Pennsylvania, as was before mentioned, the Catholics were oppressed: the missionaries were insufficient for the wants of those two provinces, and it was next to impossible to disseminate the faith beyond their boundaries.

By the declaration of Independence, every difficulty was removed: the Catholics were placed on a level with their fellow christians, and every political disqualification was done away.

Several reasons were assigned in the MS. for the immediate adoption of the article extending to all the members of the States an unqualified freedom of conscience.

I. The leading characters of the first Assembly, or Congress, were, through principle, opposed to every thing like vexation on the score of Religion: and, as they were perfectly acquainted with the maxims of the Catholics, they saw the injustice of persecuting them for adhering to their doctrines.

II. The Catholics evinced a desire, not less ardent than that of the Protestants, to render the provinces independent of the mother country: and, it was manifest, that, if they joined the common cause, and exposed themselves to the common danger, they should be entitled to a participation in the common blessings which crowned their efforts.

III. France was negotiating an alliance with the United Provinces: and nothing could have retarded the progress of that alliance more effectually, than the demonstration of any ill-will against the religion which France professed.

IV. The aid, or at least the neutrality of Canada was judged necessary for the success of the enterprise of the Provinces: and by pla-

cing the Catholics on a level with all other christians, the Canadians, it was believed, could not be but favorably disposed towards the revolution.

It was not till after the war, that that the good effects of freedom of conscience began to develop themselves. The priests were few in number, and, almost all superannuated. There was but little communication between the Catholics of America, and their Bishop, the Vicar apostolic of the district of London, on whose spiritual jurisdiction they were dependent. But, whether he did not wish to have any relation to a people whom he regarded in the light of rebels; or whether it was owing, says our old MS., to the natural apathy of his disposition, it is certain, that he had hardly any communication either with the priests, or the laity, on this side the Atlantic. Anteriorly to the declaration of Independence, he had appointed the Rev. Mr. Lewis, his vicar; and it was this gentleman who governed the mission of America, during the time that the Bishop remained inactive.

Shortly after the war, the Clergy of Maryland and of Pennsylvania, convinced of the necessity of having a superior on the spot, and knowing, too, that the U. States were opposed to any jurisdiction in England, applied to the Holy See, to grant them the privilege of

choosing a superior from their own body. The request was acceded to: and their unanimous suffrages centered in the Rev. John Carroll, whose election was approved by the Holy See, and on whom ample power, even that of administering Confirmation, was immediately conferred.

The number of Catholics, at this period, in Maryland, amounted to about sixteen thousand: the greater part of whom were dispersed through the country, and employed in agriculture. In Pennsylvania, there were about seven thousand, and in the other States, as far as it was possible to ascertain, there were about fifteen hundred. In this number, however, were not comprised the Canadians, or French, or their descendants, who inhabited the country to the west of Ohio, and the banks of the Mississippi.

In Maryland the priests were nineteen in number: in Pennsylvania but five. Of these, five were worn out with infirmities and age, and the rest were advanced in years. None, except those in Baltimore and Philadelphia, subsisted on the contributions of their flocks.

The MS. here ends: other documents, however, may be had, which will afford a continuation of this interesting subject.

JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN TRADITION.

That the Jews had a traditionary as well as written code, and that they were directed as much by one as the other, appears from Exodus xiii. 8, Deut. xxxii. 7, Judges vi. 13, Ps. xliii., &c. &c. The inquiring reader will do well to recur to the texts.

From which testimonies two things may be gathered. First,—that tradition was enjoined on the Jews by the

Almighty himself. Secondly,—that many things which they were commanded to teach or learn by tradition, were openly taught in the Scriptures: and yet they were not referred to the Scripture, but to tradition. The reason of this was because the Scripture, at that time, was not reduced to the form of an entire volume, but scattered about in various pages and par-

cels, in order that they might be conveniently read by the people. The first person who reduced them into the form of a volume was Esdras, after the Babylonish captivity. The book of Deuteronomy, which was one of the principal books of the Old Testament, was not then in the hands of the Jews: but one copy was kept by the king; and another by the priests in the ark of the Lord, and by them read, every fifth year, to the people. (Deut. xxxi. 10.) And those priests were so negligent in preserving it, that, for a time, it was lost, and found again by the High Priest Helcias, in the days of King Josias. (4 Kings xxii. 8.) Whence it is manifest that tradition was the guide of the Jewish people, as well as the law.

The analogy between the Jews and the Christians, in this particular, is striking. We possess many things necessary to salvation, only through tradition. Of these, the Apostle speaks in his second Epistle to the Thessalonians ii. 14. *Wherefore, brethren, stand firm, hold to the traditions which you have learned, whether by word of mouth, or by our epistle.* These traditions are principally, that the whole of the Scripture, both Old and New, is truly divine and inspired by God. That the creed, called the "Apostle's Creed," is truly canonical and apostolical. That infants should be baptised. That infants baptized by heretics should not be re-baptized. That in baptism this form should be pronounced: *I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* That Sunday, instead of Saturday, should be kept holy by the Christian world, &c. &c. When, therefore the Catholic Church appeals to tradition, she appeals to an unerring authority—and to this she will adhere with entire confidence, and good reason, as to the standard of her doctrine and discipline,—on matters which are not designated in the pages of the written

word. Scripture and tradition go together. They support each other. They are the double foundation on which the Church is erected. Destroy one, and the other is ruined on the spot. For both are the work of the same Divine Architect, whose wisdom and power have been exerted in the construction of an Edifice, which is destined to survive the wreck of worlds.

Let those, then, who impugn the dogma of tradition, contemplate the grounds on which we establish it. Let them see how the ancient people of God regarded it, and were guided by it; and, at the same time, let them remember, that the whole Christian world, of every denomination, had admitted points of discipline and doctrine which are not to be met with in the sacred Scriptures. And then, they must admire the consistency of the Catholic Church.

Suppression of Monasteries.—The suppression of monasteries by Henry VII. being entrusted to ignorant or interested individuals was attended by the destruction of many valuable libraries. Bayle, Bishop of Ossory, in his preface to Leland's New Year's gift to Henry VIII., laments the havoc that was thus made in literature; he says—"a great number of those who purchased the monasteries reserved the books, some to scour the candlesticks and some to rub the boots.—Some they sold to the grocers, and some they sent over the sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full, to the wondering of foreign nations. Yea, the universities of this realm are not at all clear in this detestable fact. I know a merchantman, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings; a shame to be spoken of. This stuff has he used instead of grey paper for the space of more than these ten years, and has yet store enough for as many years more to come."

SACRED LYRICS, NO. 1.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES.

WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY,

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

CHARLES M. KING.

TREBLE.

Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

ALTO.

Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

TENOR.

Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

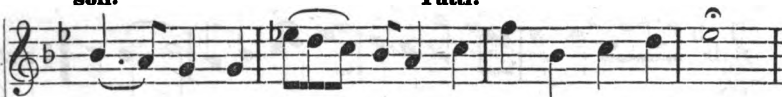
BASS.

Christ's ev-er-last-ing gifts, The Apostles' glory and their palms,

ORGAN.

Soli.

Tutti.



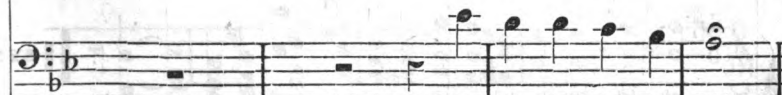
Let us with joy - ful minds, Proclaim in grate-ful Psalms!



Let us with joy - ful minds, Proclaim in grate-ful Psalms!



Let us Pro-claim in grate-ful Psalms!



Proclaim in grate-ful Psalms!



Let us with joy-ful mind, Proclaim in grateful Psalms! **SYM.**

Let us with joy-ful mind, Proclaim in grateful Psalms! **SYM.**

Let us with joyful minds, Proclaim in grateful Psalms! **SYM.**

us with joyful minds, Proclaim in grateful Psalms! **SYM.**

SYM.

SYM.

II.

Blest Princes of the Church,
Triumphant Leaders in the fight,
Soldiers of the heavenly court,
The world's undying light.

III.

Their Christian faith devout,
Their firm, unshaken trust in God,
Their perfect love of Christ,
The world beneath them trod.

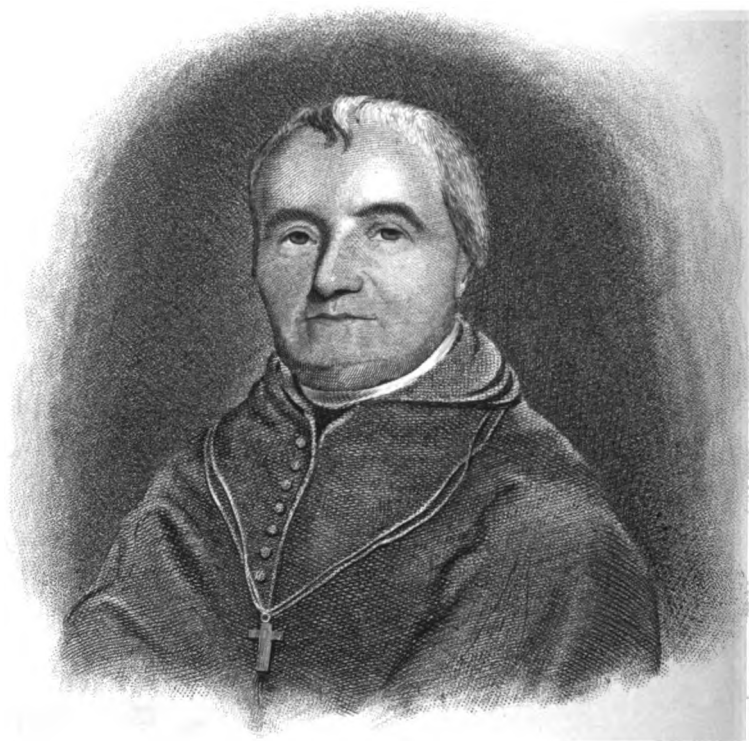
IV.

The Father's glory shines,
In them, the Son, too, triumphs high,
In them the Spirit's will
Is done—Joy fills the sky.

V.

To Father and to Son,
And holy Spirit, unto thee,
Be glory—as it was—
For all eternity.

At Matins.



Right Rev. JOHN DUBOIS D.D. 3^d BISHOP of New York.

Engraved for Catholic Expositor by Jas Harris 58 Nassau St New York.

CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR

LITERARY MAGAZINE

MAY 1882

No. 2.

THE VENERABLE BISHOP OF CINCINNATI

BY JOHN J. O'NEILL, D.D.

THE BISHOP OF CINCINNATI, D.D.,
in his address to the clergy of the
diocese of Cincinnati, May 1st, 1882,
has given us a most interesting and
valuable insight into the state of the
Church in this diocese.

He has shown us the progress of
the Church in this diocese, and the
many good things that have been
accomplished in the last few years.

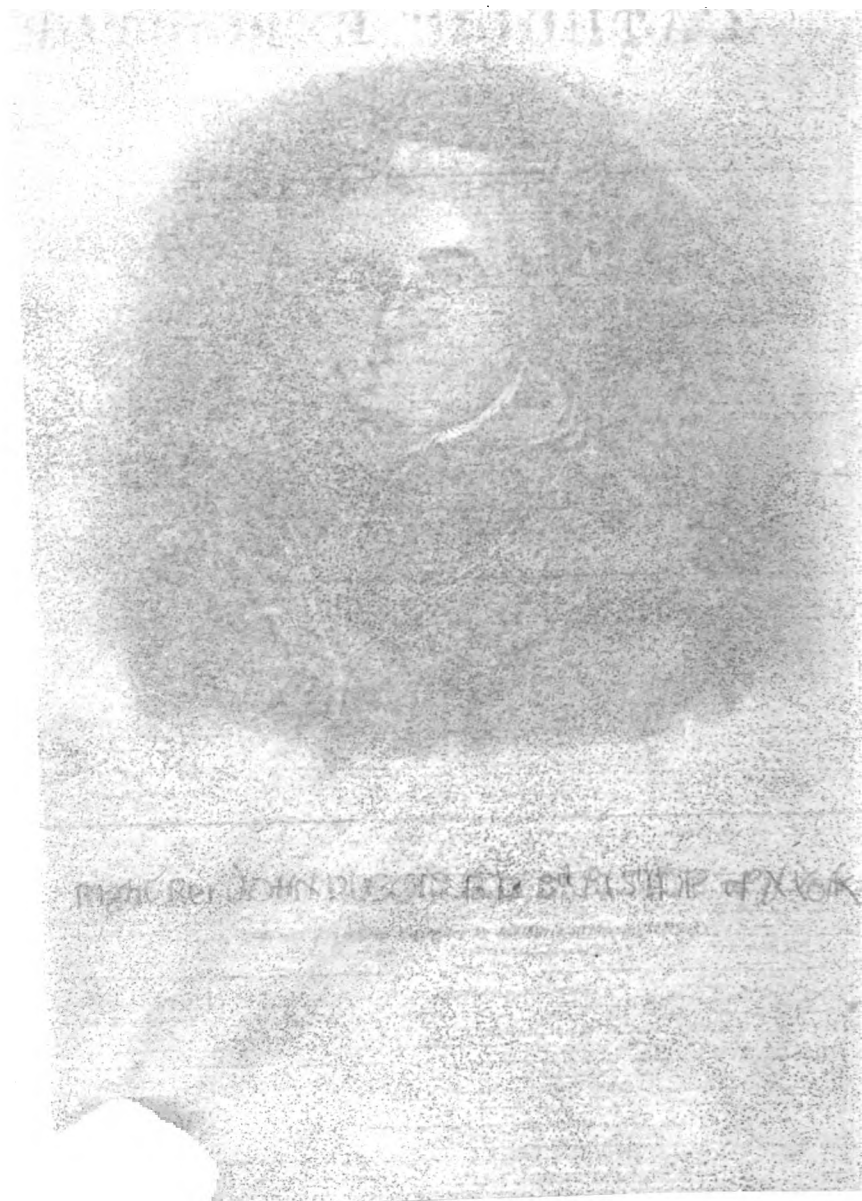
He has also shown us the many
difficulties and obstacles that
stand in the way of the progress
of the Church in this diocese.

He has shown us the many
good things that have been
accomplished in the last few years.

He has shown us the many
difficulties and obstacles that
stand in the way of the progress
of the Church in this diocese.

He has shown us the many
good things that have been
accomplished in the last few years.

Then for the many, many, of the blood-stained
Offerings of the Church's home.
Where the spirit of the Church has
Thy pilgrim spirit dar'd the Atlantic foam.



THE
CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR
AND
LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 2.

MAY, 1842.

No. 2.

THE VENERABLE BISHOP DUBOIS.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

How solemn is the ministry of Heaven :
Of pastorship of souls—how vast the care :
To preach the laws 'mid Sinai's thunders given,
And of the Lord of life the way prepare :

Not to denounce the erring, nor revile,
But seek him out thro' many a thorny track :
To woo, admonish, win him from each wile,
And to the fold restore the stray one back.

This to perform "in spirit and in truth,"
With thought and toil and self-denying zeal,
With crushing of the passions up from youth,
And balm expressed from faith to soothe and heal—

Discordant elements to harmonize
Of minds uncouth—to shew the mercy-seat
High beaming through the splendor of the skies,
Where souls forgiven the God of mercy meet.*

Such were a stern but tranquilizing part
Of thy long ministry ; since wildly rush'd
The civil war-cry from thy country's heart,
And the wide world in trembling horror hush'd.

When roll'd the Revolution's thunders loud,
And in the mighty earthquake, heaving round,
Long ages fell, and thrones before it bow'd,
And earth, from its own heart no refuge found :

Then for this land, which, of the blood-stain'd world,
Offer'd to friendless Liberty a home
Where she might see her planet-flag unfold,
Thy pilgrim spirit dar'd th' Atlantic foam.

Thy *earthly* claim that spell-word "Lafayette!"*

The homes and hearts which Freedom lov'd were thine—
Thy heavenly claim the gospel banner set
On high Religion's universal shrine!

Here in the temple of the Lord of Hosts,
Thy hand was press'd by him than whom more bright
None, none the record of Religion boasts,
Nor Freedom halos with a holier light.†

And now when years have silver'd on thy brow,
And Carroll's dust is gathered to the tomb,
How hast thou kept his faith—preserved thy vow,
Or hast thou dimm'd the lamp thou should'st illumine?

Hear from "The Mountain," where the holy men†
Of gospel-mission meet the glad reply :
And voices from "the Valley" wake again
The inspiring sounds and waft them to the sky.

While stands "the Mountain," stands thy parent name;
Cœval with "the Valley" shall it be—
While they, thy children, shall extend thy fame,
Like Psaphon's birds, o'er many a land and sea.

From those romantic and sequestered dells
Where in the balmy morn and twilight time,
In classic solitude Religion dwells,
Searching o'er truths and mysteries sublime,—

Thou cam'st into the city's wilderness,
Where many a weed in rank luxuriance grows,
To banish thence the demon of excess,
And bid the desert blossom as the rose.

And gloriously thou hast redeemed the trust;
And fair and bright and beautiful the scene,
Each part well shielded from tempestuous gust—
Beauty sublime, and majesty serene.

A prayer remains for thee—a fervent prayer,
That when their race the planets shall have run,
May'st thou from thy adored Master hear
The good and faithful servant's joy: "Well done!"

* Bishop Dubois was recommended by a letter from Gen. Lafayette to the Governor of Virginia.

† He was received by Bishop Carroll, cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

‡ Emmettsburgh college which was founded by Bishop Dubois.

THE GRANDEURS OF CATHOLICISM.

BY M. AUGUSTE SIGNIER.

Two volumes in 8vo. Ladrangé : Paris.

The end which the author of this admirable work proposes to himself, is to prove the superiority of the developments brought out by Catholicism for humanity, in the religious, social, and philosophical order. The religion of Christ admits of various orders of proof. At a time when the human mind is exulting in the vain ostentation of wonders which it produces every day, it is expedient to present a vast and magnificent picture, of which one part will contain the teachings of Revelation, the influence of these teachings, and their effects on the history of religion, society, and philosophy; and the other will show forth the doubts opposed to the truth, by which its light has been dimmed, the way of virtue and happiness has been rendered uncertain, and absurd notions have been given of the Divine Being himself.

We have no doubt that many persons will shut up this book, immediately after reading its title—to suppose that Catholicity can contain anything grand, is to suppose that it has something *true*. And yet we cannot but think that Catholicism has been rejected less on account of what it teaches, than of what it prescribes.

Others will read, but not understand it. For, it will be deemed impossible, after the history of Sismondi or of Michelet,* that anything can now remain of the greatness of Catholicism but its ruins. To this class of readers we will say, peruse it over again: and they will, perhaps, find

themselves surprised to arrive at conclusions so opposed to their first prejudices, and to confess with us that there is no truth for the mind, no prosperity for nations, no happiness for individuals, except through the Catholic revelation.

“God, says our author, is *one*. Revelation, which is nothing but an inspiration from God, must, therefore, be essentially *one*; in its spirit, in its point of starting, and in its end. Faith, in order to be normal, cannot, then, apply but to one and the same religion, one and the same revelation.

Moreover, God exists only as a being infinitely good, and sovereignly just. But he would be neither one nor the other, if he had reserved to man of these late times a capital advantage which he refused to a man in the primitive times. Therefore, revelation, which is the most capital advantage of society, could not be a work to be consummated in the future; it is, and could not but be, a work accomplished in the past.

Religious faith, which is the most eminent faith, cannot and should not apply but to one only and the same tradition. But humanity is *one*, we repeat it. The system of strength or faculties of all people is exactly the same as that of the individual: but the individual can have no religious law except by revelation or tradition: humanity, therefore, could have no religious law except by revelation and tradition.

But, the individual and humanity being *one*, they are identic as respects their origin and finality. The indi-

* The author of a history of France.

vidual and humanity cannot, then, be in possession of truth, but in as much as they are directed by one only and the same faith, in one and the same religion, one and the same revelation, one and the same tradition. The unity inherent in our race necessarily includes unity in the means of our development, direction, and instruction.

The social law cannot then be derived but from one and the same moral law, one and the same religious law, one and the same tradition, one and the same revelation, one and the same faith, in one and the same God.

There is then but one social law, one moral law, because there is but one only true religion.”*

Such are the principles on which repose all moral, scientific, religious, social order. It reposes on God, who speaks to men through revelation.

This rule being laid down, the author passes to the verification by facts, and presents the double proof of action and truth, and action and error. He unfolds, in the series of years, the comparative picture of revelation and error: one which commences with the birth of man, and grows with him *in the plenitude of time*, sheds on the tents of the patriarchs, on the tabernacles of the Hebrews, on the depths of the Holy of Holies, a light which is a forerunner of that eternal lustre which afterwards beamed on the world from the brow of Golgotha; the other, which, under a thousand forms, tyrannizes over the generations dispersed throughout the world, dissolves the bonds of family, makes yokes for nations—and corrupts thought by doubts, by aspersions, and by calumnies.

Moses, the son of Levi, adopted by the daughter of the king of Egypt, reared in the sciences of Memphis and Thebes, prefers the glory of his people to his own power or grandeur. He retires into the deserts of Madian

to fortify his soul during forty years of meditation, and then returns, by order of God, to save his people: he astounds by his prodigious works, their cruel oppressors, forces the tyrant to grant to the children of Israel liberty, which the waters of the Red sea could not check, speaks to the Lord God Omnipotent in the midst of thunder and lightning on the brow of Sinai, brings down to the people a law engraved on stone by the divine finger, and spends half of a century in fashioning a carnal, ignorant, and hard-hearted people to a code of duties the most perfectly developed, of moral the most pure, worship the most sublime, and mysteries concealed under figures and symbols.

In vain should we attempt to find any body of doctrines more vast and profound than the Decalogue. The unity of God, the relations which should exist between man and his author, the social duties, the right of property all are to be found. If the toleration of polygamy, and perpetual servitude for foreign slaves is introduced, the Omnipotent declares that this was done on account of *the hardness of their hearts*.

The duration of this people, to whom were confided the *words of God*—a duration which lasted many centuries, in spite of the universal contempt in which they were held by the rest of the world,—the vigorous remnants of their ancient constitution, which resisted the course of time, whilst so many other societies passed away and disappeared forever, exhibits the force that must necessarily have presided over their primitive formation; as we judge of the solidity of a ruined edifice from the cement which still binds together the dilapidated masses.

By the side of Moses and the Pentateuch, whom and what will you place? India with her Vedas? You will only add to the sacred books the thousand commentaries which have

* Tom. I, pp. 37, 38.

obscured them—whilst in the narrative of Moses, every thing is clear—every thing simple—for he speaks of the creation as though he had been present at that primordial event.—Whereas the legends of all other oriental philosophers are vain and groundless. What is the Bagavagita?—a system of fatalism and pantheism. What is the law of Manou?—an inflexible and immutable system of prescriptions.

Much has been said of China—China has prodigious traits—but as the primitive monuments of Chinese wisdom have perished, we can judge of her only as she now is; and what is she now? a despotism, without any elevated philosophy, with no poetry, with an intellect and virtue enervated and ambiguous, and immorality unrestrained and universal.

The fate of Persia is no better; whatever be the epoch when Zoroaster flourished, there is no doubt that, by establishing, in his sacred books, the doctrine of two principles, he has sapped the foundations of all morality. Placed between two contrary forces, man is not his own master;—he is without liberty. Dragged on by the more powerful, he is subject to influences which the will cannot resist. He is, therefore, responsible neither for good nor evil. He is a machine, predestinated from eternity to vice or virtue, to happiness or misery.

Egypt, frightened by the incomprehensible contrasts of her religion, judges her kings after death, and falls prostrate before her sacred animals. The same people recognize sublime precepts, touching the duties of children to their parents, and address their senseless homage to the vegetable produce of their gardens. The mind is lost amidst such dreadful aberrations. Egypt, without doubt, had secret doctrines, but what were they? The veil which covered the statue of Wisdom at Sais was never removed; and the hierophants of

Memphis have carried with them to the tomb the mysteries of their doctrine.

Admire Greece who may: as for us, we have not the courage to do so. Under the most delicate *enveloppe*, under the veil woven by the hands of the Graces, under the most inimitable forms, what do the arts reveal to us? The absence of every noble and generous idea. If some rare men arise to protest against the general corruption, they are immediately persecuted as unworthy citizens. Aristides is sent into exile; Socrates and Phocion end their lives with poison. Take away these three great men, who are not immaculate, and what Greek will you find whose life is not sullied in some point. Speak not of the Spartan republic; the half of the inhabitants of that government was made up of Helots—a race of men who were regarded as so worthless, that they might be killed merely for the purpose of exercising skill in shooting the arrow. Boast not of the philosophy of Athens, until those innumerable deeds of turpitude are done away which disgraced and soiled her polite arts and philosophic genius. Talk not of a religion whose gods multiplied to such an extent, that it became impossible to number them.

When Greece became enervated by debauch and luxury, Rome reared her front, and with her victorious sword, struck the whole earth. In vain did Carthage dispute the dominion of the seas. In vain did Mithridates league with the East against this mistress of the then known world. In vain did Gaul arrest for ten years, the progress of Cæsar. Every thing yielded. Rome, whom the viciousness of her constitution gnawed interiorly, attempted to remove at a distance the evils which devoured her. Vain efforts! In her turn, she bowed her neck to the yoke, struggled awhile under the proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, and finished by stooping her

head—never more to raise it again—under the feet of Claudius, Nero, and Caligula.

In the meanwhile, a babe is born in a stable of Bethlehem of Judea, and shepherds who were keeping watch over the flocks in the fields, warned by an angel, hastened to adore that child lying in a manger. This babe was the Son of God, and these shepherds were the first men called to contemplate the pledge of reconciliation between heaven and earth.

This child grows up: and when the appointed moment arrived, a second revelation develops the first. The world hears these extraordinary words: *do penance*. In them are contained all the mysteries of humanity. The stains of the heart, the gloom of the intellect, the wrath of God, the degradation of man: but, in them, likewise, are contained, mercy, which will fertilize this mass of corruption, shed a light over this chaos, inspire a divine energy, give a supernatural strength to the enervated soul, and display to the mind, as the ultimate term of its aspirations, the enjoyment of God. Immediately a secret movement agitates the earth. Whilst the ancient world fulfilled its destiny in decay and ruin, a new society, at first imperceptible, poor, obscure, despised, gradually takes its place. Its roots strike, not into the bowels of the earth, but into the nature of humanity. It expands in the midst of persecutions, and the blood of its first children gives it a wonderful energy. Soon it displays in the heavens a standard, the title of her right to universal domination. With this standard, she guides a pagan emperor to victory: and then sits, for a moment, on his throne, in order to spring from it, among the people of the north, and to constitute the element of a new world! A strange movement takes place in the empire: faith with her torch, charity with her fire divine, carry light into the mind,

and heat into the heart. Man forms a correct notion of obedience, and learns to grow great in it—since he sees in those who command the instruments of the power of God. The idea of devotion and sacrifice, which the Messiah preached by continual example from the poverty of the manger to the torments of the cross, teaches the children of Adam that they are brethren, attacks the egotism which kept them asunder, repairs the sweetest ties which had been ruptured by the passions, and causes to germinate under the domestic roof, in the shade of the sanctuary, in the depths of the solitude, the most energetic virtues, and prodigies, of which the pagan world never had formed an idea. What pagan sage could ever have pictured to his mind the image of a Christian Virgin, of a solitary of Thebais, or of a priest of Jesus Christ? These types, so often realized since the grace of God has renewed the face of the earth, neither the imagination of Greece, nor the virtue of Rome, nor the wisdom of Egypt, could have so much as suspected.

In the midst of the agitations of the world, one of the most interesting spectacles was, to behold these men, who, preaching doctrines of which those wonders were the effects, announced them by word of mouth, by their pen, with their blood; at one time, simple Catechists initiating the catechumens into the divine mysteries, with the sublime simplicity of faith; at another time, citing before the tribunal of God the abominations of which, idolatry was the mother: and then again, establishing schools of philosophy to combat with the Sophists, and, after having conquered them by the dint of logic, quitting the chair, to ascend the scaffold!

After the persecution of the martyrs had ceased, those of the heretics commenced. The exile of Athanasius, of Alexandria, of Hilary of Poitiers, vindicated anew the sacred liber-

ty of the primitive Bishops. They were captives, like Saint Paul, but, like him, too, could they say : The word of God is not fettered on that account. Their exile served, on the contrary, to extend it—and everything, even obstacles themselves, tended to the triumph of Catholicism.

Meanwhile, the old world decayed—the ancient institutions disappeared—and new societies sprang up in all parts. Invading barbarians sought to establish themselves permanently in the heart of Europe. They were almost all heretics or pagans, but this was wisely ordained, lest the enemies of the church might have had it in their power to affirm that the Vandals spread abroad the religion of Christ by the point of their pikes.

A new labor commences—a silent and interior labor—like that of nature when, during the season of winter, it prepares in the entrails of the earth the sap which will produce the flowers of spring, and the fruits of autumn. It was necessary to refine those hardy Goths. Catholicism undertook the work. If the admirable means she employed for this end be not understood, it is vehemently to be lamented. More than one historiographer has been deceived on this point. All eyes are not made for the light !

The Crusades prepared the way to this labor ; or rather they were the signal of a social action, by which, the disciples of Christ drove from their territory the invading spirit of paganism under the disguise of the musulmannic superstitions. Great disorders,—it will not be denied—checked even in the midst of Christian nations, the progress and perfection of the Crusaders. But in all, God had his high designs. Some individuals, seizing hold of these abuses,

favoured by the movements of the East, amid which, the Low empire expired under the scimitar of Mohammed II., gathered up the fragments of the sciences of the Greeks, and carrying them to Constantinople, effected what they styled a *regeneration*. Then Luther appeared. Germany was prepared. There were convents enough to pillage, churches enough to plunder, and the conflagration was not difficult. To Luther were joined other auxiliaries ; among whom, our learned author signalizes Michiavel and Descartes. These were, in effect, fatal men, though not to be confounded, certainly in the same category. The faculty of independence in matters of religion, of believing or rejecting whatever the mind was willing to adopt or repudiate—doubt, schism, infidelity, and scepticism revolutionized the face of Europe. Its history, since the sixteenth century is well known : Catholicism would have been destroyed—not a vestige of it would have been left in the world to-day—had Catholicism been a human institution. But the gates of Hell cannot prevail against the work of Heaven.

The concluding pages of Mr. Signier are of an absorbing interest : they spread before us the philosophic result of all that has been done against the Church in modern times. His work is, indeed, a powerful subsidiary to the cause of truth, and highly worthy the great talents with which he has been gifted. May he continue his labors ! an immense field expands before him, on which he may reap laurels, not indeed of human vanity, but of an infinitely more valuable character, laurels of Religion—which will be ever-glorious and imperishable.

BEAUTIES OF THE REFORMERS.

SELECTED BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

BEAUTIES OF LUTHER.

On Charity.

Carlostadius roused the people of Orlamunde so much against Luther, that they threw stones at him. Luther consequently says in his letter to the people of Strasbourg: "Those Christians charged upon me with stones, and gave me *such* a benediction. Go with one thousand Devils! I wish thou (Carlostadius) would break thy neck, before thou gettest home." The compliment of stone was not very acceptable indeed; but the language of Luther shows what a holy man he was.

On Matrimony.

As it is not in my power not to be a man so it is not in my power to be without a woman.—Tom. 5, p. 119.

No man ought to pretend to live without a woman. Whoever is not included in the number of eunuchs mentioned in the Gospel, he must certainly marry, for it is impossible for him to live single.—Ibid.*

I consulted thus—if a woman . . . she must address her husband thus:—I beg you to allow me to contract a secret matrimony with your brother, or any relation of yours. I gave this advice when I was checked by the fear of the Anti-Christ, but now I should advise very differently. I should say to the deceived woman to *pluck him up secretly*, (ut submissa manu convelleret) as commonly is said.—Tom. 5, p. 120.

If the magistrate by not using the sword of justice does not put the adul-

* Therefore every single man and every single woman is a criminal, for they cannot do impossibilities. Very good and charitable compliment!

terer to death, he may fly to another country and there, if he cannot be content he may marry, but it will be better to kill him in order to avoid bad example.—Tom. 5, p. 123.

If thou wilt not, another will; if the mistress will not, let the servant maid come.—Ibid.

On the Epistle of St. James.

I omit that great many affirm and with a great deal of probability that this Epistle is not of St. James, nor worthy of an apostolic spirit, although, whoever be its author, it has obtained authority by habit. Yet even if it were of St. James, I should say that an Apostle has no right to institute a sacrament.—Tom. 2, p. 91.

On St. Peter.

Peter lived and taught far from the word of God, *extra verbum Dei*.—Tom. 3, p. 190.

On Free Will.

Man's will is as a jackass. If God sits upon it, it will go whither God will have it to go, if the devil rides it, it will go whither the devil drives it. Nor is it in its power to choose which of the riders to run to or to seek, but the riders themselves strive to obtain and possess it.—Tom. 2, p. 468.

A man has no free will with respect to God in things belonging either to his own salvation or damnation, but he is a captive, a subject, and a servant, either under the will of God, or under the will of satan.—Tom. 2, p. 469.

God foresees and disposes and does every thing by virtue of his immutable, eternal, and infallible will. By this thunderbolt free will is pros-

trated and destroyed.—Tom. 2, p. 462.

From this, it follows, that whatever appear to us, that happened accidentally, and chanceably, do not happen, but necessarily and immutably, if we consider God's will.—Ibid.

On Justification.

You see how rich is a Christian or a baptized man, who, even if he wishes it, cannot lose his salvation, however numerous be his sins, if he does not refuse to believe. For no sin can damn him but infidelity.—Tom. 2, p. 78.

The Papists teach that faith in Christ justifies indeed, but God's commandments are likewise to be kept. This is to deny Christ and to abolish faith.—Tom. 5, p. 311.

We distinguish and say, that we at this moment do not dispute whether good works should be done, whether the law is holy and just; whether it should be observed—but our question is, whether the law justifies.—Ib. p. 312.

(Observation.—Luther confesses that Catholics believe that faith justifies indeed, and no Catholic ever said that the law justifies, but that charity and good works must accompany faith, in order to be a living faith which justifies. Hence the distinction established in the last text does not diminish the monstrosity of the two precedent, which suppose that faith without works, which is a dead faith, can justify.)

A man baptized cannot lose his salvation except by infidelity, because faith takes away all sins, and deprives a man even willing to sin, of the power of sinning.—Tom. 2, p. 180.

On Sins.

The circumstances of sins being committed with mother, daughter, sister, or any kindred, in any place, or any day, with any kind of persons whatever; all these circumstances make no difference, and ought to be

totally disregarded, because Christ did not order in his law such things to be noticed.—Tom. 2, p. 180.

On the Decalogue.

The precepts of the Decalogue ought to be observed and belong to all men, not because they were given by Moses, (who belongs only to that people,) but because all men have these notions which are detailed in the decalogue implanted in their hearts.—Tom. 3, p. 8.

Whenever you hear some fanatics reasoning about the books and laws of Moses, saying Moses wrote thus, he gave these precepts to the people of God by the order and authority of God, and we also ought to observe them, you will successfully refute all these speeches with one word, viz: What have we to do with Moses?—Tom. 3, p. 7.

To the above texts I will add some others from the same Luther, which I have no doubt will please very much the Presbyterians.

On the Eucharist.

This has happened in our times to these new *prophets*, one of whom alluding to the words of Christ, this is my body, find a figure in the pronoun THIS, another in the verb IS, and a third in the noun BODY. I have observed that all the heresies and errors about the Scriptures, have not sprung from the simple words, as it is said almost every where, but from rejecting that simple sense of the words.—Tom. 2, p. 91.

Even if innumerable myriads of devils, together with the *Sacramentarians*, would come, and with one voice, very impudently say, how can bread and wine be the body of Christ? I am not certain that all these spirits, and the *Sacramentarians*, and the learned, are not endowed with as much prudence and knowledge as the Omnipotent has in his little finger. Here are the expressed words of Christ, take and eat, this is my body.—Tom. 5, p. 640.

What a beauty for the Presbyterians!!

*On the Separation from the Church.
On account of scandal.*

It is incredible how many even great men have perished on account of the scandal, as they expected nothing in the church but totally holy. This way the Donatists separated themselves from the Church, because they observed some wicked persons in it, but afterwards they also disagreed among themselves. The Maximianists separated themselves from the Donatists because they observed many wicked amongst them. The same ignorance was the cause of the separation of the Novatians from the Church, and the origin of a great many heresies, which always gave us cause of their separation that they could not put up with the wicked, and on this subject St. Augustin wrote very extensively against the Donatists. Therefore it

is no wonder that this ignorance is in our days the ruin of many and the scandal of great men, to say nothing of Muncer and some other fanatics.—Tom. 5, p. 41.

On the Saints.

I do not see that the Church says: St. Paul cure my wounds, but pray for me Commend to them all your sins, and the necessities of your soul as Cecilia did, by invoking all the saints to pray to God for the preservation of her chastity.—Tom. 1, p. 9.

God is praised in his saints, and his saints are praised in God, as it is written: "Praise the Lord in his saints," &c.—Ibid.

I praise thee, O Lord, who prepared this saint, and made to yourself this vase of glory from the mass of perdition. By thus praying, you have praised the Lord in his saints.—Ibid.

SOIREEES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK V. CHAPTER I.

"How did you enjoy yourself yesterday, Senator?" asked the Cavalier.

"Very much indeed; as much as it is possible to enjoy ones' self at such amusements," replied the Senator. "The fireworks were superb; and no life was lost, at least among our race. As to the swarms of *gnats* and *birds*, I will not answer for them more than my friend; but I thought a good deal about them during the exhibition—and this is the *thought*

which I yesterday, promised to share with you. The more I reflected, the more I was confirmed in the idea that the spectacles of nature are very probably for us what human actions are for the animals that witness them. No living being can have any other knowledge than that which constitutes its essence, and which is exclusively relative to the place which they occupy in the world: and this, in my opinion, is one of the numberless and invincible proofs of innate ideas. For

if there were not ideas of this kind, for every being that knows, each one of them, drawing its ideas from the chances of experience, might go beyond its circle, and trouble the universe: but this can never happen. The dog, the ape, the *half-reasoning* elephant, will draw nigh the fire, and warm themselves, as we do, with pleasure. But you can never teach them to put coal into the grate, because the fire does not belong to them: otherwise the dominion of man would be destroyed. They can see *one*—but never *unity*; the elements of number, but never *number*; a triangle, two triangles, a thousand triangles, but never *triangularity*. The perpetual union of certain ideas in our understanding makes us confound them, although they are essentially separate. Your two eyes are painted in mine. I have a perception of them which I associate on the spot, with the idea of *duty*. In fact, however, these two kinds of knowledge are totally different, and one by no means conduces to the other. I will say more, as I am now *on the track*. I never could comprehend the morality of intelligent beings, nor even human unity, or any other *cognitive* unity, separated from innate ideas. But to return to animals. My dog accompanies me to a public spectacle; an execution, for example. Certainly he sees all that I see: the crowd, the sad train, the officers of justice, the scaffold, the sufferer, the executioner—in a word every thing. But of all this, what does he understand? all that he ought to understand *as a dog*. He will know how to follow me in a crowd: if an accident separates us, he will find me out: he will take care not to be trampled under the feet of the spectators: when the executioner raises his arm, the animal, if he is nigh, will undoubtedly shrink with fear lest the blow should be intended for him. If he sees blood, he may tremble—but just as

he would in a slaughter-house. There his knowledge ceases; and all the efforts of his intelligent teachers, employed without ceasing, during ages upon ages, could not lead him farther. The ideas of moral, of sovereignty, of crime, of justice, of public force, &c., attached to this tragic spectacle, are nothing for him. All the signs of these ideas surround him, touch him, press upon him, (to speak thus), but in vain. For no sign can exist without its pre-existing idea. One of the most evident laws of the temporal government of divine providence is, that every active being exercises its action in the circle traced for it, without being able to go out of it. And how can common sense imagine the contrary? And departing from these principles which are incontestible, who can say but that a volcano, an earthquake, etc., are not for me precisely what an execution is for my dog? I understand of these phenomena, what I ought to understand; that is to say, all that has reference to my innate ideas, which constitute man's condition as man. The rest is a sealed letter."

"Nothing is more plausible than your idea, my dear friend," said the Count; "or to speak more properly, I see nothing more evident, than the manner in which you look at the thing. Still, what a difference under another point of view! *Your dog does not know that he does not know*; and intelligent man knows it. What a sublime privilege is this doubt! Follow out this idea, and you will be delighted. But, since you have touched this chord, you must know that I believe myself in a condition to procure you real pleasure in shewing how this invincible argument, drawn from animals, in favor of innate ideas, has been gotten over by men of bad faith. You have seen perfectly well that the identity and invariable permanency of each class of sensible or intelligent beings, ne-

cessarily supposed innate ideas; and you have, much to the purpose, cited the animals which will eternally see what we see, without being able to comprehend what we comprehend. But before coming to an extremely pleasing citation, I must ask you if you have ever reflected that these same animals furnish another argument direct and decisive, in favor of this system? In effect, since all ideas which constitute the animal are *innate*, and absolutely independent of experience; since the hen which has never seen a hawk, nevertheless, manifests all the signs of terror at the moment when he appears for the first time, like a black speck in the clouds—since she calls around her all her little brood with an extraordinary cry which she never before uttered—since the little chickens instantly precipitate themselves under the wings of their mother—in fine, since this observation is invariably repeated among all kinds of animals, why should experience be more necessary in man, for all the fundamental ideas which constitute man. The objection is not trifling, as you see. Listen, now, how the two heroes of *Estheticks* get over it.”*

The French translator of Locke, Coste, who was, it would appear, a man of sense, and of a good and modest character, relates in one of his notes, that he made the same objection to Locke. The philosopher, who was touched in a tender point, was somewhat angry, and abruptly replied; *I have not written my book to explain the actions of beasts.* Coste, who had every reason to cry out with the Greek philosopher: *Jupiter, thou art angry; art thou then wrong?* contents himself with telling us, in a pleasantly serious tone: *the answer was very good; the title of the book shows it plainly.* True, it is not writ-

ten *on the understanding of brutes.* You see, gentlemen, what Locke was reduced to, in order to get out of the difficulty. He is very cautious not to propose the objection in his work, for he would not expose himself to the necessity of answering it. But Condillac, who was not much troubled by his conscience, parries the difficulty in a very different manner. I do not believe that the blind obstinacy of pride the most unyielding, ever produced any thing so ridiculous. *The beast will fly*, he says, *because it has seen others devoured.* But as he had not the means of generalizing this explanation, he adds, that, with regard to animals, which have never seen their like devoured, we may believe, *upon good grounds*, that they have been *taught* by their mothers to fly. I am sorry he did not say, *advised* by them! To perfect this rare explanation, he adds in the most serious manner: *If this be rejected, I do not see what can induce the animal to take to flight.*†

“Excellent! we shall soon see that if these wondrous explanations be rejected, it may happen that the animal will not fly from his enemy, because Condillac *does not see* why the animal should fly.

“For the rest, in whatever manner he expresses himself, never can I agree with him. *He does not see*, he says. With his permission, I believe that he *sees* perfectly well, but that he does not choose to acknowledge it.”

“A thousand thanks, my friend, for your philosophical anecdote, which, in effect, is extremely facetious,” returned the Senator. “You agree with me perfectly, in my manner of regarding animals—and in the conclusion which I have drawn from them, in regard to ourselves. They are, as you just now remarked, *surrounded, touched, pressed*, by all the signs of

* *Estheticks*, properly the science of Sentiment.

† *Essai sur l'orig. des conn. hum.* Sect. 2, Chap. IV.

intelligence, without ever having it in their power to rise to the least of its acts. Refine as much as you please the thought, this soul whatever it is, this interior light, this unknown principle, this *instinct* which has been given them with so prodigious a variety of direction and intensity, you will never find any thing more than a faint *symptom* of reason, which may approach it as nearly as you please, but which can never touch it: otherwise a province of the creation might be invaded; which is evidently impossible.

"By a similar reason, no doubt that we, too, may be *surrounded, touched, pressed* by actions of a superior order, of which we have no other knowledge than that which has reference to our actual situation. I am fully aware of the value of that sublime doubt of which you spoke: yes, *I know that I do not know*; perhaps I know something more: but it is always true that in virtue of our intelligence, it will never be possible to obtain a direct knowledge on this point. Besides, I make a great use of this doubt, in all my researches into *causes*. I have read millions of jokes on the ignorance of the ancients *who saw spirits every where*: it seems to me that we are much more foolish; we see none any where. We hear an incessant talk about *physical causes*. Now, what is a physical cause?"

"It is a *natural cause*," replied the Count; "if we stick to the literal translation of the word: but in the modern acception, it is a *material cause*; that is, a cause which is not a cause: for *matter* and *cause* exclude each other materially, as *white, black, circle, square*. Matter has no action but by motion; and all motion being an effect, it follows that a *physical cause*, if we express ourselves with exactness, is NONSENSE, and even a contradiction in terms. There are not, and there cannot be, *physical causes* properly understood; because there

is not, and cannot be, motion, without a primitive mover, and every primitive mover is immaterial: *every where, what moves precedes that which is moved—that which leads precedes that which is led—that which commands precedes that which is commanded*. Matter can do nothing, and is nothing but the proof of the spirit. A hundred balls placed in a straight line and all receiving from the first a motion successively communicated, do they not suppose a hand which struck the first blow in virtue of a will? And though the disposition of things should prevent this hand from being seen, would it be the less visible to my intelligence? Is not the soul of a clock-maker shut up in the barrel of that pendulum where the great spring is charged, to speak thus, with the commissions of an intelligence. I hear Lucretius saying: *to touch, and to be touched appertains to two bodies only*: but what mean these words, stript of a sententious apparel which is given them only to frighten children? They signify at bottom, *that no body can touch without being touched*. A beautiful discovery, as you perceive. The question is to know, if there be in the universe nothing but bodies, and if bodies cannot be moved by substances of another order. Now, they not only can be, but primitively they cannot be moved otherwise: for every stroke being but the result of another, we should necessarily have to admit an infinite number of strokes; that is to say, of effects without a cause; or admit that the principle of motion cannot be found in matter: and we have within ourselves the proof that motion has its origin in *will* alone. Nothing, however, prevents us from styling, in a common and indispensable sense, *causes*, effects which produce others. It is thus that in the row of balls, of which I just spoke, every force is a *cause*, except the last, as all are *effects*, except the

first. But if we wish to express ourselves with philosophic precision, it is different. We cannot but too often repeat, that the ideas of *matter* and *causes* rigourously exclude one another.

Bacon has formed of the force which acts in the universe, a chimeric idea which has bewildered a host of writers: he supposes first, the material; then he places indefinitely one force upon another: and often have I suspected, that seeing in a long line these genealogical trees, where every thing is the offspring except the first, and every thing the father except the last, he has made on this model an *idol of the ladder*, and arranged the causes in his own head: understanding in his own way that such a cause was the daughter of that which preceded, and that generations becoming always more thick as they ascend, conducted, at length, the true interpreter of nature to the common parent of all. This is the idea which this great man has formed of nature, and of science which should explain it; but nothing is more chimerical. I will not lead you into a long discussion. One observation will suffice for you and for me. It is that Bacon and his disciples never could cite, and never will be able to cite, one single example that can sustain their theory. Let them shew us that pretended order of causes *general, more general, most general*, as they are pleased to express them. Much has been written, and much discovered since Bacon; let them give us an example of that marvellous reality; let them shew us a solitary mystery of nature which has been explained, I do not say by a cause, but only by a first effect before unknown, and extending from one to another. Imagine the most common phenomenon; elasticity for example, and any other you please. Now, I am not exacting: I demand not the genealogy of the phenomenon: I am satisfied with

asking for its mother. Alas! all the world is silent! It is always, (I speak of the material order,) *proles sine patre creata*. And men can blind themselves thus, in seeking causes in *nature*, where nature is but an *effect*. Provided they do not go out of the material circle, no man can advance further than another into the investigation of *causes*. All are stopped—and should be—at the first step. The genius of discoveries in natural sciences consists merely in discovering unknown facts, or in tracing phenomena, not explained, to the first effects which are known, and which we take for causes. Thus he who discovered the circulation of the blood, and he who discovered the sexes of plants, have both, undoubtedly, deserved well of science: but the discovering of facts has nothing in common with that of causes.

Newton, on his part, has immortalized himself by giving to the weight of phenomena what should never have been given to it: but the follower of the great man knew as much about the weight of these things, as his master. Certain disciples of whom he would be ashamed, could he return to the world, have dared assert that attraction was a *mechanical law*. Never did Newton adduce such a blasphemy against common sense; and it is vain that they attempt to boast of an accomplice so illustrious. He has said on the contrary, (and this is saying not a little), *that he gave up to his readers to decide the question, whether the agent that produces gravity is material or immaterial*. Read, I pray you, his theological letters to Doctor Bentley: you will be equally edified and instructed.

“You see, my dear Senator, that I highly approve of your manner of viewing the world, and that I rest, too, if I am not absolutely mistaken, on sufficiently good arguments. For the rest I repeat that *I know that I do not know*, and this doubt transports me at

once with joy and gratitude, since I find united in it the indelible title of my greatness, and the salutary preservative against all rash and ridiculous speculation. In examining nature in this point of view—in the mightiest as well as smallest of her productions, I continually recollect (and this suffices for me) the expression of a Lacedemonian, who, thinking what it was that prevented a dead body from standing erect, in any way it was fixed, exclaimed: *By the gods! there must be something in that!* Every where and always should we say the same; for, without *that something*, every thing is a corpse, and cannot stand erect. The world regarded as a simple assemblage of appearances, of which every least phenomenon conceals a reality, is a true and wise idealism. In one sense, I may say truly, that material objects are nothing of what I see; but what I see is real with regard to myself, and it is enough for me to be thus conducted to the existence of another order which I firmly believe without seeing. Resting upon these principles, I perfectly understand, not only that prayer is useful in general to escape physical evil, but that it is the true antidote against it, the natural specific—and that by its essence, it tends to destroy it, precisely as that invisible power which comes from Peru hidden under a slight bark, seeks out, in virtue of its proper essence, the principle of fever, touches it, and attacks it with more or less success according to circumstances and temperaments: not that I would say that wood cures the fever—which, indeed, would be very droll.”

“As droll, as you please,” exclaimed the Senator, “but I must be a very *droll body*; for, my life on it, I have very little scruple about the proposition.”

“But, if wood cures the fever,” returned the Count, “why go all the way to Peru to seek for it? Walk into the gardens; these will furnish us with enough for all the tertian fevers in Russia.”

“Let us speak seriously,” said the Chevalier; “the question is not about wood in general, but a certain species of wood the particular quality of which is to cure fevers.”

“Perfectly well,” rejoined the Count, “but what do you mean by *quality*? Does this word express a simple accident; and do you believe, for example, that the *quinquina* will cure, because it is *figured, heavy, colored, &c.*?”

“You are sophisticating, my dear friend,” answered the Chevalier; “I speak, of course, of the real quality.”

“*A real quality!*” ejaculated the Count, “what is the meaning of that, I pray you?”

“Oh! I beg you, in my turn, not to dispute about words,” replied the Chevalier; “you must know that the good sense of a soldier is offended by this sort of interrogatories.”

“I admire the soldier’s good sense, more, perhaps, than you think,” rejoined the Count, “and I confess that interrogatories are not less odious to me than to yourself: but I do not conceive that we are disputing about words when we ask the meaning of them.”

PHIL. RILEY OR THE CONVICT.*

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

CHAPTER II.

The clouds which, during the day, had been wandering and wreathing up and down and around the mountains in fantastic groups, or moving lazily and low along the obscured landscapes, were now, as the evening set in, piled up in black and cumulous masses like a vast continent of savage and mountainous headland, wild and fearful in aspect. Here and there, a streak or blotch of hectic red was perceptible, and as the sun went down, his setting could be traced only by the incondescent struggles of purple fire, which, at remote intervals, penetrated the density of the unwilling cumuli. The atmosphere was heavy, feculent and feverish; not a breath of air was in motion; the leaves hung languidly from their branches, and the face of nature wore that livid fixedness of aspect which indicates insensibility to pain, and the triumphant presence of death. A considerable time passed and yet was there no change save in the appearance of the heavens which now became black as a funeral pall: the sunset of time was the silent midnight of nature. This monotonous stillness, prolonged through an awful pause, was at length broken by the deep muttering of the thunder, which was a very acceptable relief to the inmates of a little roadside tavern or stage-house, where cartmen usually sought its "entertainment for man and horse." There were now, however, but three persons

* The main features of the above tale are true in every particular whether as respects time, persons, or locality.

in the hut—the proprietor, who was an elderly and infirm man, and two others who were habited in the gray frieze overcoat which was indicative of the *Peeler* profession. The old man sat by the ample space or hearth-place, where a few turf fragments yet flickered among the ashes. One of the others was leaning listlessly against a post or jamb which defined the boundary angle between the bar and the sitting-room, while the third, a younger and more athletic man than either of the others, stood vacantly gazing at the dreary scene which spread over the face of nature, and instinctly employed his fingers in tapping against a broken pane in accompaniment to snatches of an old tune, which had but little connection, however, with the thoughts then passing through his mind. At length, wearied apparently by those often disagreeable companions, his own thoughts, he turned round and took his seat near the old man, who, after setting some dry brambles in the embers, and blowing them to a flame, arose to retire to rest, requesting the others to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to call him in case any person might crave admittance; which, however, he said, was improbable from the continued inclemency of the night: or if any disturbance should happen to call them out, which was by no means unlikely to occur: "and sergeant, dear," said he, "now, there's the cupboard, and there's the bottle, and use your pleasures, each of you." So saying, he wished them a good-night.

"'Tis a dark and a fearful night!"

said the older, whom we shall call Fitzgerald; or Fitz, as he was called in the barony, for brevity's sake.

"The fitter for a dark and a fearful deed!" replied the sergeant. "But," continued he, after a pause, "no matter how dark or how fearful it is, it must be done: *my* life, or *his* ruin—look here, Corney Fitz, my life or Phil. Riley's ruin is the forfeit, weather fair or weather foul. Did you see me thinking over there this hour back? and was it about the storm and the rain, and the darkness? No, Corney, 'twas not; 'twas about *her* and her father that stands between us; and he mustn't do it any longer, for, win her or lose her, he *must* be removed. You understand, Corney, don't you?"

"I do! but—"

"The time for that word is gone by; that 'but' means objection; and are you going to betray me, or, what's worse, forsake me?"

"Neither—if no blood be—"

"Blood! no—no—bad as my only resort is, and desperate as I feel, I shall not be revenged by blood. He is Mary Riley's *father*, and he must live—he is her ruler and adviser and he must—draw near, Corney, draw near—he must be transported."

These last words were uttered with a suppressed voice, but a fearful emphasis in look and accent. They seemed to have paralyzed Fitzgerald as he stood gazing in mute and sudden astonishment, like one transfixed.

The other, seeing that this moment was pregnant with his destiny—that the feelings he had quickened were at their utmost tension—that a word, a breath, a look of relaxation would but weaken and perhaps defeat his point, folded his arms, and, as if in stern anticipation of approval, fixed his steady, searching gaze, glowing with mingled inquiry and satisfaction upon the fascinated eye of his companion. Thus, they stood, a magnificent picture of the mastery of the intelligence

over the mere *materiel* of mind: a syllable more and the spell were broken—less, and it were imperfect.

* * * * *

The shadows of the Sabbath evening were slowly and calmly gathering around the silent extent of country; not a voice was heard, nor was there seen a human form to disturb the unusual and desolate reign of loneliness: the peasantry, restrained by the insurrection act, had, long since sought their homes, and the mounted and foot patrols had not yet come out on their "nightly round."

Mary Riley was sitting on a low straw seat or bench, her face hidden in her hands which rested on a chair, beside a bed, in which her two little brothers were sleeping in happy forgetfulness that their father was then suffering in a dreary prison, charged with having had arms concealed, with knowledge of the fact, in his dwelling, and refusing to surrender them to the king's authorities. In the dead of the previous night, awful in the darkness and warfare of the elements, his house was surrounded by an armed police, and he dragged from his bed at the instance of the magistrates who accompanied them; by them he was questioned as to his outgoings and incomings, whom he met and addressed; whither he went, where and how long he delayed, and at what times of the clock's revolution these things severally happened or were occasioned, and a thousand other questions equally *pertinent*, loyal and conciliatory; to all which he replied with the stern brevity of truth. "And yet," said one of the magisterial querists, "you are accused of keeping arms in your house contrary to law. Is it true?"

"It is not," replied Riley.

"Then be the search at his peril. Men, do your duty."

Fire-place, chimney, bed, bolster, cupboard, drawers, hen-coop, every place in fact "from minaret to porch"

capable of concealing fire-arms or offensive weapons, was most rigorously searched; but searched in vain. During this process, Riley was pacing up and down the room in a state of mute bewilderment and despair: he evinced no interest in this practical and unseasonable impeachment of his hitherto pacific character; he was too well acquainted with the *profession* of those around him to expect either justice or mercy from men whose only principle was to have no principle; and he heard with no apparent concern that he stood released from their allegations.

Suddenly an expression of wild anguish distorted his features, and he tottered towards a chair which he grasped convulsively, gazing with a horrible stare of agonizing doubt upon one of the police, who was now slowly moving towards the directing magistrate. That man was the sergeant whose conversation with Fitzgerald has been substantially repeated. He had approached the unfortunate Riley, unobserved, and, as the words of peace and security had been uttered by the magistrate, whispered the blighting words, "*the thatch and the transport!*" into his ear. All eyes were now turned on Riley, as he stood with dilated eye, and pallid face, and gaze of intense fixedness, while the sergeant addressed the civic officer. "Sir, holding military command of this company, it is my duty to inform you that—but this man, who is my authority, will depose more circumstantially. Fitzgerald, stand out, and tell what you have heard about the pikes and this man Riley."

"Stop—stop! for heaven's sake!" cried the now half-maniac man. "'Tis false!—'tis false!—'tis made—'tis conspired—believe not—believe not; as you are a father and Christian believe not!"

"What's false; what's conspired; let me know of this—come, Riley, speak; you must certainly know

something of all this; what does it mean?" asked the magistrate. "And you, Fitzgerald," said he, turning around—but he paused while Fitzgerald produced, from that portion of the thatch which covered the farthest corner of the roof from the door, three or four pike-heads of unfinished manufacture, but apt and ingenious artizanship. "Why, what have we here? evidence to hang a whole barony: why *Mr. Riley*, 'tis rather surprising that a gentleman who can play Job so well, when justice is on the wrong scent, should be so thrown off his guard as to become his own accuser. Hush!—not a word, I'll hear none! how could you have known what Fitzgerald was about, or what the sergeant meant if you were innocent!—no! no! come, bring him on. Give me that pen and ink, sergeant. So saying, he took his portefeuille from his pocket, and placing it on the table, drew out a committal, and setting his signature to it, handed it towards the sergeant, saying, "here's your authority!"

"Never!" exclaimed Riley, seizing the extended paper, "never!" and he tore it into minute fragments, with cool and emphatic action, and a self-possession which but convinced the magistrate that his previous demeanor had been assumed and deceptive.

"What! the majesty of the law is also insulted. Riots, rebellions, midnight burnings, secret assemblies, and all such insurrectionary movements are not enough; but the civil officers must be prevented and bearded in the performance of their duties. Sergeant, he is your prisoner!" After a severe struggle, he was accordingly seized and ironed, and borne to prison amid the jeers of the heartless guard, whose commander took occasion to embitter his feelings by frequent allusions to his domestic afflictions, and cold-hearted questions as to the hope that his daughter would find

a *worthy* suitor in her father's absence, and a fair betrothment and a happy espousal. This heartless ruffianry the poor victim bore with a silent endurance and resignation, which are the best proof of the holy reliance which the Catholic church has taught us to rest upon as at once our consolation and our security: and which, for earthly as well as spiritual objects, is so beautiful in its harmony and peace, and rewarding hope amid the trials and persecutions of this world.

Having complied with the necessity of this digressive account of the circumstances attending the apprehension of Riley, we will now return

to his afflicted daughter, who has been described sitting in loneliness in her once cheerful, but now desolate, home. Her little brothers, as before observed, had retired to rest, and she was gradually but fitfully falling asleep, when she was awakened from her stupor by a gentle tapping at the window, which, after some hesitation, she opened, and was about to inquire who the unseasonable visitor was, when she was addressed after this familiar manner—"Mary, be silent, 'tis old Barney is here; open the door, my child: I want to speak to you—the Lord pity and comfort you."

WRITTEN FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE CRUSADES.

In the crusades, the historian sees little that is new, and while relating them only traces afresh a part of the circle which human folly is destined to describe; but to the philosopher, who follows out their consequences, no subject can be richer in materials for speculation. The evils which they created were immediate and obvious; the advantages were more remote, and require demonstration to claim our assent; the crusades may have caused a waste of life and labor beyond example, without the temptation of any prospective return. They, for two centuries, afflicted almost every family in Europe with the most painful privations: and they alienated the attachment of its inhabitants from the improvement or enjoyment of their natural blessings. Agriculture and commerce, arts and education were neglected by every rank.

Yet allowing all these pernicious effects to have been produced by the crusades, the philosopher will find in them if not the origin, at least the chief auxiliary cause of a total change in the aspect of society; I shall therefore subjoin a few remarks on the measure in which they effected, first, the political condition; second, the manners and customs; third, the literature and the arts.

I. The period at which the crusades began, was that at which the irruptions of the northern and eastern barbarians closed. These had confirmed their settlement in the countries which they overran, and had effaced every vestige of the Roman policy, by the introduction of their own. The latter, as might be expected, was rude and irregular, and, from its military origin, terminated in what is too well known to require

description by the name of the feudal system. Under this system the nobility enjoyed a subordinate sovereignty in their own domains; and though acknowledging a species of allegiance to the king, as the original grantor of their lands, yet the acknowledgment was understood to imply so imperfect an obedience, that its occasional violation was accounted neither criminal nor infamous. A kingdom resembled a cluster of confederated states, under a common head, like those of Greece in the days of Homer, with this difference, that, in the former case, the crown was hereditary, which rendered its power proportionably greater. When obedience was refused, it could be enforced only by war, and not by law, and thus a great baron was more like the royal rival than the subject of his nominal superior. He had his own courts of justice, his own mint, and his own army. He made war upon his neighbors, and the pillage of their dominions was regarded as the spoils of conquest, not of robbery. Every kingdom was, therefore, a scene of turbulence and distraction; and the tenants of baronies felt the same mutual hostility, as the subjects of conterminous states at present. The king naturally strove to augment his authority, but he could do so only by dividing the nobility, and then securing the alliance of the most powerful, or by extending his own dominion in the way of purchase or forfeiture. The barons who engaged in the crusades, acting not more from superstition than from a desire of military glory, were generally the most warlike of this intractable order, and their absence was on that occasion desirable. Sums were required to convey their troops to foreign service, for which their annual revenues were insufficient; and as the expedient of loans was not yet devised, they were obliged to alienate their lands for such a price as they could obtain. Of this

necessity their sovereigns took advantage, and thus enlarging their possessions, enlarged their political power. As the consequence of the people advanced, that of the nobility, which was injurious to order, and which opposed the chief resistance to the royal authority, declined in proportion; and when this effect was perceived, kings became more willing to emancipate the lower orders of their subjects from feudal servitude. In this manner, corporations were formed with a republican jurisdiction, within their own limits and ideas of liberty, which had long been dormant, began once more to revive. These made the most rapid progress, and reached the greatest perfection, in the maritime cities of Italy, which, from the wealth acquired, by supplying the means of transport and subsistence to the crusaders, were enabled to erect themselves into two independent commonwealths. From the co-operation of all these circumstances, the power of government and the efficiency of laws were increased; the protection thus afforded to property gave new confidence and a new motive to industry; and men being called into situations which obliged them to think and act for themselves, their faculties were quickened by exercise, and directed to objects of inquiry which had formerly been unknown. If, for example, we turn to England, in the reign of Edward the First, who had himself engaged in the last crusade, we find the power of monarchy wielded with unprecedented ease and energy; we find the people embarking in commerce and navigation; we find the laws improved, and their administration invigorated; we find the rudiments of their present constitution distinctly visible; and we find the youth, instead of limiting their attention to bodily exercise, frequenting the Universities, and cultivating their understandings. In France, at the same period, the advance was still

more considerable ; and though in both countries, partly owing to the personal character of the sovereigns, it must be also greatly ascribed to the causes which have been already assigned.

II. In the age preceding the crusades, the manners and modes of life which prevailed throughout Europe, were gross and unpolished. This must naturally be the case among the members of small societies, who live in habits of ferocious hostility with their neighbors, and of close and rude familiarity with each other. Into such societies every kingdom was divided. The precincts of each state were a consequence of that border warfare, which is the most brutalizing of any ; and the conviviality of the baronial hall was as constantly the reward of the vassals, on their return from pillage. Their lord was obliged, in order to secure their attachment, to indulge them in intemperance, and in those coarse and turbulent pastimes, which suited "the unyoked humors of their idleness." Himself and his relations, having few other associates, were frequently induced to mix in his revels, and a tincture of masculine semi-barbarianism was thus diffused, even through the higher orders of society. The distinction between the practice of private war and that of indiscriminate robbery was so faint and equivocal, that heroes of the highway were held in little dishonor, and the right of plundering passengers, within a definite district, was sometimes annexed, by grant, to the possession of certain manors. That respect for the fair sex, which is at once a cause and a consequence of polished manners, could, in these days, have little influence, as women were classed among articles of property and plunder, and depredations on *moveables* of this description were frequently the origin of the baronial wars. Previous to the crusades, indeed, a partial remedy, or rather a feeble palliative for

the evils created by this dissolution of order, had arisen from the institution of chivalry. Some individuals, whose natural ideas of justice and humanity were superior to those of their age, determined to supply the deficiencies of law, which permitted injuries too painful for their sensibility to witness, and assuming the character of judges in every case of oppression, enforced their decisions by their own personal powers. The weaker sex became the principal object of their protection, and the pleasing consciousness of performing acts of generosity, and at the same time of indulging the prevailing propensity to acts of valor, rendering the occupation fashionable, and introduced sentiments and manners of a new and interesting kind. These voluntary champions of injured innocence formed themselves into fraternities, which were governed by their own rules, and into which candidates were admitted with martial and religious ceremonies. In the modern orders of knighthood, these fraternities still preserved a nominal existence ; but, until chivalry was rendered superfluous by improvements in policy, and ludicrous by the humor of Cervantes, it continued to be a dignified and serviceable institution. For the encouragement of these societies, nothing could be better adapted than the crusades, which were, indeed, a general enterprise, on the principles of chivalry, undertaken by confederated Christendom. The motive which led to them was indignation at the oppression exercised by the Saracens ; and in their progress many who engaged in them were reduced to such extremes of distress that various orders of knighthood, especially those of St. John and of the Temple, were founded expressly for their relief. The admiration which the crusades enjoyed, rendered those eastern orders more honorable and permanent than others, and the spirit of chivalry was strengthened at home,

by its adoption among the venerated warriors of Palestine. In this spirit were implied a punctilious obedience to the laws of honor, morality, and religion, a dignified courtesy of deportment, and an elaborate tenderness and respect for the fair. In short, "*parcere subjectis et debellare superbis*" was the general motive by which, on all occasions, it was to be swayed. The new direction which was thus communicated to the activity of human nature, and the ambition of extracting and combining all that is most laudable in the ecclesiastical and military characters, soon produced a visible effect on the aspect of society. Men became more guarded in their mutual intercourse; fashion succeeded, where better principles had failed in improving their conduct; and weakness being invested with an ideal sanctity, which gave it all the advantages of strength, the general comfort was increased by a consciousness of increased security. This direct and imperative operation of chivalry was essentially aided by the change of habits and opinions, which gradually and insensibly proceeds from foreign travels, and from the union of various nations and common enterprise. Nothing is better fitted to supply the absence of literary education, than visiting new countries and acting with associates. It enlarges the views, and corrects false habits of thinking; it teaches us to regard in a proper light things to which we had attached an undue importance; it imposes the necessity of accommodating ourselves to practices and opinions at variance with our own; and it accustoms the temper to forbearance and pliability, and the mind to discretion and address in the ordinary affairs of life. Traveling of any description produces these effects, but travelling as a soldier accelerates them: for as the character is generally barbarized by the petty and acrimonious contests of neighbor-

ing tribes, it is raised and refined, in an equal proportion, by military service on an extended scale, and against a remote and unhabitual opponent. We there contend with men to whom we are individually unknown, and against whom we feel no personal resentment. We learn to measure our hostility, not by passions, but by the necessity of the case; we learn from our own wants, to put the proper value on humanity, to mingle courtesy with valor, and to sympathise in the sufferings of the foe whom we have overcome. With our fellow-soldiers too, our companions in peril and privation, and in all the most interesting situations of life: the sharers in our wistful yearnings after that native land, which is endeared to us by a consciousness of extending its glory and earning its applause: and to which, amid our turmoil, we jointly look forward, sustained by the cheering hope of *fortasse et hasce olim meminisse juvabit*, with them we form a friendship of the most cordial and delicate kind, which exalts as much as it softens the affections, and which, by giving exercise to the best dispositions of our nature, imparts a manly but captivating amenity to our general deportment. Such were the effects to be expected from the expeditions to the East, and we accordingly find, that, after their operation had time to be felt, the manners of the European nations underwent a perceptible change; while the general imitation of their darling champion introduced the rudiments of modern urbanity, and of those usages which, by implying mutual good will and respect, are found so convenient in smoothing the surface of social intercourse. In the East, too, and especially in Constantinople, where the luxury and splendor of an imperial capital had never been interrupted by the establishment of barbarians, the crusaders became acquainted with modes of life which were superior to those of their own

countries, and of which, on their return, they were ready to report the advantages and urge the adoption. This produced, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a rapid improvement in the dignity of courts, in the refinement of pleasures, and in a general taste for those accommodations with which the feudal nobility had never thought of gracing the rough hospitality of their halls.

III. At the time the crusades began, Europe was involved in the mist of ignorance; all that remained of science and art was confined to Constantinople, and to the more enlightened Saracens, who first from the vicinity, and afterwards by the conquest, of Alexandria, added to their native literature a considerable knowledge of the Greek philosophy.—Though, in visiting those regions, the crusaders might not have been actuated by any desire of mental improvement, and could not boast of (many of them) that portion of knowledge which stimulates to the acquisition of more, yet they must, from the very boldness of the enterprise, have carried with them a vigor of mind which is seldom unaccompanied by curiosity. This curiosity would be sharpened by an endless succession of new objects and singular characters; and it is scarcely possible that some of them should not have perceived the value of that information of which they were destitute. The twelfth century was the period at which literature seemed to awaken from its stupor, and to resume its activity. A distinguished author (Mr. Gibbon,) has maintained, that the progress of literature in Europe was retarded, not accelerated, by the crusades. But this opinion seems objectionable, for the following reasons, drawn from nature, and confirmed by the history of the mind. Exercise of one kind disposes the mental faculties not to indolence, but to exercise of another. Even among the savages, it is the old warrior who

becomes the bard or historian of his tribe. It is those who have themselves made extraordinary exertions, who are most anxious to know what exertions have been made by others. It was after the long wars between the Spartan and Athenian states that the genius of the Greeks shone forth with resplendent lustre; and we shall find, that all the golden ages of literature either immediately succeeded, or actually coincided with periods of excessive agitation from foreign or intestine conflicts. By analogy, therefore, we may infer that the interesting novelty and extensive commotion of the crusades, were better fitted to exercise the faculties, and fire the imagination both of those who performed, and of those who promoted them, than the petty contests and insipid routine of rustic sports, which alone, but for this diversion, would have interrupted the slothful uniformity of their homes. In the intellectual progress of nations, poets and fabulous historians are the first writers who appear; and whatever stimulates the fancy may be considered as favoring the creation, because it accelerates the commencement of an age of literature. In this view, then, the crusades must have been highly beneficial. They familiarized the mind of the Europeans with the splendid fictions,—the speciosa miracula rerum—on which the genius of the East has always delighted to dwell. Nay, the very occurrences of these expeditions, magnified by the vanity of those who had shared in them, were singularly suited to quicken the embryo seeds of poetry in the breasts of their ingenious countrymen. We accordingly find in the earliest writers of Europe—in Dante and Boccaccio, and in the English poets from Chaucer to Milton—a frequent propensity to avail themselves of oriental notions, and to give additional attractions to their writings by allusions to the romantic adventures of the holy warriors, and

to the preternatural, but interesting extravagances which were engrafted on them. In so far, therefore, as the crusades supplied a spur to curiosity, and materials to those who could increase its impulse by gratification, in the same degree they must have contributed to assist the march of intellect, and to give it a more vigorous motion at its outset, than it would otherwise have acquired. Whatever hastens the age of poetry must hasten that of philosophy, by which it is naturally succeeded. In addition to these speculative grounds of belief, we have direct evidence that the crusades, even by their successful issue, were of advantage to letters. The Popes perceiving the inefficiency of carnal weapons, to resist the triumphs of Mohammedanism,

had recourse to those of a spiritual kind, by which they hoped, instead of conquering, to convert, the Saracens. Young men were, therefore, appointed to be educated as future missionaries; and even at the early period of 1285, Pope Honorius had proposed the establishment of a college at Paris, for the purpose of instructing them in the oriental languages. Actuated by similar views, the council of Vienna, in 1311, declared that the revival of letters was the true method of converting the infidels, and of procuring the recovery of the Holy Land; and we shall find that it is nearly to the same period the foundation of many foreign and domestic seminaries are to be referred.

T.

BEATRICE.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

The convent aisles are hushed, and dim,
 Save where the moonlight gilds the floor;
 The solemn prayer, and vesper hymn,
 And lofty chaunt are heard no more!
 A breath of incense on the air,
 A sweet perfume of blossoms rare,
 And flowrets o'er the Virgin thrown!

Are all now left of hours supremely sweet,
 When humble spirits kissed the Master's feet.

Each nun unto her lowly cell
 Has glided quietly away,
 To slumber, 'till the midnight bell
 Shall call them forth, to watch and pray.
 Behold one, o'er whose youthful cheek
 Tear after tear is coursing down,
 With hands pressed o'er her bosom meek,
 Like snow flakes on that serge of brown.

Her eyes upraised, of some deep sorrows tell—
But see! she kneels within her lonely cell.

There are no luxuries for her—
A bed of straw—a table bare—
A skull the thoughts of death to stir,
And picture of her Lord are there.
No wonder, oh fair child of earth,
That tears gush from thy bursting heart,
When there the heir of haughty birth,
Should feel cold poverty's keen smart.

But list! she tells between each tear and groan,
The bitterness that wrings her spirit lone!

Oh MASTER! Thou dost mark each sigh
That troubled hearts send up to Thee,
And when the tempest's wrath is nigh
Thou glidest o'er the raging sea.
My heart! my heart is torn that Thou,
Hast suffered all lifes woes for me:
That thorns have pierced that holy brow,
And scourges left their stripes on Thee!

'Tis strange! she weeps not o'er the dreams of earth;
Nor sighs to taste again the cup of mirth.

Why is it, that around my way
Thy mercies have such blessings shed,
When thou hadst not a place to lay,
A spot to rest, thy weary head?
Why have these feet no rugged vales?
No rocky steep these hands to tear?
When thine were pierced and torn with nails,
And thy pure heart rent with a spear!

She wept not for rich robes or costly gem,
Or festive halls of light—oh not for them!

Oh what to me the splendid beams
That light the stars on Fame's high brow,
And what the transient hue that gleams
Its radiance o'er life's rapid flow?
Can earth's sweet lure, or glory's smile
Light up the pathway to the tomb,
Can it the trembling soul beguile
While passing through the valley's gloom?

With streaming eyes, and quivering lips she prest
The crucifix, that hung upon her breast!

These sacred wounds shall mark my way
And shield me when the storm is nigh;
Here let me weep—and watch and pray,
And at thy feet forever lie.

Here oh my soul, thy vigils keep,
 Cheered onward by each holy vow,
 Until amid the night-watch deep,
 We hear "the bridegroom cometh now."

She started as upon the midnight air
 The solemn bell tolled forth the hour of prayer;
 And gathering up the veil, she passed along
 To join the nuns that round the altar throng—
 What cares she for earth's rest—its sneers—or pride!
 Her heart's sweet shelter is the "WOUNDED SIDE."

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY HENRY J. BOGUE.

"Say, what can soothe man's pilgrim heart below,
 And lull to peace the heavy throb of woe?
 Say, what could smooth the furrowed brow of care,
 Wipe from the cheek the melancholy tear;
 Teach lowly man to lift his head on high,
 Feel no content but in his kindred sky,
 To soar o'er vulgar things, o'er transient bliss,
 And own no pleasure in a world like this?
 What save religion! Her's alone the charm
 To light the darkest heart, the coldest warm."

Dr. Pise's "Pleasures of Religion."

"Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

Happy is he, who, having well surveyed
 The ills of other men, is cautious made.

It was near the close of an afternoon, in the early part of May, that Arthur Montrose, a religious young gentleman, who was travelling slowly on horseback, observing the decisive indications of an approaching storm, began to look out, with no little anxiety, for a lodging which might receive him for the night. His wishes were vain, for some time, and he travelled several miles, over a lone and unfrequented road, without finding any prospect of a shelter from the rain, which was beginning to fall, and

from the wind which was fast rising, as if at the commencement of a storm.

At last, however, the traveller emerged from a long and dreary wood, and his eyes sparkled as the view opened on a beautiful valley, through which his road winded, and in the distant part he saw pleasantly situated a farm-house of unusually cheerful appearance. The numerous and extensive out-buildings, with which it was connected, the fields around it, which were already, in a considerable degree, beautiful with the

verdure of spring, the forests in the back ground, and the distant hills, which completed the view, would have constituted an enchanting picture, had it not been for the gloomy influence of the weather. The injury thus done was, however, more than counter-balanced, by the ideas of relief from his uncomfortable situation, which were associated with the prospect; and as Arthur approached the dwelling, all the discontented thoughts with which his dreary ride had inspired him, were banished by the bright light which shone through the windows, although day-light had not yet gone down, and by the promise of comfort and enjoyment within, which was thus afforded.

Arthur was met in the large yard by the master of the household, who gave him a hearty welcome.

"I am a stranger in this part of the country," said Arthur, after he had descended from his horse.

"So any person would infer, were he to look at your countenance, for you seem joyous to approach a dwelling."

"You are right; those," said Arthur, pointing to the deep woods he had just left, "caused me to entertain serious thoughts, but your kindness has quite refreshed me."

"Your dress indicates that you are a religious man."

"I am a student of theology; my health being poor, I was advised to visit my uncle in C——, and spend a short time with him, and should I recover my health, I will return to the Seminary and finish my theological studies," the student replied.

"Be pleased to inform me what religion you profess."

"I am a Roman Catholic," answered Arthur.

This called forth an additional flow of cordiality, and the master and his guest entered the mansion together.

They came into a room which was used for the double purpose of kitchen

and parlor, as appeared from the lovely faces of the family, which were beaming there, and from the preparations for supper, which engrossed the whole attention of the mother and daughter in the back part of the room. At the fire-side were two children, with ruddy cheeks, amusing themselves by drawing pictures on a slate; a third was sitting near them, reading aloud from a religious book; a fourth, and younger than the rest, was flocking with the dog and cat, in the middle of the floor.

These innocent occupations were interrupted by the entrance of the stranger, and all seemed to be pleased with the interruption; for if there be true cordial hospitality on the earth, it will be found at the fireside of the American farmer. The traveller sat down by the fire, and began to play with the children, which he gathered around him, and warmth was soon restored to his limbs, and gladness to his heart.

The arrival of a stranger, was, in their unvaried life, one of those remarkable events, which were deemed sufficient to occasion an alteration in the usual family arrangements; and a fire having been kindled in a front room, the traveller, together with the children and their father, resorted thither; the preparations for their evening's repast were soon completed, the children, in half suppressed glee, gathered to their respective seats, and the parents and the stranger went to their places, and by the latter the blessing of Heaven was solemnly implored, and the little circle partook of their food in gratitude and love. At the conclusion of the meal thanks were returned.

The short evening passed rapidly and pleasantly away, at this happy fireside, and, at an early hour, the father gave notice that it was time for their customary evening devotions. The family collected and gathered around the bright fire, that was glow-

ing upon the hearth. Arthur was seated at one corner, at the other were the good heads of the family, and in front the children arranged themselves together in pairs, turning their backs upon the fire, that its strong light might not shine upon their faces. At a notice from the father, the devout exercise of the beads was commenced by the eldest. One half of this devotion was performed on their knees, the other part, standing. They again knelt in silence and solemnity together, while the ecclesiastic read from "The Children's Companion," the evening tribute of thanksgiving and praise. A few moments after the pious exercise was completed, the children came, one after another, then to their father, and lastly their mother, and said, "good-night," with cheerful and happy looks. The mother left the room to accompany them.

"You have a happy family," said Arthur, when he found himself alone with his host, "and you appear to possess many sources of real enjoyment."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the farmer, "I have every thing to make me happy, but it is to the Catholic religion, alone, that I am indebted for them all."

"I have no doubt," Arthur replied, "that religion is the source of your greatest and purest happiness; but you do not mean that religion has placed you in the prosperous circumstances and situation which you enjoy!"

"Yes, sir, I owe every thing I possess, to the power which the precepts of my religion have had over me. Ten years ago, I was an unbeliever, without the knowledge of the true religion, without God, without hope in the world, and I may say, without joy, too; for, although I was engaged with great earnestness, in the pursuit of pleasure, I was, in reality, the most miserable and wretched man

alive. I was then, on this farm, but it was very far from what it is now. I was an idle, dissolute, and intemperate man, and my vicious course was fast rendering my farm a waste, my wife nearly broken hearted, and myself a vagabond. My wife, before marriage, and since, has always been a pious woman; and often when I would return home, blaspheming God, and almost delirious with liquor, I would see my wife in this room, waiting, with undiminished patience, the return of her dissipated husband. For my harsh treatment, she gave pleasant looks and soothing words. At length, the power of affection conquered, and it is through the grace of God and her means, that I am not now a ruined man—ruined in soul and body."

"But how did she exert so great an influence over you?"

"By her whole conduct: every action—every word—every look was a meek but powerful reproof to me. You cannot conceive how her dove-like eye would pierce my very soul, when I came home late at night, from some scene of riot and dissipation. There she used to sit, in the corner, and when she rose to meet me, there was such an expression of grieved and saddened feelings, and yet such a look of mildness and forgiveness, that always filled me with a momentary remorse and penitence. And sometimes, on Sunday evening, she would repeat to little William, an analysis of the sermon that she heard, just after the first gospel, at the adorable sacrifice of the mass, when I was sitting in a most melancholy mood. Once I heard her repeat a large portion of a sermon on sobriety, that seemed so pointed and full of excellent reflections, that I was disposed to be angry, from the suspicion that she designed to convey some rebuke to me in this indirect manner. But I soon reflected upon the perfect proofs which I had every hour, that she real-

ly wished my happiness, and instantly my unkind feelings vanished away. I believe, sir, I could have borne anything, but this mild forgiving spirit : it made me constantly miserable ; conscience soon began to arouse itself, and one day I owned my bad conduct, wished to be of the same religion with my wife. I accordingly received instructions from the priest of this place, and knelt in the confessional and made known my guilt to him, whom I had often misrepresented, and scandalized his pious conduct."

"What was the guilt which you then saw in yourself? Were the vices, the crimes of which you speak, heavy on your soul?"

"I had a much stronger and deeper sense of these, but I soon found that these were not at the foundation of the evil ; they were rather the signs of the guilt in my heart, than the guilt itself. It was my heart that wanted purifying. I had before thought, that although my actions were often very criminal, I could at any time abandon my evil courses, and I should then be as good as my wife, whom I always considered a pattern of excellence. But I soon found that there was something fundamentally wrong in the state of my affections towards God, and that, unless these were changed, unless I was a member of the true church, I should never be holy or happy. I commended the inquiry after truth and found it. Thank God ! I am a Catholic and a reformed man."

"But how did you recover your affairs from their embarrassed condition?"

"The good Catholic can accomplish anything. I made my motto—*diligent in business, fervent in spirit, and faithful in the discharge of religious obligations* ; and every thing soon began to wear a smiling appearance, and you see how happy a man I am now."

"I rejoice to find that you and your family are happy. Of all the vices, to the commission of which we are allured, either by the propensities of nature or the temptations of life, there is not one that involves in it so many dangers as excessive drinking. In whatever light we consider that detestable vice, whether as pernicious to our health, destructive of our understanding, fatal to our families, or offensive to God, it stands pre-eminently abominable and destructive. So malignant, indeed, in its nature, and so pernicious in its consequences, is every sin, that we may say of the commission of each, what the women answered one another when they were congratulating the King of Israel on his success against the Philistines. (1 Kings, xviii. 7). 'Saul slew his thousands ;' but of drunkenness, it may be said, it hath slain its tens of thousands.

"You abandoned that vice and with it the error of your ways, and the follies of the world. The dispositions which the enjoyment of these created in your heart, were diametrically opposite to those dispositions which our religion requires, and it deprives the person possessed of them of that calmness of spirit, and seriousness of attention, which are necessary to enable him to understand the religion of Jesus, and become acquainted with his spirit."

Here the good wife of the farmer came in, and gradually joined in the conversation ; the hours passed rapidly, but profitably away, and Arthur was then shown to his place of repose.

The wind was roaring and the rain descending in torrents without, as he knelt down by the bedside, and poured out his soul before the author of his being, in grateful remembrance of the mercies he was then enjoying ; he added a fervent orison that heaven would continue to bless the happy family, whose roof was then protecting him from the storm.

The night and the storm together passed away, and the eyes of Arthur opened on a delightful morning. The wind was hushed and the sun was breaking forth from the clouds, and sending his animating rays through the windows of the apartment. He arose, and repaired to the family cir-

cle to join in their morning devotions. He then sat down once more to the hospitable board, and afterwards pursued his journey to his uncle's dwelling. All nature was alive and vocal in the loveliness of spring, and Arthur went on his way rejoicing.

THE CONSULTATION OF LUTHER AND THE OTHER PROTESTANT DOCTORS, CONCERNING POLIGAMY.

"To the most serene Prince and Lord Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, of Catzenlenbogen, of the Diet of Yieghain and Nidda, our gracious Lord, we wish above all things, the grace through Jesus Christ.

"MOST SERENE PRINCE AND LORD,

"1st. We have been informed by Bucer in the instruction which your highness gave him, have read the trouble of mind and the uneasiness of conscience your highness is under at present; and although it seemed to us very difficult so speedily to answer the doubts proposed, nevertheless, we would not permit the said Bucer, who was urgent for his return to your highness, to go away without an answer in writing.

"2nd. It has been a subject of the greatest joy to us, and we have praised God, for that he has recovered your highness from a dangerous fit of sickness; and we pray that he will long continue this blessing of perfect health, both in body and mind.

"3rd. Your highness is not ignorant how great need our poor, miserable, little and abandoned church of God, has of virtuous princes and rulers to protect her; and we doubt not but God will always supply her with some such; although, from time

to time, he threatens to deprive her of them, and proves her by sundry temptations.

"4th. These things seem to us of greatest importance in the question which Bucer has proposed to us. Your highness, sufficiently of yourself, comprehends the difference there is betwixt settling a universal law, and using (for urgent reasons, and with God's permission) a dispensation in a particular case; for it is otherwise evident that no dispensations can take place against the first of all laws—the divine law.

"5th. We cannot advise to introduce publicly, and establish as a law in the New Testament, that of the Old, which permitted to have more wives than one. Your highness is sensible, should any such thing be printed, that it would be taken for a precept, whence infinite troubles and scandals would arise. We beg your highness to consider the dangers a man would be exposed unto, who should be convicted of having brought into Germany such a law, which would divide families, and involve them in endless strifes and disturbances.

"6th. As to the objection that may be made, that what is just in God's

sight, ought absolutely to be permitted, it must be answered in this manner : If that which is just before God, be, besides, commanded and necessary, the objection is true ; if it be neither necessary, nor commanded, other circumstances, before it be permitted, must be attended to ; and to come to the question in hand : God hath instituted marriage to be a society of two persons, and no more, supposing nature were not corrupted. This is the sense of that text of Genesis : ' there shall be two in one flesh ;' and this was observed at the beginning.

" 7th. Lamech was the first that married many wives ; and the Scripture witnesseth, that this custom was introduced contrary to the first institution.

" 8th. Nevertheless, it passed into custom among infidel nations ; and we even find afterwards, that Abraham and his posterity had many wives. It is also certain from Deuteronomy, that the law of Moses permitted it afterwards and that God made an allowance for frail nature. Since it is then suitable to the creation of men, and to the first establishment of their society, that each one be content with one wife ; it then follows, that the law enjoining it, is praiseworthy ; that it ought to be received in the church, and no law contrary thereto, to be introduced into it, because Jesus Christ has repeated, in the 19th chapter of St. Matthew, that text of Genesis, ' there shall be two in one flesh,' and brings to man's remembrance, what marriage ought to have been before it degenerated from its purity.

" 9th. All this, notwithstanding, there is room for dispensations in certain cases, for example ; if a married man, detained captive in a distant country, should there take a second wife in order to preserve or recover his health ; or that his own became leprous ; we see not how we could condemn, in these cases, such a man, as by the advice of his pastor, should

take another wife ; provided it were not with a design of introducing a new law, but with an eye only to his own particular necessities.

" 10th. Since, then, introducing a new law, and the using a dispensation with respect to the same law, are two very different things, we intreat your highness to take what follows into consideration.

" In the first place, above all things, care must be taken that plurality of wives be not introduced into the world, by way of law, for every man to follow as he thinks fit. In the second place, it may please your highness to reflect on the dismal scandal, which would not fail to happen, if occasion be given to the enemies of the Gospel, to exclaim that we are like the Anabaptists, who have several wives at once ; and the Turks, who take as many wives as they are able to maintain.

" 11th. In the third place, the actions of princes are placed in a fuller light than those of private men.

" 12th. Fourthly, that inferiors are no sooner informed what their superiors do, but they imagine they may do the same ; and by that means licentiousness becomes universal.

" 13th. Fifthly, that your highness's estates are filled with an untractable nobility ; for the most part, very averse to the Gospel, on account of the hopes they are in, as in other countries, of obtaining the benefices of cathedral churches, the revenues whereof are very great. We know the impertinent discourses vented by the most illustrious of your nobility ; and it is easily seen how they and the rest of your subjects would be disposed in case your highness should authorise such a novelty.

" 14th. Sixthly, that your highness, by the singular grace of God, hath a great reputation in the empire, and foreign countries ; and 'tis to be feared, lest the execution of this project of a double marriage should greatly

diminish this esteem and respect ; the concurrence of such a number of scandals, oblige us to beseech your highness to examine the thing with all the maturity of judgment God has endowed you with.

"15th. With no less earnestness do we entreat your highness by all means to avoid fornication and adultery, and own the truth sincerely. We have been a long time sensibly grieved to see your highness abandoned to such impurities, which might be followed by the effects of divine vengeance, distempers, and many other dangerous consequences.

"16th. We also beg of your highness not to entertain a notion that the use of women out of marriage, is but a light and trifling fault, as the world is used to imagine, since God hath often chastised impurity with the most severe punishment ; and that of the deluge is attributed to the adulteries of the great ones ; and the adultery of David has afforded a terrible instance of divine vengeance. And St. Paul repeats frequently, 'that God is not mocked with impunity, and that adulterers shall not enter into the kingdom of God ;' for it is said in the 2nd chapter of the 1st Epistle to Timothy, 'that obedience must be the companion of faith, in order to avoid acting against conscience ;' and in the 3rd chapter of the 1st of John : 'If our hearts condemn us not, we may call upon the name of God with joy ;' and in the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans : 'If by the spirit we mortify the desires' of the flesh, we shall live ; but, on the contrary, shall die, 'if we walk according to the flesh ; that is, if we act against our own conscience.'

"17th. We have related these passages, to the end, that your highness may consider seriously that God looks not on the vice of impurity as a laughing matter, as it is supposed by those audacious libertines who entertain heathenish notions on this subject :

we are pleased to find that your highness is troubled with remorse of conscience for these disorders. The management of the most important affairs in this world, is now incumbent on your highness, who is of a very delicate and tender complexion, and sleeps but little ; and these reasons, which have obliged so many prudent persons to manage their constitutions, are more than sufficient to prevail with your highness to imitate them.

"18th. We read of the incomparable Scanderbeg, who so frequently defeated the two most powerful emperors of the Turks, Amurat II., and Mahomet II. ; and whilst alive, preserved Greece from their tyranny ; that he often exhorted his soldiers to chastity, and said to them that there was nothing so hurtful to men of their profession as unlawful pleasure ; and if your highness, after marrying a second wife, were not to forsake those licentious disorders, the remedy proposed would be to no purpose ; every one ought to be master of his own body in external actions, and see, according to the expression of St. Paul, 'that his members be the arms of justice.' May it please your highness, therefore, impartially to examine the considerations of scandal, of labors, of care, of trouble and of distempers, which have been represented ; and at the same time remember, that God has given you a numerous issue of such beautiful children of both sexes, by the princess, your wife, that you have reason to be satisfied therewith. How many others in marriage, are obliged to exercise and practise patience, from the motive only of avoiding scandal ? We are far from pushing on your highness to introduce so difficult a novelty into your family ; by so doing, we should draw upon ourselves not only the reproaches and persecution of those of Hesse, but of all other people, the which would be so much the less supportable to us ;

as God commands us in the ministry which we exercise, as much as we are able, to regulate marriage, and all the other duties of human life, according to the divine institution; and maintain them in that state and remove all kinds of scandal.

"19th. 'Tis now customary among worldlings, to lay the blame of every thing upon the preachers of the Gospel. The heart of man is equally fickle in the more elevated and lower stations of life; and much have we to fear on that score.

"20th. As to what your highness says; that it is not possible for you to abstain from this impure life, as long as you have but one wife, we wish you were in a better state before God, that you lived with a secure conscience, and labored for the salvation of your own soul, and gave better example to your subjects.

"21st. But after all, if your highness is fully resolved to marry a second wife, we judge it ought to be done secretly, as we have said with respect to the dispensation demanded on the same account; that is, that none but the person you shall need, and a few trusty persons, know of the matter; and they, too, obliged to secrecy under the seal of confession: hence, no contradiction, nor scandal of moment, is to be apprehended; for 'tis no extraordinary thing for princes to keep concubines; and though the vulgar should be scandalized thereat, the more intelligent would doubt of the truth; and prudent persons would approve of this moderate kind of life, preferable to adultery and other brutal actions. There is no need of being much concerned for what men will say, provided all goes right with conscience. So far do we approve it, and in those circumstances only specified by us; for the Gospel hath neither recalled nor forbid what was permitted in the law of Moses, with respect to mar-

riage. Jesus Christ has not changed the eternal economy, but added justice only, and life everlasting, for reward: he teaches the true way of obeying God, and endeavors to repair the corruption of nature.

"22nd. Your highness hath therefore, in this writing, not only the approbation of us all in case of necessity, concerning what you desire, but also the reflections we have made thereon: we beseech you weigh them as becoming a virtuous, wise, and Christian prince. We also beg of God to direct all for his glory, and your highness's salvation.

"23rd. As to your highness's thought of communicating this affair to the emperor before it be concluded, it seems to us that this prince counts adultery among the lesser sort of sins; and it is very much to be feared, lest his faith being of the same stamp with that of the Pope, the Cardinals, the Italians, the Spaniards and Saracens, he make light of your highness's proposal, and turn it to his own advantage, by amusing your highness with vain words. We know he is deceitful and perfidious, and has nothing of the German in him.

"24th. Your highness sees that he uses no sincere endeavor to redress the grievances of Christendom, that he leaves the Turk unmolested, and labors for nothing but to divide the empire, that he may raise up the house of Austria on its ruins. It is, therefore, very much to be wished, that no Christian prince would give into his pernicious schemes. May God preserve your highness; we are most ready to serve your highness. Given at Wittimberg, the Wednesday after the feast of St. Nicholas, 1539.

"Your highness's most humble and most obedient, subjects and servants.

"MARTIN LUTHER, PHILLIP MELANTHON, MARTIN BUCER, ANTHONY CORVIN, JOHN LENINQUE, JUSTUS WINTFEBTE, DENIS MELANTHER."

DEATH OF BISHOP ENGLAND.

FROM THE U. S. CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

After a long and distressing illness, he expired on Monday morning the 11th inst. at 10 minutes past 5 o'clock, in the 56th year of his age, and 22d of his Episcopate. We cannot give expression to the feelings of our heart overwhelmed with grief at this irreparable calamity.

The fatigues of body and anxiety of mind attendant upon his late journey to Europe, and his arduous exertions in the cause of religion immediately on arriving in America, were too much even for his powerful constitution, and he returned to this city in December last in ill health. It was found necessary to call in medical advice. As his disease seemed slight, and we knew his constitution to be vigorous, we did hope that in a short time his health would be re-established and our sadness would be replaced by that joyful alacrity in the performance of duty, which his zeal and example never failed to inspire. But alas! we were doomed to bitter disappointment. His disease could not be arrested; and from the middle of February he was confined to his chamber. He became daily more and more feeble, and though frequently favorable symptoms would lead his friends to believe he was recovering, those hopes would ever be soon depressed by some unfavorable change; but still there appeared no reason to apprehend a fatal termination of his disease.

On the Thursday of Holy week however, it became alarming—but he soon rallied, and for nearly a week we cheered ourselves with the hopes that he had at last past the crisis. They were soon blasted. Towards the close of Easter week he relapsed, and his physicians pronounced his

case dangerous in the extreme. On Tuesday, the 10th, a solemn High Mass was offered in the Cathedral in his behalf, at which all the Catholic clergy in the city attended. Immediately afterwards, they assembled around his bed, to assist at his receiving the last sacraments of the Church, according to the rites of the Pontifical. He had already privately received the Easter communion. Never shall we forget that scene. Arranged in his Episcopal robes, his countenance pale, indeed, and emaciated, but only sufficiently so to enhance the venerable appearance of his features,—the priests and attendants struggling in vain to repress outward manifestations of the grief that wrung their hearts—he alone calm and collected, suggesting the slightest particulars that might be omitted, and correcting any mistake which they, overpowered by their emotions, might fall into—it was indeed a scene worthy of a Bishop's death-bed. On this occasion, he addressed his clergy for near half an hour, and in a strain of eloquence rarely equalled, never surpassed by himself in his happiest moments, with words burning with zeal and charity, averted to their past relations towards himself, and of his and their duties to their congregations, and gave them the most solemn paternal injunctions for their future conduct. We hope that some one may commit his words to writing, and that we may be enabled to publish them, for they must be a memento dear to every Catholic in the diocese.

A few days afterwards, he again received communion, and in the prayer he addressed aloud to the Saviour in the Eucharist, gave expression to that deep faith, that willing resigna-

tion and joyful confidence in the Providence of God which ever characterized him during life. Death found his soul not unprepared.

It had been his invariable custom never to leave the city for any time without having fully settled all his temporal affairs; and from the moment his sickness was judged serious, he devoted part of each day to this object. It was indeed moving to see him employing every moment of respite from the pain of his malady in the most fervent communion with his God, or in elucidating and arranging the most complicated affairs, with the same clearness and strength of mind he possessed in perfect health. He endeavored not to leave a single item unsettled. On Sunday, the last day of his mortal existence, he turned to his physician and inquired if he thought he had strength sufficient to sustain a long and perhaps a trying interview. The physician represented his weakness. *The affair is of importance,* he answered, *and though I expire under the effort, I feel I must make the attempt.* Such was his heroic constancy in the performance of duty and his resignation to the last. Sunday night, his sinking pulse betokened his approaching departure, and a few minutes past 5, A. M., he expired. His last effort was an inarticulate attempt to join in the prayers of the assistants. Two minutes afterwards he was no more.

The body, arrayed in full pontifical robes, was visited at his residence by weeping crowds, during the whole of Monday. At 6, P. M., it was borne by the priests to the Cathedral and laid in the grand aisle. Vespers of the dead were chanted. Next morning the office of the dead was recited, High Mass was celebrated, and the proper funeral ceremonies were performed by the Very Rev. R. S. Baker; and vespers again chanted in the afternoon. The same was done

every day since. The vault not being finished, and other preparations remaining to be completed, the body was not interred at the usual time. We understand it will be consigned to the tomb this afternoon at 4 o'clock. The body is enclosed in a cedar coffin, bearing a Latin inscription, and out side of this is a leaden coffin, on which the coat of arms of the diocese and other appropriate emblems are painted. It will be buried at his especial request, in a vault beneath his Episcopal seat, to which place also the remains of his sister, Miss Joanna M. England, will be transferred from the cemetery of St. Mary's, Hasell-st.

Thus has the Catholic Church lost one of her strongest defenders—the American hierarchy a bright luminary in its galaxy—the diocese of Charleston a wise and zealous pastor, who for twenty-one years labored faithfully in the vineyard of the Lord. Thus have we all lost a tender and loving father, and a kind and devoted friend. But, even in our grief, religion is not wanting to give us motives of consolation—we have sustained a great and irreparable loss: but he whom we love is a gainer. Every faculty of mind or of body which he received from his Maker, he dedicated in life to His service—and he completed the oblation by dying the death of the missionary: death because of the zealous performance of arduous duties. He fought the good fight, he completed his course, has reached the goal, and is now receiving the reward exceeding great, laid up in store for him.

We have written as Catholics. On the loss which the community at large have sustained in his death we say nothing; their feelings have been fully expressed. On a future occasion, we hope to present to our readers a biographical sketch of this truly great man.

PROTESTANTS AND TRADITION.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

Do Protestants reject tradition as a rule of faith ?

If we ask them, they will answer YES, but if we observe them we very soon will find that they do NOT. Surely they do not follow the true tradition except on very few points, but they have a tradition of their own, which they consider as their guide and the very essence of the different sects. Great many divines of the Church of England have openly taught the absolute necessity of following tradition in order to keep the apostolical doctrine, although they have endeavored to see in the ancient writers, not what they wrote, but what they should have written in order to establish the new doctrines of the Reformation. Others do speak and write against tradition as much and as bitterly as the members of any other sect, but their doctrines and conduct evidently show that they are guided by it on every occasion. Far from me to suppose that they, or at least, the majority of them, act against their consciences, or maliciously endeavor to deceive; but we know very well, that human intellect is often the dupe of illusion, which always appears as the purest light of reason, and while we are victims of passions, we consider ourselves in perfect, calm, and tranquil possession of truth.

There are many doctrines which Protestants admit, and they never found them *evidently* expressed in the Scriptures. *Infant baptism* is not *evidently* expressed in the Scriptures, and almost all the sects baptize their infants. Again, infant baptism is not *evidently* reprovèd, or, rather, is

not reprovèd at all in the Scriptures, and the Baptists evidently and positively reprove it as sinful or at least erroneous. Protestants keep holy the Sunday as a sabbath day, and they will not consider themselves authorized to select any other day to substitute in its place, although the Scriptures are silent on this subject.

Protestants do not consider themselves bound to refrain from *things strangled and from blood*, although this is expressly forbidden in the Acts of the Apostles, xv. 20, and there is no text in the Scriptures, stating that this prohibition should not be general, or that it should not last but a certain time. Only the tradition of the church has guided Protestants as well as Catholics, on this matter. I could point out many other doctrines which they have only from tradition, but this would be rather tedious, and I think it more expedient to prove the proposition by facts, generally admitted, and observations which the reader can make without entering into the discussion of any particular point.

There is in every sect, a certain number of doctrines, which may be called the code of the church, or a body of dogmas and canonical laws, by which, as by a touch-stone, they prove and distinguish their members. Should any individual deviate from these doctrines he is not considered any longer a member of that church. In order to turn him out as a heretic, or, at least, as a dissenter, they must try him, and if he pretends that his

doctrine is the very doctrine of the sect, they must convince him with the authority of the most eminent teachers of the sect, from its beginning, that is, by the *tradition* of the sect.

Moreover, a member of any of the Protestant churches, to prove that he is such, not by mere saying, but by reasonable argument, and satisfactory evidence, he must occur to the tradition of the sect. Suppose I tell to a Presbyterian, you are *not a Presbyterian*. He will not convince me by merely answering, *I am*,—he must show me that his doctrines are really those of the Presbyterian sect. But how can he do that unless he occur to the *Presbyterian tradition*? Should he point me out some of the Presbyterian ministers, and refer me to them, I would conclude that they are the depositories of the *Presbyterian tradition*. Should he tell me, I believe what the Presbyterians now believe, I would ask him, do you belong to a new sect, or at least, are you sure that you do not belong to a new sect? He would never satisfy me without some tradition.

Protestants may say, that they do admit and keep tradition, but not as a *rule of faith*. Let them consider that their sects are distinguished and constituted by their tenets, that is, by their faith, for I do not suppose that they will ever disgrace themselves so much as to say that they have battled and do now battle only for points of no importance, and unconcerned with their salvation. But as I have already observed, the tenets of a sect cannot be ascertained but by consulting its tradition. Hence, the faith of a sect must be ascertained from its tradition. And, consequently, *tradition* is the *rule of faith* of every sect.

I am aware that among Protestants, there are almost as many differences in religion as there are individuals, for we scarcely can find two men in any sect who would agree *entirely* on

every point: however, the *faith of the sect* cannot be established but by consulting its history and the body of doctrine handed down from its beginning. Otherwise there would not be any Presbyterian church or Methodist, &c., because the moral existence of a moral body depends upon the moral permanency of its life, that is, of its doctrine and constitution. Should Protestants refuse to admit these principles they would be obliged to admit that every sect commences every year and perhaps every day, for every day the individuals may change their views on religion. They either have no permanent church whatever, or they must admit tradition as their guide and rule of faith.

It might be urged that the very inconsistency of their doctrines and their frequent alterations prove that they do not follow *tradition*, for, in that case, they would continue always in the same believing. But this argument proves nothing if we remember that we speak of the *faith of the sect*, and not of the faith of those individuals who deviate from it although keeping the name of being members, and, therefore, the alteration in *the sect* always are the consequence of the deviation from its *tradition*, and it will never be *the same sect* unless by keeping the same *tradition*. It is evident that the Protestant sects are not the same that were in existence some years ago, but this only proves that it is evident that they have deviated from their tradition, that is, from their *vital principle* and therefore they are dead, and new ones have sprung up from their ashes. Had they kept their tradition, they would be in existence although their doctrine is erroneous, for errors can be permanent, if they be transmitted in a permanent and uniform manner. Tradition, indeed, in the Catholic church, proves the truth of the doctrine, not because tradition makes it true, but because tradition proves that the doctrine

comes from Christ without undergoing any alteration. Tradition is therefore a preservative against alteration, whether that which is preserved be

true or false, and, therefore, tradition in the Protestant sects, notwithstanding their error, is, as I observed, their *vital principle*.

THE CROSS.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

The light of expiring day fell upon the face of the Indian nun as she raised to her lips a small golden cross which she kissed with holy fervor, and then putting it into the hands of the venerable abbess, who, with her virgin train, stood at the bedside of the dying sister, said, in a voice of broken music, "Keep it, mother, for the sake of one whom, under heaven, it has been the means of saving from the commission of a dreadful crime."

"My father," she resumed, after a silence of some moments, "was a great chief—the boast of his own people and the terror of the whites, for wherever he moved in anger, his path was marked with blood. There were many mighty chiefs among the tribes that peopled our world of woods, but there was no chief that could be compared to my father. From a descent upon a village of the pale faces, after destroying their dwellings with fire, and murdering the helpless infant, the infirm and old, he returned to his own people laden with spoil, and followed by a number of prisoners, by whose death, amid the most cruel tortures, he intended to give pleasure to the wives and mothers of those warriors who had fallen in battle. Among these was one—a youth in the very morn of life—upon whom I no sooner looked, than I determined that he should not die; and though at the imminent hazard of my life, I effected his deliverance out of the hands of

his tormentors; and my father—who, terrible as he was to others, was ever kind to me—at length consented that he should be adopted into our tribe.

"How beautiful to me—and beautiful according to the notions of the whites—was he whom I had saved from death! His slender form was graceful as the pines of my native plains; his bright curling hair soft as the fur of the beaver; his eyes were like the lakes of our forests, when the blue sky sees itself imaged therein; his voice was like the song of the brooklet, as it speeds gaily on to join the waters of some mighty stream, and his bearing was that of a chief who had seen many battles. And I, to whom he was as a being of a brighter and a better world, soon learned to love him with all the violence of one whose passions had never been subject to the control of reason. Nor was my love unrequited. He declared to me, who had made no attempt to conceal from him the feelings of my heart, that life would be hateful to him if I did not share it with him; and, though much to the grief of my father, who would not that his blood should mingle with that of the white man, we were united.

"I then was happy—for a few brief moons, beyond expression happy!—But I soon felt that my happiness was not participated by my husband, whose days were spent in silent gloom, and whose sleep was not unfrequently

broken by deep and bitter sighs. A thought—a maddening thought—would sometimes glare across my brain that I was not beloved, and the bare possibility of it would often fill my heart with resolutions of some desperate deed by which my wronged affection should be amply revenged. But happily this mood always disappeared before his slightest glance of kindness, and then would I busy myself in seeking out causes for his unhappiness. ‘He is among a people,’ said I, ‘who neither in color, language, nor religion are like those to whom he belongs, and therefore he is unhappy. Well, then, though I cannot make my complexion like to his, nor speak to him in the language which he learned from his mother, I will for his sake become a Christian.’

“I sought the hut of an old man who had come from beyond the great waters to win us from the worship of the gods of our fathers, though as yet he had met with no success commensurate with the sufferings he had undergone for that purpose; and when I told him upon what errand I had come, the failing eye of age grew bright, and the feeble voice of the old man was raised in thanksgiving to Him who had been pleased to make him the instrument in bringing in one of the poor lost ones of this world to the heavenly fold.

“I entered upon the task which love had prompted me to undertake, with an earnestness that promised a speedy accomplishment of it; and my venerable instructor, from a similar motive, but a far purer one than mine, was eager to impart to me a knowledge of those wonderful truths, which he had been set apart by heaven to promulgate. Hours, nay sometimes whole days were given up to this delightful employment; until that, which had been begun from love of a mortal, was persisted in from love of itself; for the light of truth that flowed from the burning words

of that aged man was not long in dispelling the mists of error that had rested upon my soul, and with tears of gratitude to heaven I fell at the feet of him who had guided me into the paths of salvation, and professed myself a believer in the religion of the Cross.

“As my husband had other uses for his time than to devote it to the company of one whose deep affection was her only claim upon him, my long and frequent absences from our wigwam were unnoticed by him, and I determined to keep the cause a secret until my faith should receive the seal of baptism. That happy day arrived, and, after being washed with the waters of regeneration, and made a partaker of the bread of life, I returned home to await the coming of my husband.

“It was evening when he entered; and as I sprang up to meet him, he turned coldly from me, and throwing himself upon some mats that I had piled for his couch, said, ‘I will rest me here while thou preparest supper, for I am very weary, Sakiyah.’

“‘I am no longer Sakiyah,’ I said, as I stooped to kiss his forehead. ‘I am now a Christian as thou art, and my name is one I know thou lovest, for I have often heard thee name it in thy sleep.’

“‘And what is that?’ he asked quickly.

“‘Grace,’ I answered.

“‘Yes,’ said he, after a pause, and not without a struggle, ‘it is the name of a beloved—*sister*.’ He was silent for some time, and then asked, ‘What has made thee a Christian?’ But ere I proceeded far in the little story of my conversion, he interrupted me by exclaiming, ‘deluded girl! the paganism thou hast forsaken is a thousand times preferable to the Christianity thou hast embraced!’ Alas! the being I loved—even as my own life—was one of those Christians of which my instructor had told me, who im-

pute every thing that is bad in belief and practice to a great majority of their brethren; and, though I succeeded in concealing from him the bitterness of my disappointment—a disappointment severe in proportion to the happiness I had anticipated—in the hours of darkness, as I lay by his side, I literally *watered my couch with my tears*.

“At this time the people of my nation and the whites that lived between us and the great waters, had become friends; and my husband—who seemed to forget as soon as it was made known to him that change of my religion which had given him so much dissatisfaction—now represented to me how he longed to look once more upon the face of his widowed mother, whose day of life was drawing rapidly to a close; and, after frequent importunities, prevailed upon me to obtain leave from my father to allow him to return for a brief season to his early home.

“Though I sorrowed much at his departure, I was cheered with the hope of seeing him again, as he had promised, before the feast of the next new moon; but three moons came and disappeared for ever—yet the voice of my husband was not heard in our wigwam; and while the wretchedness of my mind was gradually destroying my health, I gave birth to a male child in which, though it had the dark skin of its mother, I was rejoiced to find a copy of the features, with the blue eyes and light hair of its father.

“I now resolved to seek my husband, whom my fears were ever representing to me as either ill or dead. With this resolution I acquainted no one but my venerable instructor, who would fain have made me relinquish it; but finding his efforts unavailing, said, as he hung around my neck the rosary I have since worn, with this cross attached to it, ‘When exposed to the dangers which you cannot fail

to encounter, and you find yourself weak when your strength should be greatest, look upon this cross, and, while you call to mind the sufferings of Him of whose death it is a memorial, ask for grace from above to support you in your trials, and it will assuredly be given unto you.’ He then gave me his blessing; and when night rested on the earth, I took up my child and departed.

“For three days and nights, with the exception of a few hours of necessary but uneasy slumber, with no food but a little parched maize and dried venison, I pursued my journey. But now the fire in my blood dried up the fount from which the nourishment of my child was derived, and for many hours of the fourth day I sat upon the earth, weeping in bitterness over the little sufferer, whose weak, complaining voice pierced my very soul. At length that voice was hushed, and the gentle eyes of my babe were closed for ever; and as I hid my treasure in the earth, I said in my heart, that the future could have no trial for me greater than that which I had just passed through.

“Weak of body, but with a determined spirit, I rose from the grave of my child and resumed my journey; and in a few hours came to a village of the whites, where I was welcomed by the jeers of a crowd more barbarous than the inhabitants of my native wilds. I endeavored to make known to them the object of my visit, but every effort for that purpose was received with shouts of derision, until an old man came forward who had traded among my people in his youth. To him I related my brief story, and on concluding, gave him the name of the husband I sought.

“‘Poor girl!’ said he, ‘it were better for you to have remained in your native woods. The husband you seek is now married to another.’

“‘Tell me where to find him!’ I eagerly demanded; and he pointed

to a house a small distance from us. I sprang forward; and, as the door stood open, entered unperceived by those within.

"At a window stood a young man whose arm encircled the waist, and whose eyes were bent with an expression of unutterable fondness upon the face of a beautiful creature whose head rested on his shoulder. A single glance told me who they were; and a burning desire of vengeance took immediate possession of my soul. My first thought was to rush upon them and murder them where they stood; but while I groped for the knife with which my purpose should be executed, I grasped this little cross, and the parting advice of my teacher in Christianity, recurred with a saving power to my memory. The struggle between grace and the native feelings of my woman's heart, though severe, was short; and casting myself at the feet of him who had so wantonly trampled on the affections of one whose confidence in him was only inferior to her love, I wept.

"The old trader had followed me,

and now with friendly violence forced me from the presence of my husband; and, conducting me to his own house, strove by the kindness of himself and family to make me forget the blow received from the hand of him I loved. It was a vain endeavor. Peace would no longer inhabit a heart so utterly desolate as mine; and, in the obstinacy of grief, I refused to listen to the voice of comfort, but continued to weep until I found a temporary forgetfulness in sleep.

"With the morning light I rose; and, having partaken sparingly of the food set before me, bade adieu to my kind entertainers. Then, with no wish but to remove myself as far as possible from the author of my misery, I wandered forth, until from exhaustion I fainted in the forest, where I was found by those who rescued me from death and placed me under your maternal care. Mother—sisters, farewell! and in your prayers remember her to whose comfort you so much contributed during the brief period of her residence among you."

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Let those who ne'er
Have known the agony that rends
A mother's bosom when she bends
Above the bier
Whereon is laid,
In morn of life, the good and fair,
Her hope, pride, joy and darling care,
Thy tears upbraid—
They who companionship in woe
With thee can claim will bid them flow.

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For they are sent
To those who have just cause to grieve,
The o'ercharged bosom to relieve.
Then give them vent!
Our future years
We wrong, when nature bids us weep,
To shut within their fountains deep
Our gushing tears—
For O! each drop the heart drinks up,
More bitter makes life's bitter cup.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY MISS E. O'DRISCOLL.

THE SABBATH.

How calmly breaks the Sabbath morn, fortelling by the undisturbed quiet that pervades all nature, that this a day of rest, sanctified and made holy by the ordinances of Heaven. The bustle of activity is hushed, the tumult of commerce is stilled: every living being partakes of the universal repose; and care seems almost to have abandoned those who daily feel its bitterness, in the joy the return of this blessed day brings to their wearied spirits. The gentle sound of the bells, as they call the devout Christian to the worship of the Creator of the universe, seems pleasing to the ear, and bears with it a hallowed feeling. What a lovely appearance does it present to an attentive observer to behold with what care this Sabbath of the Lord is observed; to see group after group all wending their way to the temple of Jehovah. Beautifully appears this holy calm, this hallowed quiet, that characterize this day above all others; from the first dawn of morning when the refulgent lustre of the sun beams with a gentle ray over the silent abodes of man, to twilight's pensive hour when man returns thanks to the Giver of all Mercies for blessings vouchsafed, and prays for a renewal of them from the fountain of goodness; even in the deep watches of the night the remembrance that this is the day which the Lord God hath appointed wherein He is to be served, not by outward show, or prayer uttered by the lips—oh, no! God requires more. "Son, give me thy heart," are the words from his own

most sacred mouth, and if with the humble faith of the Christian we present our hearts before the Throne of his Divine Majesty, he will most assuredly accept it. And when, with trusting hearts, we repair to his holy temple, and offer Him the homage of our being and our life, oh, think you not his spirit hovers around us and accepts our prayers! for He has said, "*when two or three are gathered together in my name, I am in the midst of them.*" Oh! may He be ever with us, directing us in his holy law.

PAINTINGS.

There is a something peculiarly interesting and touching to the feelings, in the sight of ancient paintings.—When we behold a piece executed by some celebrated master, no matter how worn, old or nearly destroyed it may be, still there is a something whispers to us that we are beholding a relic of the past. The spirits of the departed seem lingering around a dearly loved shrine; we trace the soft lineaments, and almost imagine we behold the painter in his studio, seated at his easel, the soft light of Italy's sky streaming through the open casement. Inspiration sits upon the calm brow of the artist, and the touches of his pencil breathe life and animation over the senseless canvas. Oh! who is there that sees but the name of a Raphael, and numberless other bright and glorious geniuses, who does not feel that their very names are hallowed amid the memories of the past. By this great art, numberless beauties and events of stirring interest, have

been preserved, and transmitted from one age to another. In the rotunda of the Capitol there are several specimens of the painter's skill ; in one place we see the Father of his Country, surrounded by his family, in the calm quiet of domestic life ; and again we find him victorious in the field of glory. Who is there that does not love to gaze upon the image of a dear, a much loved friend, perhaps far away ! The waves of ocean may intervene, and in distant lands, far removed from early associations, they dwell as exiled wanderers, whom the soft tones of friendship never reach ; or perhaps they have gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Oh ! then we feel the blessings of this lovely art, when we gaze upon their portraits, and see how faithfully every feature of those beloved ones is there traced, then we love the painter, and bless and revere his glorious art.

MORNING.

There is a freshness and beauty in the early morning more than at any other time. Noon has its beauties ; enlivened by the genial rays of the mid-day sun it claims our admiration for its resplendence. Night, quiet and lovely, demands our praise. But the cool feeling, the calm serenity of a summer's morn brings the rose of health to the cheek of the invalid, and gives the tottering step, weakened by disease, elasticity and firmness. In the morning the flowers have a sweeter perfume : the various inhabitants of the garden open their petals to catch the first gentle rays of the orb of light and warmth. The birds hail this portion of the day as one of peculiar loveliness, and their grateful matin hymns ascend, in blissful unison, from every tree and bush, proclaiming the dawn of another day. Even the green blades and daisy of the field rear their heads to catch the refreshing breezes : for the scorching

heat has not yet bowed their tender leaves. Oh ! there is a peculiar charm in the morning which it is vain to search for at any other period of the day.

NATURAL SCENERY.

There is a charm in the wild, free beauty of nature, not to be surpassed by any works of art, no matter how glorious or sublime they may be. The beauties of architecture are various and wonderful, but in the course of time they must decay, though they be reared of the enduring marble, or wrought from the solid rock. But nature's architecture is varied and wonderful indeed, yet all enduring : as bright and lovely now as when the Creator first blessed his work and said that it was good.— Vain are the enchantments of art, vain are the attractions of pleasure, when compared to the works of the Deity, seen in every flower that scents the gale, or the humblest rivulet that bathes the gentle lily's roots. Oh ! how beauteous are the verdant hills, the sweet shade of the tall trees, the perfume of numberless flowers, the delicious air that enlivens and invigorates the human frame. Oh ! give me the works of God as viewed in objects that present themselves in rural scenery, and man's inventions sink to insignificance before a petal of the violet or the most tiny blade that blooms in the field.

THE SEASONS.

Every season has its own peculiar beauties. Spring, with its genial showers, enlivens nature and prepares the earth to bring forth her various productions. The snow has melted from off the ground, and the balmy breezes fill the air, the flowers are budding and putting forth their tender leaves to catch the refreshing dews, and the young blades of grass and the wild daisy spring up in every

field. But, in due course of time, spring, with all its beauty, passes; and summer, lovely summer, ripening into maturity, comes in its place.— This is truly a season to be much admired: the garden is filled with roses, and the wind, the free careless summer wind, is loaded with the perfume of the flowers, and the trees are bending low with the weight of their rich burdens. The labor of the husbandman is to be seen in the fields of waving corn and wheat. But all this too passes away; and autumn, beautiful autumn, comes with the sear and yellow leaf and the visible decay of vegetation. The trees are dismantled of their beauty, and their crackling branches are borne to the ground, and the farmer reaps the rewards of long days of toil in the burning sun, by filling his granaries with the returns of the harvest. But autumn has departed; and winter, stern, majestic winter has usurped the reign.

The winds blow shrill and clear, and the hoar frost covers the frozen ground, and the hail patters against the window. One of the greatest beauties of this season is the snow-storm, when the earth is shrouded from our view by its pure white covering. Thus in their various turns roll round the seasons, ordained by God, who in his wisdom formed this order for the benefit of the human family. In spring, the soft melody of the feathered songster charms our ear, and in summer the forests resound with the music of numberless birds; and even when winter has stripped the trees and bushes of their leaves, the little snow-bird may oft be seen skipping from one icicle to another and delighting in his solitary chirrupings. Thus all conduces to our own happiness. God is our benefactor; and we should bow in grateful homage before the throne of his Divine Majesty.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER III.

O mare, O marc non so, l'ampie e profonda

Tue vie tentar.

O mare immenso, O immenso rivo, O Dio!
FRANZONI.

‘*O the depths of the riches of God!*’ exclaims St. Paul, when, in his mood of inspiration and rapture, he contemplated the attributes of Him who is. Infinitely beyond the loftiest flights of the human mind, lies the nature of our Creator. His mode of existence may be revealed to us, we never can comprehend it. The sublimest orders of the heavenly hierarchy,

bow down in prostrate adoration— and unable to penetrate into the *light inaccessible*, in which he has made his throne, they rend the heavens with their exclamations: “Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts.”

“It is objected, Mr. Clermont, that God is essentially one, and therefore cannot be three in persons,” Elizabeth remarked.

“It is but an objection,” replied Charles, “God is, indeed, but one in nature, but we are commanded to believe, that there are three persons in one and the same God.”

“The Unitarian does not admit any

such command ; upon what grounds do you establish it ?”

“Charles, you must again have recourse to your author ; he will, no doubt, clear up the point,” said Emilie.

“We are bound to believe all that God has revealed ; can this proposition be called in question ?” asked Charles.

“Certainly not,” replied Elizabeth.

“But how are we to know what he has revealed, except from Scripture and tradition ? From both of these sources it will, then, be necessary for me to adduce authorities substantiating the august doctrine of the Trinity ; and that can easily be done. First from the pages of the ancient Testament : for it is of vital importance to know what the Jews believed on these disputed subjects : and this belief will be the best criterion, by which to judge of many essential, but controverted points of doctrine. On this, I think, we must all agree. For, as the Jews were once the people of God, and the true believers, what they professed as a people, could not but be true because it must have been revealed. And if once true, it must always be so ; for truth, like its eternal author, is unchangeable.”

“Well, then, Mr. Clermont, can it be proved that the doctrine of the Trinity was revealed to the children of Abraham ?” asked Elizabeth.

“My author states,” returned Charles, “that it never was *expressly* revealed to them, that there are three persons, namely, the Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost—but—”

“It is not necessary that there should have been an *express* revelation of this particular,” interrupted Elizabeth ; “all I seek to know is, whether there can be adduced passages from the ancient Testament, obscurely, or indirectly insinuating, that in the God-head there is more than one person.”

“There can undoubtedly be cited such passages ; even from the very

first text in Genesis, according to several Holy Fathers, the doctrine of the plurality of persons, may be deduced : ‘In the beginning *God* created the Heaven and the earth :* ‘and the *Spirit* of the *Lord* was carried upon the waters.’† Here is mention made of three : viz. *God*, the *Spirit*, and the *Lord*. This interpretation is given particularly by Origen, who flourished in the third century, and is ranked among the most learned of the primitive Fathers : and his interpretation is admitted by St. Augustin, in his treatise on the book of Genesis.”

“These are great names, names whose authority I venerate, and to whose learning, wisdom, and piety, I pay, with all the world, a merited tribute and homage.”

“I am glad to hear you express yourself in such terms of the ancient Fathers of the church,” said Charles. “Were their authority equally respected by our friends, there would be more to unite themselves to the Catholic church : for, then, it seems to me, the more we examine and reflect, the more shall we feel convinced that the Fathers were beyond doubt Catholics. You, perhaps, have read or heard the declaration of St. Augustin, who averred, that were it not for the authority of the Catholic church, he would not have consented to admit the divine inspiration of the Scriptures.”

“*He* surely was a Catholic,” said Elizabeth, smiling—“no one can call that fact in question.”

“And so were all the holiest and wisest of men down to the Reformation,” remarked Charles ; “down to the Reformation I am aware that the virtues and authority of the Fathers had little weight with Luther ; and, indeed, it would have been very surprising if they had : because their doctrines and maxims are all in direct contradiction to his.”

* Chap. I. verse 1.

† Verse 2.

"He was a profane and lawless character, indeed," said Elizabeth.

"This every sensible man must be convinced of, who will take the trouble to peruse his strange interview with Satan, as related by himself: in which we are informed that he was induced by the persuasion of this dark and infernal instructor to abolish the mass.

"Nevertheless, he has followers!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "How depraved is human nature!—but Mr. Clermont, we are losing sight of our great question—will you be kind enough to continue the proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity?"

"We read in Genesis,"* resumed Charles, "that when the Almighty determined to create man, he thus addressed himself: 'Let *us* make man to our own image and likeness:'" in this passage is denoted a plurality of persons; and consequently, the Trinity is obscurely shadowed out."

"Let us make man," repeated Elizabeth, as it were pondering over each word—"the Almighty speaks in the plural number—but so do kings."

"I confess this text would not have much weight," said Charles, "had it not been interpreted in favor of the Trinity, by some of the most ancient Fathers, amongst whom, are particularly quoted, by my author, Origen, Basil, Chrysostom, and Ambrose. Of course, no matter how obscure the text may be, it is manifest, from these authorities, that the Trinity was believed by the primitive Christians, by whom, as well as by us, those Fathers were esteemed as oracles. And what the primitive Christians believed must have been the true faith, and what was the true faith in their time, is equally so at the present era, and shall continue the same for ever. But allow me to continue. We read in the Psalms, the following verse: 'May *God* bless

us, *our God*, may *God* bless us?† The name of God is here mentioned thrice. In the first and last place, says my author, as the Father and the Holy Ghost; in the second place, as our Saviour.

"For this reason we may suppose it is, that in the second instance, the pronoun *our*, is placed before God, as the second person, having become our Saviour, is in a striking manner, *our God*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "if Calvary could speak, it would tell how deservedly he is ours!"

"To remind us of his sufferings on Calvary, we raise the crucifix on our altars," said Charles.

"I have never, but once, entered the vestibule of a Catholic church, and then—O what emotions—" She could not finish her sentence—tears rolled from her eyes, and her heart was full.

"Dear Elizabeth, you are over-come," said Paulina. "Charles, continue your subject—"

"I wish to observe," resumed Elizabeth, wiping away her tears with her handkerchief, "that when I cast my eye upon the image of our Redeemer expiring on the cross, the reflection strongly forced itself upon my mind, that in your churches only, do we perceive the crucifix—the emblem of all our hopes, and the instrument of our redemption."

"And the Catholics are the only Christians who continue the ancient custom of making the sign of the cross, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," added Emilie; "a custom to which Protestants object, because it is followed by the Catholics; I cannot see what other objection they can have to it."

"And the Unitarians object to it," remarked Elizabeth, "because it professes the doctrine of the Trinity."

* Chapter I. verse 26.

† Ps. lxvi. verse 8.

"The truth of that dogma," continued Charles, "is again supported by the text from Isaiah: 'Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of armies.*' Holy is thrice repeated, denoting three persons, and that each of them is God. These testimonies, I think, may suffice, dear Miss Preston, to show that the Jews had, if not a clear, at least an obscure, idea of the most sacred mystery of the Trinity."

"I am convinced that they had, Mr. Clermont, and, though educated in the contrary belief, I am now satisfied, that it is the duty of every Christian to admit and adore it."

"I will now adduce the passages from the New Testament, which positively inculcate the doctrine," said Charles.

"My dear Elizabeth," said Constantia, "we do not pretend to understand the mystery of the Trinity. It were pride and presumption to think of understanding what is infinite. As well might we attempt to fathom the eternity of the Godhead. But I will remark that the Unitarian admits no mystery in religion, and a thousand in nature."

"Singular inconsistency," exclaimed Elizabeth.

"He cannot understand his own existence. He cannot understand how the soul acts upon the body—how he thinks, moves, and wills. He cannot understand the grass he treads on: every thing in nature is a mystery to him. And if he refuses to believe, merely because he cannot comprehend, I do not see why he does not reject the very existence of the Supreme Being—because, as I just said, who can comprehend his nature! How he has existed without any beginning, and will exist for ever and ever. And yet he will be the first, as he casts his eyes over creation, to exclaim:

Chap. verse 36.

'Here recognise the God who rules above,
And causes all to live, and act, and move:
His hand divine indelibly impressed,
His own bright image on my mortal breast.
And scarce had reason dawned upon my mind,
I felt he was the Lord of human kind.'

Faith requires docility of mind; the proud cannot possess it. And without faith, what is man? Philosophy never can supply its place. This, all past ages have proved, and the infidelity of France has illustrated in a manner the most conclusive. The philosopher, who is destitute of religion, is far from being a wise man, whilst the simplest peasant, with religion and faith, is more wise than the impious sage."

"Of this truth, I am becoming more perfectly convinced, the farther we advance into the details of this august subject," said Elizabeth. "Already, do I begin to feel that consolation which religious faith can alone inspire, and without which, as I have somewhere read, the mazy labyrinth which it is our destiny to thread below, will be inextricable and covered with darkest gloom. Through that labyrinth, the seraph Faith, with the sacred torch of religion, will guide and cheer our pilgrim way."

CHAPTER IV.

Gloria Summa Patris, natiq̃ue, et Flaminis almi

Una eademque tribus Natura...una protestas

Majestas eadem. VIDA.

"It will be proper for you, Charles, to produce the principal texts from the New Testament, shewing the doctrine of the Trinity," said Emilie.

"Elizabeth will no doubt be pleased, and her faith will be strengthened."

"I thank you for the suggestion, Emilie, 'I am very desirous to hear those passages.'"

"My author," returned Charles, "before quoting those texts, makes some preliminary remarks, which appear to me both instructive and ingenious. He observes, that the idea of the Trinity, may be derived from the universe, in which every kind of beings are divided into three classes. For instance, spiritual beings—the angels—are divided into three hierarchies, and each hierarchy into three orders—again the human soul is endowed with three faculties: will, memory, and understanding—in the latter, particularly, there appears a vivid image of the Trinity; for the soul is one, and indivisible, and yet it has three distinct faculties or powers; yet, each of these powers is perfectly distinct, one from the other, and yet the soul continues simple and one.

"How incomprehensible is the constitution of the human soul! By the will, man can choose for himself, either good or evil—by the memory, he can treasure up in his mind whatever he reads, hears, or sees; and by the understanding, he can reason, deduce consequences, and discriminate according to his pleasure."

"Oh! what a pity, that these faculties are so much abused," ejaculated Elizabeth.

"Alas! nothing is more abused than they are; returned Charles, "the understanding, which, like a sun in the soul, was lighted there by the Creator, to dissipate the darkness of perverse nature, is too often shrouded in obscurity: the passions extinguish, or at least greatly obscure it, and the will being vitiated, and the memory retentive only of what can afford pleasure to the senses, the nature of man degenerates from its lofty destination, and is degraded down to the level of the brute creation. Yet this is all the consequence of a perverse use of free-will.

"The pathetic apostrophe of our Saviour to the obdurate city of Jeru-

salem, has often caused me to think, how strangely man may err, of his own choice, from duty and happiness, and harden his soul against the appeals of grace.

"I allude as you know, to these words, so beautiful and pathetic: 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often have I wished to gather thy children, even as the hen gathereth her little ones under her wings, and *thou wouldst not.*' Yes, from this passage it is too lamentably evident that the Jews made a bad use of the freedom of their wills; because our Saviour expressly says, that they *would not*; and this proves another important doctrine of the Church, that of free-will."

"It is passing strange, that any reasonable sect, calling themselves Christians, could question the free-will of man," remarked Elizabeth.

"And yet Luther has written a treatise against free-will," said Charles. "He styles it *de seruo arbitrio*! According to him man is a mere automaton, and all the followers of the monk of Witemberg, are the creatures of dire necessity. Of course, they cannot merit, nor can they sin—because sin is wilful—not compulsory.

"If this were so, why did God give commandments? and why does he threaten the wicked with eternal punishments, and promise the just eternal rewards?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "without the true faith to guide us, we are the victims of every extravagance and error."

"Faith will form the subject of a future conversation, if you should desire it, Miss Preston," said Charles.

"Virginia Wolburn recommended that I should enter carefully and thoroughly into that great subject—and I will not fail to follow her advice, and profit by the opportunity now offered by your instruction.

"My author treats that topic in a manner which cannot but interest you, but we must first examine the texts from the New Testament, which prove the doctrine of the Trinity as set forth in the Athanasian creed."

"What is the doctrine of the Athanasian creed," enquired Elizabeth. "Will you be pleased to inform me?"

"This is the Catholic Faith," read Charles, "that we believe one God in three persons, and venerate three persons in the Unity of the Godhead: neither confounding the persons, nor separating the substances. The person of the Father, is different from that of the Son, and that of the Son, is different from that of the Holy Ghost. But of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the divinity is the same, their glory equal, their majesty co-eternal.....the Father immense; the Son immense; the Holy Ghost immense. The Father is eternal; the Son eternal; the Holy Ghost eternal: and yet there are not three immense, but one immense: not three eternal, but one eternal.

"This is a sublime and incomprehensible doctrine, but the doctrine of the Catholic church. And not only of the Catholic, but the Protestant, also—which has been handed down to our times. This creed was composed by St. Athanasius, from whom it derives its name."

"In what age did he flourish?" asked Elizabeth.

"In the fourth age," returned Charles, "at an era, when the divinity of Christ, and of course the Trinity, was attacked by the Arians."

"Was the doctrine of Athanasius the doctrine of the orthodox church?" asked Elizabeth.

"It was: and that holy man, was a victim to the fury of the heterodox party. In his creed is contained the dogma of the Trinity, as it was then believed, as it has been believed in

all succeeding ages, and as it is believed, at this day, by the Catholic Church."

"I most firmly acquiesce in the belief of that dogma," said Elizabeth with great earnestness of manner, and clasping her hands with deep emotion and fervour, "I bow down my mind with all its faculties, and adore the three persons of the Trinity."

"Our blessed Saviour himself," continued Charles, "has distinctly revealed this mystery, in more than one part of his sacred Scriptures. For instance, when he gave the solemn commission to his apostles, and their successors, to carry his gospel through the whole world; when he commanded them to preach to Jews and to Pagans, the saving truths which he had communicated to them; when he enjoined on them the indispensable duty of baptizing all who should believe, this was to be done in the name of the Trinity."

"In what part of the Testament is this fact recorded?" asked Elizabeth.

"In the twenty-eighth chapter of St. Matthew."

"Will you oblige me by repeating the words of our Saviour?"

"They are these: 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: baptizing them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* The Trinity could not be more unequivocally made known to us, the language is plain—and it would appear incontrovertible; and still the Unitarians deny the mystery. How can they get over such explicit terms?'"

"I have often asked them this question, and invariably received the same answer."

"And what answer did you receive?"

"Why, they sheltered themselves from the truth, under the old difficulty.

*Verse 19.

Its incomprehensibility ! — Strange subterfuge !”

“Upon this principle, they might, and even should, to be consistent, deny the motion of the earth,” said Emilie, “since they do not comprehend how this can exist.”

“In the text cited before,” said Charles, “there are two important points of faith inculcated, neither of which is admitted by the Unitarian, and one of which only is admitted by many denominations of the present day. The first is that which we have already been discussing.”

“And what is the other, Mr. Clermont ?” asked Elizabeth, begging to be excused for interrupting him.

“The other is baptism,” he replied : “the unconditional necessity of which is implied in the text in question, and distinctly marked in several other parts of the instructions of the Redeemer.”

“There might appear some shadow of reason why the Protestant denies the necessity of infant baptism,” said Elizabeth, “but how the Quaker can reject baptism altogether, is to me inconceivable—since he styles himself a Christian.”

“Especially, as our Saviour himself deigned to be baptized by John the Baptist,” remarked Paulina. “If baptism be an idle, useless ceremony, why did the Redeemer suffer John to perform it on his own divine person ? and how could the Holy Ghost, appearing over the Jordan’s waters in the shape of a dove, give his sanction to it, if it were useless ? By the by, Charles, the plurality of persons in the Godhead is clearly evinced from the fact to which you allude. For, if Christ was divine—he was one person of the Godhead—and the Holy Ghost who appeared, was another person—but it can be proved that Christ is divine.”

“That subject will be cleared up to Elizabeth’s satisfaction—no doubt,” said Emilie.

“Therefore,” continued Paulina, “there are at least two persons—”

“This is very plain,” said Elizabeth, ere Paulina could finish her sentence, “and as to the divinity of Christ, though I wish to discuss that subject with you likewise, I do not see how I can doubt it at all.”

“In the Gospel of St. John,” resumed Charles, “the Trinity of persons is taught by the beloved disciple, and it may be well to cite the text at large. It is taken from the first epistle of St. John, chapter the fifth, verse the seventh : ‘For there are three that bear testimony in heaven ; the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost—and these THREE are ONE !’”*

“This text brings to my recollection some pretty lines, by Euphrasia Spencer ; which, though not from an experienced pen, are not without force and accuracy :

‘There are three in the Heaven of Heaven :

The Father, the Spirit, the Word ;
All-Glorious, Omnipotent, Even,
And Each our Creator and Lord.

The Father, the Spirit of love,
And the Saviour of nations—the Son :
These three bear their witness above :
And, these Three, bearing witness,
are ONE.”

“Really Euphrasia writes with taste,” exclaimed Elizabeth.

“Well enough, for a young lady,” said Charles, smiling.

“And perhaps, better than many a young gentleman,” retorted Paulina,

* Although the authenticity of this famous text is now questioned by the gravest theologians, nevertheless, as it is found in the body of the sacred writings, and has been handed down from the earliest ages, it cannot but bear weightily on the subject under consideration. Especially as it has been quoted by some of the ancient fathers of the church.

in good humor. "At any rate, her lines are perfectly orthodox and scriptural; she is now solemnly convinced of the doctrine of the Trinity. For, you must remark, Elizabeth, that Euphrasia was originally a Unitarian, but after examining the subject thoroughly as you have done,—after having investigated the subject, she became convinced, and under her first, fervent convictions, she wrote the lines which I have just cited."

"Most cordially do I repeat and believe," said Elizabeth:

"And these Three bearing witness, are one."

"This doctrine is, in every respect, conformable to that of St. Paul," added Charles: "who, in concluding his second Epistle to the Corinthians, thus addressed them:† 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.' Nothing could be plainer than these expressions, and still are they tortured from their meaning. But what will not men have recourse to, when they are determined to uphold their opinions, and persevere in their errors. Alas! my dear Miss Preston, the world is full of errors, which pretend to trace their origin to the Holy Scriptures. From the earliest times, has Scripture been misunderstood; and St. Peter positively affirms, that the unstable and unlearned wrested the epistles of St. Paul to their destruction. And of how many may not the same be said at the present day? In reading the second epistle of St. Paul to Timothy, I know not what sensations were excited in my bosom, at the prediction of that Apostle of the Gentiles, of what was to be the state of things *in the last days*, to use his own terms."

"Without applying it to any particular denomination, or class of men,"

said Constantia, "for charity forbids us to be too harsh—we should rather pity our erring brethren—read the passage to us, Charles."

"I assure you, Constantia, and you know it to be true, many a tear have I shed over the condition of some of our dear dissenting friends, in whom are combined all the tenderest sympathies and charities, and who, were they only members of the true church, would be perfect."

"Yes, Charles, I frequently have seen you excessively affected on many occasions—but your sensibility and charity should not prevent you from quoting the language of Scripture—you will make no personal application of it."

In compliance with his sisters' request, Charles Clermont took from his pocket a neat edition of the New Testament, and turning over to the Second Epistle of Paul to Timothy, read as follows: * "Know also this, that, in the last days, shall come on dangerous times, men shall be lovers of themselves, covetous, haughty, proud, blasphemers.....ungrateful, wicked, without affection, without peace, slanderers, incontinent, unmerciful, without kindness; traitors, stubborn, puffed up, and lovers of pleasures, more than of God. Having an appearance, indeed, of godliness, but denying the power thereof—now these avoid: For of this sort are they that creep into houses, and lead captive silly womenever learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth."

"How correct and striking a picture of our own times!" exclaimed Emilie; "there is no one that sets up as a preacher, but can find some followers."

"And this has been the case from the beginning of christianity," remarked Charles. "Simon Magus had followers—so had Nicholas; so had Ebion, Cerinthus, Manes, Elxai, Va-

* Corinth. chap. xiii. verse. 13.

* Corinth. chap. 3.

lentinus, Arius, Nestorius, Eutyches, and all the primitive heresiarchs. It is not then to be wondered at, if more modern dogmatizers should have been no less successful in attracting abettors around their persons. It is, I repeat it, by no means astonishing, especially, as Christ and his Apostles have foretold, that such should be the case, to the end of time. When Berengarius, the first dogmatizer who presumed to preach against the eucharist, dared to stand alone in his new doctrine, against the entire world, it was not long before he procured some unstable followers to embrace his novelty."

"If Berengarius was the first to call in question the real presence," said Elizabeth, "the whole world must have believed it before his day."

"And the whole world did believe it. Berengarius repented and died in the bosom of the church," said Charles. "But this topic is foreign from our present discussions—you will examine that hereafter, when you will have an opportunity of conversing on the subject with some of our clergy."

"God grant that that opportunity may offer itself, Mr. Clermont," returned Elizabeth,—"but I see little prospect of it at present—Papa is so prejudiced; although he has no faith—and openly boasts, that he looks upon faith as an absurdity."

"I have had occasion to know his sentiments, Miss Elizabeth; while he calls himself an Unitarian, he is in principle, a Deist."

"I fear it is too true," sighed Elizabeth, "and mamma and sister are so religious in their way, so sincere in their profession of Unitarianism, that they would regard it almost impious in me, to express a sentence fa-

vorable towards the Catholic religion.

"We were aware of this disposition in your otherwise excellent family," said Charles.

"Papa remarked the other day, when the subject of Virginia Wolburn's conversion was introduced, that if any of his family were to take such a step, he would——" Elizabeth was here overcome—a conflict of love for her father, and duty to embrace that faith which she was convinced could be the only true one, agitated her bosom, and roused all her sensibilities.

"But, I trust, oh, I confidently trust," she continued, "that he will always prove a father to me."

"If your father should reason on the subject——"

"He has an insuperable aversion to controversy."

"Could he not be induced to read some Catholic works?" asked Charles.

"Nothing, I think, could induce him."

"This is the most lamentable state to which the mind can be brought. I never was more astonished, than when I read a letter from Governor Raymunde, in which he states, that he had all his life avoided disputed points of religion: and that, although he had been a constant reader for forty years, he had never perused a page of any writer, upon any controverted point of religion. In this particular, the Governor does not evince much wisdom: he has devoted himself to human studies, to controversial points of law, science, literature, &c.; but he deems the grandest and sublimest of all disquisitions, unworthy his time, or his attention. And this is often the case with many of our *great men*."

WORKS NEWLY DISCOVERED BY CARDINAL MAI.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of the many invaluable works which this most eminent scholar and illustrious Cardinal has discovered and published: but merely to direct the attention of the reader to some remarks which he makes in his analysis of the unpublished writings of St. Cyril. They are as follows:

"I may be asked why I have edited in Greek only St. Cyril and some few authors embraced in this my new collection? The reason is, that being, thus to speak, embarrassed by the abundance and number of good writers whom I every day discover, and pressed, on the other hand, by the want of time and leisure, I believed it would be more useful and important to give publicity to some precious remnants of sacred antiquity—and thus to rescue them, perhaps, from total destruction. It is on this account that I have been so avaricious of my pages.

For the rest, if God spares my life, it is my design to translate into Latin at least the extracts of St. Cyril, so that persons unacquainted with the Greek, may not be deprived of the knowledge of the doctrine of this holy father.

In fact, we see him, almost in every page, teaching and defending the divinity of the Word, and all the divine economy of his ineffable incarnation; as well as the doctrine of the two natures and two operations of Jesus Christ. He professes openly and clearly several dogmas of Christian theology, such as the institution of the sacrament of penance, the aid and necessity of divine grace, the resurrection of the flesh, the immortality of the soul and the eternity of

punishments. He refutes the Gentiles, the Jews, the Macedonians, the Eutycheans, the Phantasiasts, the Marcionites, and the Manicheans; in a word, all heretics, whom he styles the *Gates of Hell*. But those whom he combats more particularly are the Arians and Nestorians; those, as bishop of the city which gave birth to Arius, these, as being a pest which spread on all sides, and which he contributed much to check. He explains, with admirable eloquence, the evangelical parables, the Lord's prayer, the sermon of our Saviour, the treasures of the divine bounty. He celebrates the perpetual virginity of Mary, and her divine maternity; he shows, in the happiest manner, the conformity between the ancient and New Testament, the gospel and Moses and the Prophets, and Paul and the Psalmist. He introduces into the discussion, with a kind of spontaneity and force of mind, the most beautiful interpretations. He accumulates and scatters—thus to speak—in great abundance, moral admonitions on the shunning of pleasures, the pardon of injuries, paternal love, apostolic life, moral courage to preserve the orthodox faith among heretics, fervent prayer, efficacy of fasting, hatred of the world, contempt of riches, etc. etc.

In a word, St. Cyril clearly teaches the mystery of the real presence of Christ under the eucharistic veil; and even confirms the dogma of transubstantiation by these words: "It was necessary that, by the Holy Ghost, God himself should dwell in us in a manner the most fitting, and that he should spread himself, if the term may be used, through our bodies, by means of his body and precious

blood which we possess by his vivifying benediction in the bread and wine. *For, lest we should be seized with fear, if we were to see the body and the blood offered before our eyes on the sacred tables of the Churches, God, who indulges our weaknesses, inspires a vital force into the species, and transmutes them into the reality of his body.*"

He then concludes his discourse with this remarkable sentence: "*And do not begin to doubt whether this is true or not, since he has expressly said: THIS IS MY BODY, THIS IS MY BLOOD; on the contrary, receive with faith the word of the Saviour, who being truth itself, does not deceive.*"*

To this unequivocal testimony what will the innovators of our times be able to reply?

There is extant also, a very beautiful homily of St. Cyril on the Eucharist, which has before been published by Auberts; and was proba-

bly the last he addressed to his people, as in it he says that he was weighed down with the burden of life, and so stooped and feeble, as to be hardly able to stand upon his feet. He defended the Catholic belief by proving from Scripture, *the consecration takes place by the words of Jesus Christ.* This homily, as I have just said, was probably his last: the former was, beyond doubt, the first which he addressed to his people as archbishop, as he mentions in it that he had just succeeded to Theophilus.†

With regard to the supremacy of the Pope, he thus expresses himself, in alluding to the Council of Ephesus, under Celestine: "Of this we have a witness worthy of belief, the most holy *archbishop of all the world*, Celestine, the Father and Patriarch of the great City of Rome."

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES,

IN THE PASCHAL TIME.†

Tristes erant Apostoli, &c.

I.

Depressed and sad the apostles were,
Because of Christ's dread agony:
By impious hirelings doomed to die,
In cruel pain upon the tree.

II.

But to the women soon appeared
The angel who proclaimed him risen †
And Christ will soon with gladness fill
His flock triumphant from death's prison.

* St. Cyril died in 444. † In 412, Cyril was made archbishop of Alexandria.
† At Vespers and Matins.

III.

Quick to the apostles as they fly,
With joy their anxious hearts to inspire,
They find, in person Christ had left
Where now they stood, his tracks of fire.

IV.

To Galilee's high mountain tops
The apostles hasten—and behold!
The glory of their master beams
Around them—as he had foretold.

V.

That thou, O Jesus, to our hearts
A paschal joy may'st ever be,
Asunder burst the grave of sin,
And to a new life set us free.

VI.

Glory to God the Father sing
And to the Son, triumphant o'er
The grave, and to the Paraclete,
For ever and for ever more.

HYMN FOR ONE MARTYR.*

Invicte martyr, unicum, &c.

I.

Martyr, who, with undaunted soul,
Following the Father's only Son,
Didst triumph o'er thy earthly foes,—
And now enjoy'st a heavenly crown.

II.

We pray thee; lend thy powerful aid
To rescue us from sin and strife:
Shield us from evil—and dispel
The weary languor of this life.

III.

The galling fetters now are burst,
Which here thy holy body bound:
Oh! by the gracious gift of God,
Break those which bind us to the ground.

IV.

Unto the Father and the Son,
And holy Paraclete, to thee—
Be glory as it ever was,
And is, through all eternity.

* At Lauds.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY A CONVERT,

As Christ the Saviour of the world is infallible, so likewise is his church of which he is the chief corner-stone. Obedience to the Lord our God, who commanded us to hear the church, is the beginning of wisdom: For he says: "He who heareth you, heareth me;" and according to the apostle, "the Church is the pillar and ground of truth;" the infallible truth of God's word must therefore be the standard of the same church, which always is, and always was, the same, from the beginning.

If any of your readers should hesitate to give full credence to the foregoing passage, then let him read the following: "The spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him: but you shall know; because he shall abide with you, and shall be in you. This is my commandment, that you love one another, as I have loved you. They are not of the world: as I also am not of the world. And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in me. All things are delivered to me by my Father. And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world, for a testimony to all nations, &c. Heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass away. He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth. And to Simon Peter he said: Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt

loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven. You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid. Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When he had said this, he breathed on them; and he said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost: Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them: And whose sins you shall retain, they are retained. I am with you all days to the consummation of the world. I am the life and the resurrection. All that shall come to me, shall live, and I will be their Father. I abide in the Father, and the Father abides in me. I and the Father are one: The Alpha and the Omega: The beginning and the end." When it is considered that the wisdom of man is but foolishness in the sight of God, it would be unwise indeed to take up our stand on opposite ground.

The great efforts which Protestants are constantly making to excite feelings of disgust and animosity, against the pretended danger of what they are—by way of derision and contempt—pleased to call Popery, has been hitherto attended with no worse effect than that of keeping the watchmen of our Sion on the alert. How men can reconcile their profession of gospel charity, with the bitter invectives, and outrageous imputations, or wilful perversion by misrepresentation of Catholic principles, against that church, it is impossible to conceive; yet so they do. If unity, concord in the bond of charity, can harmonize so many nations, tribes and tongues and people, in the same worship of truth, can it be thought possible that a system which promotes that

unity, concord, &c., should have its origin in corruption. Can any man be so silly as to believe so foul a calumny? Are their senses so perverted that they cannot behold the truth without being offended? Or can they suppose that a system of that magnitude could be for only one day maintained without the strong hand of a gracious Providence? Surely, though Protestants lay claim to the exclusive monopoly of Bible authority, we can tell them that the sacred volume in no ways sanctions a spirit of hostility which the name of "Protestant" virtually implies. Will mere argument be sufficient to compass what Catholics candidly confess to be above human reason? He who declared, saying—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, Him the Roman Catholic worships in all the attributes wherein he chooses to make himself known to us—firmly believing his gracious presence both corporally and spiritually in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist: and moreover most truly believing that, by a real communion of his body and blood under the sanctified elements of his heavenly gift, the grace of the spirit, virtually accompanies the substance; and being thus sanctified through grace, we cannot but rejoice at the gracious condescension of the Lord, who is not ashamed to enter the roof of such unworthy creatures as we are. The word of the Lord is a sufficient warrant, and he cannot deceive. He will not give us a stone for bread, nor a serpent for a fish. But he plainly tells us that the bread he will give us to eat, is his (own) flesh, for the life of the world. There is nothing unreasonable in this; except in the eyes of the Jews to whom it proves a stumbling block.

As the union of the spirit with the flesh forms the identity of the creature, which, through sin, has fallen from grace, the love of the Father sendeth his own Son, the *only be-*

gotten of the Father, begotten, not made as we are of dust; but begotten of the spirit, and made flesh incorruptible, that we may rise from this corruptible to incorruption, by the same incorruptible nature's highest gift which was offered a sacrifice of grace, for the great end of making us one with Christ: wherefore he is also called the bread of life, which came down from heaven. Shall we then despise the heavenly gifts? God forbid. What the spirit doeth in secret, we cannot know; and if it so be, that we are united to God through the flesh of the Son, in the manner thus appointed by him, we have also a will to embrace the gracious offer with thankful hearts towards the giver: not in the wisdom of the flesh, but in the faith of Christ. For we read in the Scriptures which are given for instruction: "Seek not the things that are too high for thee, and search not into things above thy ability," &c. &c. It is not for us to scrutinize what the heart cannot comprehend; but to believe the word of Him who cannot deceive. But in order to supply our wants in this our imperfect state of mental weakness, the Lord, in his great mercy, has cast forth the anchor of faith as the safest means to lay hold of. Blessed is the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.

The great desire which sectarian zeal is ever anxious to display for the increase of their divided flocks, at the expence of other Christian communities, is extremely erroneous and dangerous to the peace of Christianity. If this were done with a view to bring the scattered sheep home to the one sheepfold, and to breathe harmony and brotherly love into the bosom of the church, their zeal would be praiseworthy. By conversion, we understand a change from an imperfect to a more perfect state of Christianity; from a state of ignorance to the knowledge and practice of the same; and not a change from one sect to another,

as if with a new wind of doctrine, which will not make the pretended convert the better for it. The honor of true religion is not to thwart the efforts of the church to maintain the unity of all its members in the faith, in the bond of peace, according to the wisdom of doctrine. No plea, whatsoever, can justify a departure from this law. The title of Christian, is necessarily associated with a consciousness of his being a member of the universal or CATHOLIC church in Christ, and not conspiring against her peace, as some are doing at this present day. We are commanded to hear the church, on pain of being numbered with publicans and heathens, or persons who may be considered as outcasts of the church. If, for the sake of peace and order, obedience to the authority of the civil law is necessary, how much more so to ecclesiastical authority, under the sanction of the gospel, to which all spiritual matters of doctrine and discipline, must be necessarily referred, and voluntary obedience be paid, by the rule of faith. As Christ, himself, teaches by the agency of ministers selected from amongst men, and approved of by the church of which he is the chief corner stone; we are justified in believing that the same is infallible as Christ is himself infallible. This is the basis on which the authority of the church is founded. If it were not so, satan would have long succeeded in overturning the great fabric of Christ's appointment, by backing the efforts of unbelievers, who are perpetually assailing the sacred temple of their aversion. Notwithstanding the aid of this, his auxiliary force, the scheme which he is ever anxious to carry into execution, will prove at last, to be the means of strengthening the more, those walls, he desires to demolish.

The selfish policy of human wisdom, under pretence of gathering, scatters the flock, by throwing the

firebrand of discord amongst them, contrary to the ways and justice of God. For such a contradictory course of proceeding, must needs open the door to all manner of profane controversies, tending to debase the sacredness of holy writ, and thus set religion wholly aside, for the more convenient dogma of pagan morality or Socinianism, to the entire exclusion of the doctrinal precepts of Christ's divinity.

In these stormy seasons of religious warfare, it is no small consolation to the sincere Christian to be assured, that the unbroken transmission of the sacred deposits of the pure word of God, remains untouched by the sacrilegious hand of the mockers and scoffers, who seem to take great delight in setting up for a standard their reformed creed, as a model of evangelical perfection, in opposition to the venerable church at whose altar the name of the adorable Jesus is invoked from the rising of the sun to the going down, that is, in every region of the earth.

It is, however, not surprising, that after all these extravagant vaporings against the Catholic faith, not a few of those that have erred from the church, by embracing Protestantism, seek to return to its bosom. That this is, and ever will be the case, with those, who, in their wanderings from the straight way of doctrine, find their mistake when they discover at last that true religion is not to be found in the troubled waters of eternal strife and contention, may be gathered from Mr. Boswell's narrative of his table talk of Dr. Johnson, where he says: "Sir William Scott tells that he heard Johnson say, a man who is converted from Protestantism to popery, may be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism, gives up so much of what he held sacred as any thing that he retains; there is so much *lacera-*

tion of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." The truth of this reflection may be confirmed by many and eminent instances, some of which will occur to most readers.

Here, then, we have the testimony of Protestant authority of unquestionable veracity. The reason why a convert from the Catholic faith, to Protestantism, cannot be sincere and lasting, may be easily accounted for, but hardly understood by Protestants, to whom the avenue to the knowledge of the Catholic faith (which, for obvious reasons, is always misrepresented by its opposers), is shut up, by the interest which is constantly exerted by Protestant divines, as well as by the generality of their press, to divert the attention of their followers from a too close examination of that spiritual union which reigns throughout the Catholic world, and the *true* grounds on which that church is founded, strengthened and perpetuated. Yet, contrary to the spirit of Christian charity and gospel authority, such conduct as this, is not only countenanced but applauded in all circles of

Protestants; and there is no falsehood too absurd, or too gross, when urged against Popery, but is sure to obtain for the author, the credit of a true Protestant, which title is sufficiently significant of the hostile character which it bears on its front.

That this Catholic union can never be entirely broken until we cease to keep faith with Christ, must be evident to every one who is sincerely convinced that no earthly power can destroy God's building which is firmly cemented by its HOLINESS, SANCTITY, APOSTOLICITY and CATHOLICITY, or agreement and concord in the sublimity of its doctrine founded on the unerring truth of the gospel. Let them that are staring at the grand solemnity of what they behold, ponder on the mysterious cause which disposes so many souls in almost every part of the globe, to worship at the same shrine of the cross, and they will come to the almost certain conclusion, that no combination of human policy could produce such an effect. None but he who said "I will be with you all days," could do the work.

BISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

The following "answer" would not again have been brought before the public, were it not for the name of the author. Any thing from the pen of Archbishop Carroll must excite the public interest. It will, besides, show how circumstances have changed, from the year 1792, to the year 1842. The Catholic religion, of which he may be styled the founder, as well as the glory, in this country, has not only increased: it stands conspicuous among all denominations, and not only does the successor of "JOHN" publicly claim the title of BISHOP, but that of ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

AN ANSWER

TO STRICTURES ON AN EXTRAORDINARY SIGNATURE.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Baltimore, in a late letter to the flock, which acknowledges his pastoral jurisdiction, adopts the language sanctioned by the immemorial usage of his church, and takes his appellation from the town where his episcopal see is erected. This is agreeable to the discipline established amongst Catholics, and to the practice of his brethren in the episcopacy ; and he hopes that it is not repugnant to any law of his country. He has not invaded the rights of any religious society ; nor interfered to control their *forms of words* ; nor disturbed their ministers, for speaking or writing, in any style they chose, to the people who looked up to them for instruction. Leaving them in the unimpeached exercise of that liberty, which our free constitution grants them, he has claimed the same benefit to himself ; and, of consequence, has been careful to preserve the language of his predecessors in the episcopal charge, from its institution, near 1800 years ago, down to the present times ; for he knows, that the integrity of the Christian doctrine, generally, is preserved best by a faithful adherence to the same modes of speech ; and he is not disposed to sacrifice to a spirit of innovation, or to a levelling anti-hierarchical system of religion, those expressions, by which all ages of Christianity have designated his office.

Yet this, it seems, is not pleasing to a writer, who signs himself *Liberal*. If, like his opponent, the Bishop were disposed to write trifling *Strictures* on a signature, he would not let this of *Liberal* pass unnoticed ; for, surely, none ever accorded less than this, with the composition to which it is subscribed. To be *liberal*, in the modern use of the term, is to assert, with firmness and impartiality, the liberty, to which all of us are entitled,

of professing the doctrines, following the usages, and speaking the language of our respective churches. Does *Liberal* allow this ? So far from it, that he intimates a threat, if his eyes be offended again with the inscription of *Bishop of Baltimore*. Such is his *liberality*.

Baltimore, he says, is a large place, containing many inhabitants, who *disown* the Bishop's jurisdiction, and some who do a good deal more ; by which he means, it may be supposed, that they reject episcopacy altogether. Let them, if they please, disown the one, and reject the other ; they use their constitutional right ; and, if the Bishop knows his own heart, he will leave them in the full enjoyment of it ; but he will ask, whether in the earliest days of Christianity, Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, Ephesus, &c., were not likewise large places ? and whether a great majority of their inhabitants were not heathens, who *disowned* and *rejected* Bishops and their jurisdiction ? Nevertheless, perplexing, as it must have been to the *Liberals* of those days, to discover the meaning and persons intended by the following words, we read of CLEMENT, *Bishop of Rome* ; IGNATIUS, *Bishop of Antioch* ; ALEXANDER, *Bishop of Alexandria*, &c. Where lies the greater difficulty, which cost *Liberal* so much time, before he could ascertain the person meant by JOHN, *Bishop of Baltimore* ? Catholics, to whom alone the letter was addressed, and who know the voice of their pastor, were at no loss to recognize him : others, into whose hands the *curious performance* (so *Liberal* styles it) may have fallen, received a fair and honest caution to be upon their guard, by the addition of these words to the obnoxious title, *with the approbation of the Holy See, Bishop of Baltimore*. When Protestant, Methodist, or, if

they will pardon the expression, Presbyterian bishops profess to hold their bishopricks under the same approbation of the See Apostolic, it may be necessary to use some further discrimination.

In this very town, we have a *Bank of Maryland*, and a *Baltimore Insurance Office*. In the principles of *Liberal*, stockholders, in these establishments, infringe the civil rights of their countrymen and fellow citizens; for, to be consistent, he must allow, that these denominations import an arrogant claim of monopolising all banking transactions in the State, and making insurances, exclusively of all competition, in the town of Baltimore. And yet, I am sure, that neither the holders of shares formed pretensions so extravagant, nor was it the intention of the legislature, which incorporated them, to debar other adventurers from making similar speculations, or assuming the same name and title, if they chose it.

So likewise, let who will, in other religious professions, call themselves *Bishops of Baltimore*; it will excite neither regret or opposition in him, who is now known by that denomination. Indeed, considering his line of episcopal succession, and source of spiritual jurisdiction, he will think his own the best founded claim; but, if others judge differently, he will not accuse them of invading his rights; much less will he insinuate, that they are guilty of presumption; and less still will he provoke them with a threat, or denounce against them a *return for their temerity*. He conceives, that they would treat such threats, from him, with contempt; and therefore, he entertains the same sentiment for those of *Liberal*.

The Bishop is at a loss to find out any passage or expression, in his letter, which could furnish a shadow of pretence to *Liberal* for saying, that he (the Bishop) *absolutely excludes*

from the honorable appellation of Christians, all who are not within the pale of his church. If such a passage can be pointed out, the Bishop will be the first to condemn it; since, so far from embracing this opinion, as an article of his faith, he holds the doctrine directly contrary to it to be that of his church, to which he and all Catholics are bound to submit; and which Catholics have constantly maintained, in opposition to the tenets of some pretended reformers. But, to remove more effectually the impression, which the assertions of *Liberal* may have made on those who have not seen the Bishop's pastoral letter, (and few, but Catholics, for whom alone it was intended, have seen it), some copies shall be left, to be disposed of, at Mr. Angell's Printing Office.

Here it was intended to have made a conclusion; but *Liberal* having quaintly introduced the term of *Artists*, the Bishop would fain ask, whether it was done to raise a hue and cry against the episcopal office, by bringing into use amongst us that invidious and misapplied appellation, which has caused a ferocious mob to disgrace the character of a most humane people, and has let them loose on such men as Lafayette, and the venerable Rochefoucault? If such be the intention of *Liberal*, he had better transport himself to a country, where he may meet congenial souls: America, I trust, has too much regard for justice, and understands too well the principles of religious equality, to obey his impulse, or catch the contagion of his spirit.

The subject of this contention is so trifling in itself, and it affords so much room for ridicule, that if *Liberal* take up his pen again, he must appear with something much more material, to engage the father attention of

JOHN, BISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

November 21, 1792.

SACRED LYRICS.

NO. II. HYMN FOR A MARTYR.

WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

CHARLES M. KING.*

ANDANTE.

VOCE.

Oh God! the por-tion, the reward, The crown of all thy

**ORGAN
or
PIANO.**

ANDANTE.

sol - dier train! Ab - solve us whilst thy Mar - tyr's praise We

sing, from eve - ry sin - ful stain! The joys of earth, its

Pia.

* We are deeply indebted to Mr. CHARLES M. KING for the original music with which he is pleased to adorn the pages of the Expositor. The reputation of this gentleman is universally known, and his merit everywhere appreciated. The kindness, therefore, which induces him to devote his most valuable talents to original compositions for our Periodical, claims all our thanks, and adds a powerful attraction to the various other literary and theological contributions from distinguished and learned writers.—*Editors.*

vain de-lights, In which the gall of sor - row lies Con-

Cres.

ceal'd, he no-bly spurn'd to taste, And now he banquets in the skies, And

For.

ADAGIO.

now he ban - - - quets in the skies!

Adagio

ral - - - lent.

III.
His sufferings manfully he bore;
His life unflinchingly laid down;
His blood's last drop he shed for thee,
And now enjoys his heavenly crown.

IV.
Wherefore we beg, in suppliant prayer,
That thou wouldst mercifully please,
On this thy martyr's triumph-day,
From guilty thy servants to release.

V.
Unto the Father and the Son,
And holy Paraclete, to thee,
Glory and everlasting praise
For ages upon ages, be.

IL GENIO DI VIRGILO.

SONETTO.

DEL REV. S. SANTELLI.

Felice Genio ad imitar che imprenda
 Grande un modello, e al corso assodi il fianco,
 Si che agitato, infaticabil, franco
 Le palme della Gloria a lui contenda,
 Opra e questa mirabile stupenda
 Che per volgere d'anni non vien manco;
 Ma tre adeguarne, vincerli pur anco
 Di tanta fama al grido ov'e che ascenda!
 Rende geloso Pindaro un Orazio
 Un Terenzio Menandro, un Giuvenale
 Garreggia anche esso con Propersio e Stazio;
 Ma un Omero, un Teocrito, un Esiodo
 Modellar, avanzar, opera e tale
 Che supera del tempo ogni periodo—

THE GENIUS OF VIRGIL.

A SONNET.—(*Translated.*)

A glorious genius, which, with high desire
 To emulate a noble model, dares
 To brave the task, and proudly to aspire,
 With quenchless ardour to the palm *he* bears.
 A wondrous work, surpassing every praise
 Which years but add to, as they roll away:
 Hark to the pæan Fame delights to raise
 To him who heavenward cleaves his lofty way!
 The songs of Horace jealous Pindar fears;
 Terence Menander rivals—Juvenal
 The wreath with Statius and Propertius wears:
 But to combine in one the minds of all—
 Hesiod, Theocritus, and Homer even—
 This boon but once and only once was given.

THE
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No. 3.

ISLAMISM: ITS CONQUESTS AND DEFEAT IN EUROPE.

The civilization of the ancient world, shaken, during two entire centuries, by the deluge of barbaric invasions, seemed divided, with uncertain preference, between Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople. Great and noble capitals, equally proud of their past, and ambitious of their future. Constantinople, the least ancient, and yet the most powerful of the three, had served as a geographical link for the two others. She had united Europe and Asia—the East and the West. And it was in alluding to her unique and incomparable position, that the founder of the Ottoman race had so beautifully styled her *a diamond set between two emeralds and two sapphires*. Under another point of view, this glorious city of Constantine had happily sustained the world in its difficult passage from Roman polytheism to the holy religion of Christ. Rome, by chaining her destinies to the altar of FORTUNE and VICTORY, which had placed in her hands the empire of the world, would not have had, alone, the strength to renounce the worship of those divinities. And yet it was necessary that there should be a centre of action—a capital—for

the new social principle proclaimed by the gospel. And it was then that Byzantium, on the Bosphorus of Thrace, supplanted the city of Romulus. But this was merely to allow Rome to die as the political head of the ancient, and to rise again, one day, as the religious head of the new world. Marvellous and providential transformation, to which the Byzantine emperors would have freely concurred, but which was effected without their knowledge, and independently of their co-operation. Whose authority they were obliged to recognize, at least during the crusades, in order to obtain the succor of which they stood in need, but which they disdained to the last moment, in order the more freely to quarrel among themselves whether the light on Thabor *was created or not*: and it was in the midst of these puerile disputes, that their funeral knell was sounded.

How did Constantinople, the eldest daughter of Christianity, thus wretchedly fail in her destined mission? Among many causes of this failure, the principal one, in our opinion, was her having carried back modern society to the ancient principles of poly-

theism—that is to say, to the intimate union of all power political and religious in her emperors. This union was entirely incompatible with the development of Christianity; and which it had, in the most formal manner, proscribed by distinguishing the representative of God from the representative of Cæsar, and by proclaiming, for the first time, in the world, the separation of the temporal and spiritual. This is the principle which the Christians of the primitive church had invoked against their persecutors, who had recourse to every cruel artifice to stifle Christianity in her birth.

But no sooner had she triumphed over her executioners, than this principle, without which she could not have sprung into day, much less have exercised her influence on the world, received but a passing application under Constantine: and after him, it was almost always disregarded by his successors; who, whether orthodox or Arian, armed themselves against their enemies with the sword of religion as well as that of the state, and thus became recreant to the very first duties of the new society founded by Christ.

Already had Italy seen the great Theodosius force these same emperors to respect liberty of conscience, and the Pope himself going in person to demand it of the Visigothic king. Rome, at length, so long a vassal of Constantinople, declared her temporal independence, by recognising in her pontiffs, *the defenders of the Roman Republic*, and shortly afterwards, restoring the Empire of the West in the person of Charlemagne. He established the distinction of the two powers, temporal and spiritual, and constituted society according to the true principles of Christian civilization.

Then were to be seen in the west, a pontiff and an Emperor—both, indeed, representatives of God; the one powerful in word and persuasion, the other armed with the sword of strength,

always ready in the vindication of right.

In the eastern empire, on the contrary, a simple patriarch, the servile adulator of political power, surrendered to the master of Byzantium, the consciences of his subjects; at a time when the latter had all the means of oppressing them, in their persons and their fortunes: a revolting despotism, which seizing upon both body and soul, would have produced prodigious results, if it had been intelligent, and had acted upon an organization young, simple, and robust; but which, deprived of all these conditions of force and life, had nothing to expect from society, decrepit and voluptuous, but senseless pretensions, with resources as powerless as they were tyrannic to enforce them. Such were the two portions of the Roman world, converted to Christianity. The one, directed by Constantinople, for having continued the past too slavishly, found herself enchainèd by its habits, and could not restore its youth; the other, after having broken with it under the influence of barbarous invasions, which had, in some measure, decapitated her by the taking and retaking of Rome, preserved nothing of her ancient heritage of glory, but what was necessary to keep up the chain of her traditions, and what she judged useful to advance towards the conquest of the future.

It was under these circumstances that Mohammed sprang up in Arabia, armed, likewise, with the double sword of force and persuasion, but commanding a fresh and enthusiastic people in the face of generations enslaved and broken down by the theological, fiscal, and administrative despotism of Constantinople. The issue of the struggle was not doubtful; but the better to understand the subject, it will be proper to take a view of the political and religious state of the oriental empire.

The despotism of the Byzantine emperors, neutralized alike by the

intrigues of the palace, and the factions of the circus, had ended in throwing the capital into anarchy, by attempting to hold the empire itself in slavery. In 618, Heraclius, wearied with the troubles of Constantinople, evinced, however, for a moment, a spirit of generous indignation. He embarked with all his forces for Carthage, where he resolved to found the seat of a new empire; but a tempest dissipated the scheme by scattering his fleet in presence even of the ancient rival of Rome. After which, numerous defeats from without brought on the entire disorganization within, and stripped the imperial majesty of all its charms.

Forced by necessity, or stimulated by their own ambition as much as by the impatient desire of whole populations to depend upon themselves, the governors of distant provinces assumed their independence, and seized on local sovereignty. As to the Decurii, they had always acted in this way in the cities over which they administered. So that, in the discredited into which the agents of the central authority had fallen, each was ready to receive any new master who would respect the rights of the municipalities, and the usurpation of the governors.

In religion, the despotism which it exercised did not fail to produce results not less fraught with anarchy. Christianity, in the east, was then divided into a thousand sects, which tore each other to pieces by their inexorable intolerance. Every trace of that charity, prescribed by the gospel, seemed to have been erased, and there appeared no hope of spreading the Word of God among the idolatrous tribes, the last, but innumerable ruins of the ancient pagan world. Hence, there was no more sympathetic intelligence for the Christian truth; no more proselytism abroad;—nothing but a proud and sterile application of the letter in the law which is all love.

Behold, to what a condition society was reduced in the east! Deprived of true apostles, as well as of statesmen, a truly monstrous assemblage of religion and politics, in which the servility of courtiers raised the standard of official faith, and the infamous traditions of the Asiatic seraglios became mingled with the mysticism of theologians and casuists; and cunning, violence, and corruption in their turn, disputing the power,—after having been the shame of the Byzantine empire, necessarily became its inevitable ruin.

It was in the presence of a society thus degraded by the old leaven of heresiarch-passions from which the Greek schism a little later was to spring, that Mahommed arrogated to himself the highest honour which could be given to man to possess among a barbarous people. This warrior-legislator, having founded, in effect, the national and religious unity of Arabia, succeeded in establishing concord in that ancient land of patriarchs and prophets, torn, until then, by family feuds, and the insatiable cupidity of a hundred wandering tribes, as different in origin, as in religion. It is thus that he united Christians, Jews, Idolators, all desirous of adventure, jealous of one another by fanaticism and interest, and whose society, as changeable as their tents, was organized in aristocratic republics, insatiable for vengeance and booty. These tribes formed so many commercial and warlike communities, in which each was judged by his peers, and all were commanded and administered by chiefs, one while hereditary, another, chosen for their bravery, like those German hordes of whom Tacitus speaks. Homogeneous enough in a social point of view, their diversities or religious antipathies, served as a rallying standard for their contrary interests, and kept up among them an eternal anarchy.

But the day on which the three

hundred and sixty-five idols of Caaba fell to the ground, thrown down by Mahommed to give place to the adoration of God ONE, CLEMENT and MERCIFUL, a new era dawned upon the wandering children of the desert, who, by their traditional genealogies, loved to trace back to Abraham, their common father, and the well beloved of Allah.

From that epoch, the analogy of manners and social organization which connected the different branches of the same race, reunited in one only religious family, the most part of its members: it formed but one trunk out of their thousand branches, and the fruit of union was guaranteed by the Koran, the pages of which, are borrowed both from the Old and New Testaments.

In this sense, Mahommedanism should be considered but a Christian sect; a fact, which, says the Count de Maistre, is incontestible, but not sufficiently well known.* Thus, Mahommed, the greatest of all heresiarchs, exercised among a barbarous people, and on the pagan tribes, the immense influence which that portion of Christianity gave which he appropriated to his code. He made them observe the law of abstinence, so necessary for health and morality in warm climates, and at the same time, filled their hearts with the hope of infinite bliss hereafter. He abolished the sacrifice of children, and meliorated the destiny of women, not in maintaining polygamy, but in restraining it; in securing a dowery to the wife in case of repudiation, and in conferring on sisters as well as on brothers, the right of inheriting. In fine, he abolished slavery among the Mussulmans, and alleviated it among infidels, propagating all his principles by the edge of the sword, precisely as

* The same idea had been expressed by Leibnitz, and the minister Jurieu—likewise by Nicole.—*Soirees de St. Petersbourg*, XI. Entretien.

Charlemagne propagated pure Christianity among the Saxons.

On the demise of Mahommed (A. D. 632), ten years after the Hegira, the flight from Mecca, the foundations of his work were laid. Arabia, subjugated and reunited in one national body, presented too limited a territory, to young, enthusiastic, skilful warriors, accustomed to hardships, and whose coursers, like that of Job, pawed the earth with impatience, when there were no more caravans to pillage. They rushed forth then,—and flew to the conquest of the earth. The throne of Persia, with the last of the twenty-five Sassanides, is carried off by the torrent, which swelled even to Caboul, (664). Syria, Egypt, the North of Africa, as far as the Fortunate Islands, are inundated with terrible rapidity (679). The sea, itself, becomes the prey of the invaders, and their vessels float on its billows with as much skill as their cavalry manœuvre amid the waves of sand. Behold, them, then, masters of the cedars of Libanus, and the sailors of Syria. The Islands of Cyprus, Crete, and Rhodes, are ravaged or conquered, and Constantinople, besieged twice by the fleets of the Caliphs of Damascus, witnesses a maritime and commercial revolution. The west is separated from the east, and the mere privation of the papyrus which had caused new manuscripts to be made, and which Alexandria sent in cargoes to the provinces of Europe, plunged the western monarchies into ignorance, and covered with darkness and barbarism, the 7th century.

As yet, the victories of Islamism had been gained only over the Greek empire. But what was the cause of their rapidity? And by what event, and by what occasion, did they cause themselves to be known? In 638, the sixteenth year of the Hegira, Jerusalem, the holy city of the Christians, and which the revelations of Moses as well as those of Jesus Christ,

equally received by Mohammed, had rendered sacred to the Arabians, Jerusalem was compelled to embrace Islamism, or to acknowledge her subjugation by paying tribute. The Khalif Omar came himself to treat with the Patriarch, and granted him and the other inhabitants, the liberty of religious worship, the conservation of their laws, their property, and their churches. The conqueror came mounted upon a camel with a bag of dates for his nourishment—in the simplicity of a man of the desert. The conditions he imposed were as simple as his conduct. They were to pay a tributary tax, and no more. No change was made in the captured city; the inhabitants continued to follow their municipal administration, and the Roman laws. Such was the act of capitulation, which has served as a model to future similar transactions, by which the Mussulmanic chieftains afforded religious toleration and municipal liberty to a people who wished to preserve them by paying tribute. It is here that we find the secret of the rapid conquests of Islamism. They overturned political power, but respected the customs and manners of the conquered. They ran rapidly over the surface, but did not disturb the bottom of society, or affect any living and real interests. Thus did the conquered remain peaceful, happy in being able to preserve the free administration of their affairs through the favor of their new conquerors, who seem to have adopted the motto of the ancient Romans :

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

In a word, the subjugated Christians found a new guarantee for their liberties in the haughty indifference of their conquerors, who were too proud of their superiority to mingle in the affairs of their captives; and these, retaining the advantage of administering their own affairs, compensated themselves by a real gain

for the loss of their political independence, and national honor in which they had accustomed themselves, long since, no longer to recognize the majesty of the Roman people. As for the primitive races, which western civilization could not entirely transform, the conquest was for them nothing more than a new social stratum laid over the old. Asia, Africa, and all the East had known no other: and this explains why the people of those ancient continents, passed so easily from one denomination to another. The warlike and religious movement of the VIIIth century, by recalling them to their indigenous independence, restored, in great measure, their primitive manners. The Greek and Roman costume of civilization disappeared, and gave place to a physiognomy entirely oriental.

We recognise still the policy proper to the East in their Arabic invaders, so fortunate in founding rapid and distant dominations. To respect the manners of the conquered, to separate their cause from that of their masters, and to hurl down these as the oppressors of their subjects, such was the conduct of the first Kalifs, and afterwards, that of the truly religious chiefs of Islamism. The simple and loyal conduct of which Omar gave an example to his successors, in treating with the patriarch of Jerusalem, kept afar from the Low-Empire the thought of making common cause with the corrupt and restless power of Constantinople. Thus the greater part of the Christian sects, like the Copts of Egypt, impatient of the yoke of the Greek Clergy, and little awed by the imperial majesty, did not fear to appeal to their enemies, who promised them, for a tribute, toleration in religion, and freedom in their municipal rights. Thus did the Arabs establish themselves in their new possessions, where they contented themselves with a sim-

ple political command, instead of the direct sovereignty which the Byzantine Emperors had always endeavored to introduce by vexatious measures in the provincial and local administration. But, after having been thus well rewarded by the vanquished, it became necessary to consolidate their power among them. By the establishment of military colonies, they created permanent centres of influence which secured their future domination. Towards the year 645 the general of Osman, the third Kaliph of Islamism, Ogba-ben-Ouwamir, having started from Mecca at the head of eighty thousand warriors, penetrated into western Africa, near the deserts of Barca, triumphed over the patrician Gregory in the province of Carthage, and, in honor of that victory, founded Kairwan, the holy city and the first colony of Arabs in Magreb. The Greeks, abandoning the interior of Africa, confined themselves to the western shore, from which they were, at a late period, driven by force. As for Ogba, he cemented his new alliance with the nations, by the marriage of his principal officers with the daughters of the chiefs whose countries he had submitted. And it was by this new policy, that the propagators of Islamism immediately realized the pacific approach of the conquerors and conquered, and afterwards the progressive fusion of their races and their institutions.

Mahommed, however, had ordained that Islamism should be propagated by the sword, and this the Koran, every where, proclaims. But the Arabs alone, the first chosen of Allah, were either to embrace the new religion, or lose their lives. For the descendants of Ismael, the eldest sons of Islamism, had more rigorous duties to fulfill than other men. None of them could, under pain of death, hesitate before a national belief, which, mounted up by

a chain of prophets, to Adam, created by God, first pontiff of the true faith (Iman) and charged by him with the seal of prophecy.

It is thus that Mahommed announced himself as coming to realize the primitive Islamism, gave to his apostleship the sanction of antiquity, and the consecration of time, and adopted all the traditions, Christian and Mosaic, styling himself the *Paraclete*, the third revealer, sent, not to destroy, but to accomplish, the faith of Jesus, as Jesus had accomplished that of Moses. The Arabic race had accepted the Koran as the last and supreme revelation, the completion of the two first and reorganized on a scheme of a new religious unity, it contained in its faith, profoundly Unitarian, an inconceivable principle of proselytism. Believing itself to be the only legitimate heir of all the past, it had the ardent conviction that it was called to govern all the future; and whilst the skilful policy of the caliphs towards the conquered, smoothed down the material obstacles to their conquests, the missionaries; armed with Islamism, made over innumerable proselytes by their intense zeal for the converts, never discussing matters of conviction, but purchasing it by the charm of rewards and honors, and contenting themselves with an exterior confession of faith. It is true they shewed themselves inexorable towards apostates, whom they doomed in the other life, to the seventh hell. Thus the dereliction of their religion was rendered as perilous as the profession of it had been inviting; and thus did they retain their doubtful and vacillating proselytes by the double motive of fear and ambition. Such were the principal causes of the success of Islamism, among which, we must not forget the good faith of the first caliphs, and the fidelity of their engagements in the face of the cunning and perfidious policy of the emperors of Byzantium, too often

the unworthy representatives of Christianity.

God permitted that the most sincere and just cause should triumph : and the greater part of justice, also, as the most solemn convictions were found among the Mussulman's, whose belief, as we have seen, was borrowed from the Christian truths, which they pretended not to do away, but to complete.

We must, however, carefully distinguish between the propagation of Islamism by the Arabs, and that which was effected, at a later period, by the Turkman and Osmanlis ; for these latter were barbarians from the deserts of Scythia, who knew no means of proselytism but the scimitar, and proved themselves the destroyers of all civilization, which the former, by their contact with the Greeks and Romans, had shown themselves jealous to preserve and even to restore. Thus, under the Caliph Omar, they gave to Egypt the wonderful advantages of her position, by re-opening the canal of the Isthmus of Suez, which had been choked up with sand, for many centuries, on account of the neglect of the emperors of Rome and Byzantium, and thus renewed all the commercial relations between Europe and India.

This real superiority over the society of the Low empire, and, on the other side, all the elements of victory and conquest, reunited in the hands of the vicars of Mahommed, extended Islamism, in less than a century, from the Indus to the pillars of Hercules. The following age opens with the equally rapid conquest of Spain, and although it was never fully consummated, the Arabs made of it a new theatre of proselytism. While the barbaric tribes of Africa often left on that soil the vestiges of barbarism, they distinguished themselves in the peninsula, as every where else, by their mode of invasion and form of government, leaving to the vanquished

their municipal liberties, and requiring merely the necessary tribute. Thus recognized by all the conquered countries, they fly to new conquests, pass the Pyrenees, take possession of Septimania as a dependency on the Visigothic kingdom, and push their way even into Gaul, when they were arrested by Charles Martel, on the plains of Poitiers.

The Visigoths tolerated them for half a century, without doing any thing to expel them, or even appealing to the only chief who could liberate them, the glorious king of the Franks. They resisted his son Pepin, likewise, and even after driving away the Saracens, they submitted to Pepin merely on condition that their national laws should be preserved. Thus did the Carolingian Franks, and the Arabs of Mahommed, the barbarians of the north, and the barbarians of the south, meet under the walls of Narbonne, with an equal respect for their sympathies of race, and local interests, both on the same level of civilization, in a moral and political point of view. This will explain how they understood, at this epoch, notwithstanding their opposition in point of religion, there was so good an understanding among them, and why, after the conquest of the western empire, the Franks of Germany produced by their mixture with Roman society, the fiefs of the middle age ; and the Arabs, and, after them, the Turks, and all the invaders of the eastern provinces respected, or originated, similar institutions. The analogy of these political results is so evident under so many points, that it is impossible to understand the character of one without the other. It is through a neglect of this comparison, of the contact and difference of those nations with medieval Europe, that the history of the east is rendered unintelligible. Hence, so many ridiculous stories palmed upon our credulity. But we now have it in our power to understand the histo-

ry of the east, by comparing its relations with Europe, and thus can we apply the lessons of experience to her corresponding relations with the Mussulmanic race.

Let us content ourselves with specifying another point of view, not less essential, and equally novel it is, that from the contest of the Franks and Arabs for the conquest of the world for their religion, the first crusades date their origin. And as Charlemagne was the mighty representative of the heroic race of the north against the barbarians of the south, it is to Charlemagne we must trace the holy wars of civilization. It is to this great monarch, the founder of the independence of the holy see, and the restorer of the western empire, that we are indebted for the regenerating characteristics of Christian society, springing up from its ruins, by the alliance of the Franks with the papacy, in the presence of the Mussulmanic society crowned with the victories of two centuries, but destined to decay in its turn, before its triumphant rival.

In effect, by the independence of the Roman church and her pontiffs, Charlemagne realized in the general policy of Christendom, the distinction between the temporal and spiritual power, which, heretofore, had remained in a condition of mere theory, or local application. There was then, in society, two jurisdictions, one ecclesiastic and the other secular, opposing, by virtue of the Christian right, an irrefragable barrier to the return of the ancient imperial system and to the absolute sovereignty of the Cæsars, who were then the shame and decrepitude of the Byzantine emperors. This distinctive character of Christian civilization, increased and developed itself under the shadow of the new empire of the west. On the other side, this empire, renewed by the young race of the Franks, which having just engrafted on its trunk the robust stock of the north, spread its

branches over all that the Mussulmans called the *great earth*, that is to say, over the territory of the Christian nations of the Latin church, whom they distinguished from the Greeks whom they called *Roumi*, as the heirs of the ancient empire of Rome transferred to Constantinople. It was in opposition to the name of these latter, that, at the restoration of the western empire, by Charlemagne, all the Christians of the Latin rite were styled *Francs* by the writers of Islamism, and it is thus that the name of *Francs* was perpetuated in the east as the significant appellation of the Latins—not from the crusades of the XIth century, but from the reign of Charlemagne.

Moreover, the civilizing wars of Charlemagne evinced their religious character in the north as well as in the south. We are acquainted with the conversion of the Saxons after thirty years of bloody struggle. Favored by the social condition of the German people, Christian civilization propagated itself rapidly in the northern regions, at first by the force of arms, afterwards by the missionaries of the Franks. Denmark, and the peninsula of Scandinavia, received the gospel, and with it the seeds of the crusades, which afterwards excited so great a commotion in the XIth century.

The Teutonic knights armed themselves against the pagans of the north, while those of St. James of Compostella, Alcantara, and Calatrava, fought for the freedom of Spain. The continental crusades which placed on all the thrones of Europe princes of the French dynasty, shone with unrivalled splendor in the eyes of the Mussulmans, eclipsed anew every other name, and became synonymous with European, as in the days of Charlemagne by the foundation of the empire of the west. This foundation of the holy Roman empire, based on the independence of the holy see, gave to the Christian society all its guaranties of

<p>superiority over that of the Mussulmans. For this reason it is, that the history of the crusades should take its origin from Charlemagne and the</p>	<p>great pontiffs who confided to him the mighty interests of Christian civilization.</p>
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LA MORTE DI VIRGILIO.

Ode Saffica.

DAL REV. S. SANTELLI.*

1

O Gorgone crudel che dalle grotte
D'Averno uscisti, e il cuore d'adamanto,
Porti alla terra afflitta eterna notte,
E interminabil pianto—

2

Perche stendesti il ferro alto-spietato
Il canape a troncar di tanta vita ?
O ministro crudel del ferreo fato!
O sfinge angui-crinita !

3

Piangono intanto i boschi e le foreste,
Piu non gorgolia in mezzo ai sassi il fonte ;
Sono le greggie addolorate e meste
Alla capanna e al monte.

4

Di cantici non piu risuono l'etro,
Cui par che ingombri un fosco velo eterno ;
E nel duolo comun tace ogni cedro,
Sol lutto intorno io scerno.

5

Tronche son de Pastor le amiche gare,
Rotto ogni plettro tolto ogni concerto
Ond erano le Selve a noi piu care
D'ogni Umano contento.

6

Non piu la Ninfa al rio si terge il piede,
Non la Canzone della sera scioglie
Guando del Campo affaticata riede
Alle materne soglie.

* Written for the Catholic Expositor.

7

Tace il canoro Augello, intento prio
A sfogare il suo canto, e si nasconde,
Percosso anch'ei di pena così ria,
Fra le gremite fronde.

8

Cerca il Mentore suo fra Campi e Greggi,
Era le viti, fra l'api il Contatino,
Il cerca invan : non piu colle sue leggi
Il guida in suo Cammino.

9

L'Eroe anch'esso il cerca immezzo all'armi
Avido di lasciar nome immortale,
Se non eternan le sue glorie i carmi
Il suo pagnar che vale ?

10

Onde perdono, se giunto alla tomba
D'Achille, il Domator dell Asia disse :
" I'invidia che tant' alto avesti trombo,
E chi alto di te scrisse !"

11

De' Secoli pero nell'urto atroce
Leggeranno i Nipoti eterno il grido
D'Enea pietoso, e d'Achille feroce
Del mondo in ogni lido.

12

Forse Scipio d'ugual gloria pur vago,
Meraviglio dell'Orbe, Onor di Roma,
Selama : che val se l'emulo Cartago
Resi invilita e doma.

13

Quando Conora Cetra non tramandi
Ai Posteri remoti il mio gran nome
Solo pei Vati anche gli Eroi piu grandi
Cingon d'Allor le chiome.

14

Pur che sperasti o morte ? Il nome augusto
Rapir di lui che sta ad ogni altro in cima ?
Vive in cor nostro sculto piu che in busto ;
E fia che forza prima.

15

Oscuri il sole, e sul terreno asciutto
Guizzino i pesci, che dal petto nostro
Cada la sua memoria, e sia distrutto
L'onor di tanto inchiostro !

16

E gigli e rose ed Amaranti e viole
Si spargeranno intorno alla sua tomba ;
Che ben l'onore e la memoria il vuole
Dell' Epica sua tromba.

17

Delle muse nemico, o tu che rechi
Tutto te nell' Avello, ah'vieni e osserva
Come l'Oblio, maligni gli occhi e biechi,
Colla fronte proterva.

18

S'agita, si contorce, il dito morde
Che trasportar col suo poter non puote
Nell'onde sue, ad ogni priego sorde,
Le sue canore note.

19

Fin dove nasce il Sole, e dove muore,
Della crudel livida invidia a scorno,
Quelle immortal sue note canore
Risuneranno intorno.

20

Cesare e Grande in guerra, e Scipio e chiaro,
Pompeo famoso, e Annibale con Esso,
E quel di Marte fin figlio preclaro
Ch' alto anoro se stesso.

21

Ma questi empir di Sangue e straggi ingenti
La terra e i fiumi, e fur di largo pianto
Fonte crudel : Portin per l'aria i venti
Si ruinoso Vanto !

22

Ma di Manto il Cantor larga ne schiude
Strada di Gloria in l'Opre sue Suglimi,
Oh ! quanto e bella in pace la virtude.
Quanto i suoi frutti opimi !

23

Ei fra la tomba ancor vive immortale,
A Palla armipossente ancor diletto ;
Per lui stende la fama intorno l'ale,
Ei vive in ogni petto.

THE DEATH OF VIRGIL.

[TRANSLATION.]

1

O cruel Gorgon ! coming forth
From hell, in which thou hadst thy birth,
To fill with gloom and grief the earth,
And endless mourning spread :

2

Why aim thy unrelenting dart,
Why sink it deep in such a heart ?
Dread minister of Fate thou art,
Sphinx of the serpent-head.

3

The forests and the groves deplore—
The rock-fringed fountain purls no more—
Sad are the flocks that straggle o'er
The mountain and the mead.

4

The songs that swelled are silent all,
O'er nature hangs a dreary pall,
And silent stand the cedars tall—
And gloom around them lowers :

5

No rustic music charms the ear,
The shepherd's lute is hushed—and there
Is heard no strain that rendered dear
The forest's lonely bowers.

6

The Nymph no longer at the rill
Bathes her young feet—the song is still
Which gladdened once her cottage-sill
At evening's peaceful hours.

7

The bird's delicious roundelay
That once was heard, hath died away ;
And solitary, all the day,
He seems to sit and moan.

8

Among the flocks and o'er the plain
His Mentor seeks the wandering swain,
But every where he seeks in vain
His guardian,—there is none !

9

The Hero on the field of fame
Ambitioning a deathless name,
Prays him War's exploits to proclaim,—
Best glory and reward.

10

When Asia's Conqueror stood beside
Achilles' tomb, 'tis said he cried :
" I envy thee thy two-fold pride—
Thy doings and thy bard :"

11

In sooth, through each succeeding year,
Shall generations, every where,
Wondering of good Ænæas hear,
And of Achilles bold.

12

And well might Scipio, glorious name,
The boast of ancient Rome, exclaim :
" What will avail my transient fame,
When Carthage's fate is told,

13

If no immortal Poet breathe
His inspiration o'er my wreath ;—
For Bards can snatch from fatal death
The Hero's deeds, alone !"

14

What didst thou hope for, cruel fate ?
To crush that name august and great ?—
No ; in our hearts it stands elate
More lasting than in stone.

15

And sooner shall the sun decay :
And sooner shall the ocean-spray
Dash on the beach its fish away,
Than he shall be forgot.

16

Lilies and violets shall be spread,
And amarynths and roses shed
Around the tomb-stone of the dead,
Renowned and sacred spot !

17

Oblivion sad—the muse's foe—
Would fain o'er all his greatness throw
A dark, malignant mantle ;—lo !
How, with distorted front,

18

He writhes and struggles to consign
To Lethe's waters the divine
And deathless verse—but no, the shrine
Endures with glory on't.

19

From morning realms to sun-set climes
Shall sound his everlasting rhymes,
Living through all succeeding times
In livid Envy's spite.

20

Cæsar is great in deeds of war,
Pompey and Scipio claim their car,
And Hannibal is famed afar
For triumph in the fight.

21

But what, in truth, was their renown ?
The Earth in seas of blood to drown,
And steep in Nations' tears their crown ;—
This was their sad bequest !

22

By other paths, far more sublime,
The Mantuan Poet dares to climb
To Glory's heights—Virtue in time
Of peace, is loveliest.

23

Immortal o'er the common doom,
To Pallas dear he still shall bloom :—
Fame spreads her wings around his tomb ;
He lives in every breast.

PHIL. RILEY OR THE CONVICT.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Having admitted him, she latched and carefully locked the door, and led the travel-tired old man to a seat; then, in a tone of agony which would touch a less sympathetic heart than his, she rather supplicated than asked: "Oh! Barney, what shall I do? what shall I do, and what is to become of me?—Oh! what a troubled heart is mine this blessed night; sure he was our all, and the whole world to our hearts and home, and now, torn away from his house and home, and from his children for ever, what are we to do at all? His poor old heart will break without the comfort of a word from his own, and my mother scarcely cold in her deep grave!"

At these words, the poor creature's agonized heart denied her any farther relief in words, and she burst into tears which trickled down her fair but pallid cheeks, in hot and fast succession.

"Heaven comfort you, *agrah*, and send you relief, and Mary, 'tis the Lord, blessed be his holy name, that sent me over here to you, this night and put it into my mind. But can't you listen to me; sure, while you're sobbing and *ullah-goning* that way, I can't say a word. Be silent a minute, those tears and sobs won't be half the comfort to you that what I have to tell you will.—There, that's right!—And now, put out that light,—who knows but the wicked, that caused all this sorrow, are about the house somewhere,—and 'tis but too likely, for they're not satisfied yet. Sure if

they caught me here, the highest gal-lows in all Cork would'nt be bad enough for me."

Mary Riley adopted the suggested precaution, and they sat in darkness, the fire having long since smouldered away to its last spark.

"Well, now, Mary, just listen to me, and you know I never wished you worse off than the best lady in the land, did I, a cushlee?"

Mary replied negatively.

"No! nor did I come here now to wish you worse than I did before; and now, to begin." Here the old man described accurately and vividly, the whole of the scene which has been described as it occurred at the public house or carman's stage—how he had been sent to bed, and how he overheard, through the chinks in the wainscot, so much of the peeler's conversation as convinced him that her father was to be made the victim of a foul plot—and that nothing but the interposition of Providence could save him from it, in times like these, when a look was treason, and a word was open rebellion. "And now you must go to-morrow morning.—The Lord between us and all harm, child, did you see that flash of lightning?"

"No, Barney, I did not—my eyes were shut with the pain of them salt tears, and my head was down in my lap."

"Well, I'm glad of it—for it frightened myself almost, 'twas so sudden and fierce-like. God help us, what a little thing frightens the poor and the comfortless."

"And you may also say, the defenceless," added Mary.

"You're right, child, you're right, but where is that I was—yes—I know now. Well, as I was saying about this plot, we might get over it yet, with the Lord's help; there's but one thing in the way, and if your father is to be saved that must be removed!"

"Oh! Barney, I'd do any thing—even that—yes, even that, though I hate the thoughts of it. I'd marry him to-morrow to get my poor father back to these walls; but you know that it can't be done without *his* leave, Barney, and that he'll never give; for, as he said, the man that would turn informer and forsake his religion, would make but a bad husband. But I don't care about that, for I could bear his bad usage or die willingly to save my own good, innocent and darling father; and then, Barney, may be, God would turn his heart and make a penitent man of him."

The old man remained silent for some time.

"What's the matter with you?" said Mary.

"Nothing, child. I was only thinking how to manage this bad—bad business. I was asking myself if 'twould be right, being as it is for your own father you'd be doing it, for you to marry the sergeant, and leave me go and break it to your father after it was done."

"That would be but breaking his heart, and then trampling upon it before the life would leave him. Oh, no, Barney! I'd deserve his curse for my ingratitude for all the black troubles, and sorrows, and cares he suffered for my sake; and I'd be only breaking down every bright hope he placed in me, and which I know is his greatest consolation in the dreary dungeon! But if we got his leave sure I wouldn't care; and my suffering would be but short, for my heart couldn't live where my love wouldn't be, and I could join my mother, with

the comfort that I did it all for my father's sake, and sacrificed myself for him; and, after all, 'twould be only what her love and his deserved, a thousand times; and then, Barney, then, the grave would cover up in its silent place, all the miseries of poor Mary Riley; and the village girls would shed a tear for me, and the good and the virtuous would pray to heaven's merciful throne of grace for me, and I know God would take me for the sake of such——. And then, Barney——"

"But," said he, "don't be indulging in this strain; take some courage."

"And then," resumed she, as though she had not been interrupted, "and then, how beautifully the grass and the wild, golden butter-cups, and the beautiful white daisies—will they not spangle the green covering, and—oh!" she abruptly ejaculated, "my poor brain is on fire!"

"What's the matter? Your'e raving, child—you're raving," said Barney.

"There was a song," said the now evidently insane girl, "which my mother used to sing for me, about two young people that loved each other, but the dark fortune came between them——"

"Oh! do settle your weak mind, and lie down, Mary, and sleep, and we'll talk about that song when you awake."

"I don't want sleep—what do I want of sleep? My mother used to sing me to sleep with that song and—but listen, old man—no, Barney! yes, 'tis, Barney!—we'll listen."

Deeming it advisable to humor her in this ruling passion, he sighed a heavy and sorrowful willingness, and she chanted an Irish ditty, which ran pretty much in this strain:

The rose that blooms on Donagh's cheek
Might deck a bridal hall;
But, ah! 'tis like the hectic streak
Of Autumn evening's fall;
And vain as tinsel children seek
Beneath the funeral pall.

And lovely is the flowing Bride*
 As river bright can be ;
 But who can trace its silver tide
 When wedded to the Lee ?
 And who can tell where *both* abide
 In the multitudinous sea ?
 And when fair Oonagh danc'd along,
 As brightly as the bride,
 And a soldier came—

* * * * *

" 'Tis she—'tis she ! oh, my mother, save me—save me—and bring him, too, back ! Look ! there he is ! there he is ! with the blood clotted in his wild white hair, that I used to settle down his shoulders, as bright and soft as the silky floss of my lady's walking cloak. Oh ! oh ! save him, too—save my poor old father—unloose him—do !—do, for her sake—for my broken heart's sake—save him ! "

Barney had, uninfluenced by any consideration of risk, proceeded to relight the candle ; and, placing it where its reflection would be least observed, now turned to assist the poor maniac girl, who lay stretched on the floor insensible and swooning.

Disturbed from their sleep by the wild exclamations of Mary, her little brothers had hurried from their bed, and seeing the apparently lifeless form of their sister, and the impotent endeavors of the old man, whose face they could not recognize, as he stooped over the body, they screamed in alarm, adding to the perplexity of his mind and the difficulty of the attendant circumstances.

He instantly laid down the scarcely breathing creature ; and turning his face in the direction of the light, satisfied the children that whatever was the cause of this strange and disastrous scene, an old friend of their father was one of the actors. This pacified the children, who now began to weep beside the pale form of their sister, nor could the old man refrain from mingling with theirs, his own gushing tribute from a heart of friendly sorrow, and the keenest sympathy.

* A River.

for the deep afflictions of this innocent and helpless family.

After some moments had elapsed, Mary exhibited symptoms of recovery, and was placed by the united aid of Barney and the children, on the bed, where she slowly and quietly fell into a gentle sleep.

As it is not within the object of this periodical, nor yet within the writer's intention to give elaborate details of the romantic Quixotics which are but the frivolous waste of time better applied, and attention more profitably directed, a minute's glance at the present misfortunes of the Riley family, will be sufficient to enlist the sympathy of the reader. An innocent and aged man imprisoned and in chains, writhing in sufferings to which those of the body were pleasant sensations—the harrowing fear that the foul and desecrating hand of the violator held, even now, in its iron grasp, the pure, the stainless, the beloved daughter of his heart—whom, through every captivating attraction of the progressive stages of life, from infancy to incipient womanhood, he had watched and cherished with feelings of the intensest love, and whose virtue had now become an integral part of his very existence. Let us next turn from that dreary prison with all its accompanying horrors, to the little less afflicting scene, where Mary Riley lay stretched on her comfortless bed, visited only by brief intermittent gleams of painful reason, just sufficient to afford her horrifying glances of her desolation and the dread despair of her condition—living and breathing in the world, but scarcely of it—wrecked in intellect, and all hope blotted out from her heart by the strong sensitiveness of her over-wrought nature : feeling all the agony without one of the consolations of life—and then those two little brothers, creatures scarcely old enough to feel, even for a moment, the present consequences of causes which they could not comprehend—

more desolate than the *really* fatherless and, as it was, doubly motherless by Mary's unhappy state of mental alienation.

To this domestic wretchedness and affliction, the state of society, distracted in all its relations, contributed but too materially. The neighbor, who, in other times, could, without fear of violating the law, console them in countless instances of friendly endearment, dared not now to be seen beyond the threshold of their own dwellings after sunset, and the intermediate waking hours were scarcely enough for those peasants—hours on which their daily bread depended.

On the other hand, a ruffian, whom countless vices alone qualified for the rank of sergeant in the vilest police corps ever embodied, rendered desperate and demoniac by his failure to obtain in wedlock the hand of a fair and innocent girl—a dutiful daughter and Christian maiden—a villain, uninfluenced by either the fear of God or the love of country, seeks vengeance for his disappointment in the final ruin of her, whom, had his motives been honorable, he would have respected, if not still more ardently loved. Thus two victims are already immolated to his unholy passion—the uncompromising father is doomed to eternal separation from even the grave of his beloved, and the daughter is delirious—happier—far happier lot!

Adjoining the western section of the market, held at that time, and probably still, at the head of Barrack-street, in the city of Cork, stands the Old Barrack, where a number of those sentenced to transportation, as insurgents, were confined to await in a convenient place for embarkation, the execution of their sentence. Among them was Philip Riley. One afternoon, when the prisoners had increased to a more than ordinary number, in consequence of the non-arrival of the expected transport ships, the city was suddenly thrown into feverish ex-

citement by the report that the convicts had "*broken out*," and risen on the sentinels, and that the work of blood between them and the few soldiers who held garrison within the walls of the Barrack prison, or convict depot, as it was called, was fearful; neither party, in the sudden confusion and excitement being able to force a passage through the gateway into the open market space. The consequence was, that the civil authorities and military instantly repaired to the scene of convict revolt, and eventually succeeded in replacing the prisoners in stronger bondage. Many were conveyed to the common jail as murderers or accessaries, who subsequently died in their native soil—on a gallows certainly, but still, as they rejoicingly said, "in their native land." Others were shot down, in their attempt, by the sentinels, who, from the walls, commanded the Barrack area, which was the scene of the convict's *sortie*. Here the dead and dying, lay in ghastly groups—a bleeding illustration of the mild and parental laws of England—a hideous contrast between her practice and principle, but not the less characteristic of her depravity in both. After the expiration of about two months, such of the wounded prisoners (Riley among them), as were sufficiently convalescent, and whose transportation for life beyond the seas, was deemed sufficient to answer the ends of justice, and the objects of government, were removed from their respective lazarettos and placed again in ironed imprisonment. The vessels commissioned for their exile were in readiness, and a few more days would see them separated for ever from the scene of their sufferings and their political crimes.

To but very few, was permitted the melancholy pleasure of a last farewell with their relatives; perhaps the better—certainly, the more politic course. The interest, to which allusion has

been already made, might have procured this favor for poor Riley, but the situation of his daughter would scarcely justify the consequences likely to result from so afflicting an interview, and it was therefore peremptorily interdicted.

The sails of the convict ship were spread to the propitious breeze ; and, weighed down by the woes which are of earth and the inheritance of its offspring, Philip Riley was borne far away from home and hope—and all those living endearments which are the very life of life.

In less than six months after, the pure, affectionate, dutiful, religious and beautiful daughter of his heart—the once gay and happy, but now, perhaps, fortunately, maniac, Mary, was consigned to the home which she,

in the first moments of her delirium, saw and sung of,—the grave. There she sleeps with the mother of her love ; no stone to mark her resting-place, nor, indeed, is such necessary to preserve the memory of her fortunes and her fate, among the people of that broad neighborhood, who often mingle her name with their fire-side tales of legendary or traditionary moral.

Of the fiend, who accomplished this ruin, nothing further is known. Nor, otherwise, would it be necessary of narration. His wicked agency alone is spoken of, whenever the peasant maiden sighs over the name, or the patriarch of some family, tells to the children of his heart, the rare and heavenly virtues of the daughter of PHILIP RILEY.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

FROM THE U. S. CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

It has struck me that a cursory review of the writings of Thomas Carlyle, author of *Sartor Resartus*, *Hero-worship*, &c., might be interesting to your readers at the present juncture, when his reputation is growing so rapidly as to obtrude his works on almost all classes of the reading public. I say that it would be important at the present juncture, for I know of no one in whom Catholics have a greater interest than in this same metaphysical, mystical man, Carlyle. If the Christian religion could emanate from the natural mind of man, and form itself, into the "grand Formulary of a church of Christ," as he would call it, it would, from the deep-seeing, comprehensive and powerful mind of

this man. Should the report of his anti-catholic prejudices, which are not sparingly indulged in, particularly in his *Hero-worship*, become so disgusting, as to prevent the perusal of his works by Catholics, I should regard it as one of the most melancholy literary occurrences of the day.

I call Carlyle a great man, a good man ; ought to be a very Catholic in all his thoughts, aspirations, affections—would outstrip us all in piety, adoration, patient suffering, were it necessary, had he but the humility which springs from God's free grace. But we must consider him as he is ; a proud Arian, imbued, however, with a deep mystical belief—seeing the necessity of a church—an universal, in.

fallible, God-presiding church and candidly confessing it. It is truly as a Prophet that we must regard him. We can scarcely otherwise. It is an opinion, commonly had, that the pagan world, prior to the advent of our Lord, was beginning to master and even relish the philosophy of Plato; the sublime conceiver of a *supernatural* interposition—a mystical link between God and his creatures. This natural thinker had felt the void in his natural mind, which thoughts drawn from nature could not fill up; it was impossible to reach the Godhead by earthly built Babels. Something more tangible must be had; a “supernatural naturalism” was in us, and about us, and this must be consulted and impressed. Plato foresaw a Christ in these his faint glimpses into the vast spiritual economy; Carlyle foresees a church: an infallible, universal, mystical church. Christ has come: Philosophy can no longer speculate about this; imitators of Christ have come—Mahomets have come—Martin Luthers, Knoxes, Wesleys have come; we are tired of these: but a Church; this is the thing which these God-inspired prophets and priests are to build with their martyred bodies and blood—the fruit of all their mystical potency. A church, in which all to the uttermost corners of the earth are to be one day assembled. Until this day shall come, there will be false governments—false reasons; false religions. Nations starving; time-subversing utilitarianism—ungodly rationalism. Otherwise, Luther protested in vain, Calvin sectarianized in vain, Cromwell dictated in vain.

These are the Platonic glimpses into the future of this deep comprehensive “seer” of our own century, and beautifully has he set them forth to a too short-sighted Protestant world of his; the Catholic can alone drink from his deep prophetic fount; at least for the present. How long Transcendentalism will be in teach-

ing, this want of a church to its thirst-inspired people, is the only question for us. As for the church, it is already built; Christ, the divined of Plato, came to build it, and did. As a consolation, we say, as a great light may this man’s divinings be considered. If Platonic philosophy came to be understood, to be relished by a pagan world, why may not a Resartorized Plato—a Transcendental Carlyle’s prophecies be realized. The Pagan would or could not have been more worldly, more time-subdued than is our would be, Christian world *without a church*. The world wants a church, says Carlyle, and it must have it—will have it. This is the most prophetic *protestation* of all, and in his own language, Hero-worship belongs to the protestor for it. I, for one, at least, give it.

It is a mournful fact, that the greatest genius in Europe—the most talented man—the bravest thinker where all is confused, should be a beacon rather than a light, to the country he lives in; or, if a light, shining dimly,—only to be reached some centuries hence—a prophet, but a posthumous one; coming after the Christ. Are we not right in saying this? If Carlyle were a Christian, a God-incarnate believer, would he not hail with us the church—the fruit of incarnation—the seed that would not come without God’s own hand sowing it? If he believes in Christ as the God-builder, why should hosts of Arians, Manichians, Lutherans, Puritans, be marshalled into his service to assist in its foundation? We are surprised that this deep “seer”—this mystical man, with his heaven-divining thoughts, should not have recognised the fact—the greatest of all facts, that the church is already established.

But if God has hung in his supernatural world, his mystical church—“his little kirk pendant in the skies,”—what are its characteristics? Carlyle, says, it must be infallible—all

thinking men say so—universal, surely universal. If Christ built it, it must be universal, it must be infallible. It is a sequence that flows naturally, necessarily from the incarnation of God. If Carlyle be not a Christian in our acceptance, let him speak it quickly, we want beacons in that direction—to warn us from the shoals and quicksands of a ranker infidelity than his. As he would say, our Humes have fallen down, and Bentham's have fallen down—we must have new beacons.

I have glanced rapidly over Carlyle's moral endeavors; peered slightly into the man himself, and represent him fearlessly as an Arian, holding out to his fellow-men, "the divine idea of a God," planted in their natural minds, as the polar star to mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. A man without *grace*, a man ignorant of what grace is; his connection with the God-head, springing alone from an interior thrusting onwards and upwards of the divine spirit within him. I cannot refrain from a train of reflections here, which I trust will prove interesting. How shall we strike home to minds thus paralyzed by pride? Christians, who have travelled to God's *throne of grace*, by the rough, devious paths of Doubt, Deism, Atheism, look back with sorrowing hearts, to those who follow them, trusting only to the sweet consolation, "the prayer of the righteous." But is this right? God, we acknowledge, adds to the flock, but may we not be instruments in his hands, one with another, to effect his purposes? Is not Science, Art, Philosophy, with all their influences, entering into the economy of God's spiritual regeneration? Is there any thing, I ask, that a Christian could suggest to the mind of this great man, whereby *grace* could be added to his greatness? Could we say, friend, what spirit has brought you thus bravely on your journey; you have

already accomplished three-fourths of it? Instead of conciliation, would we not have the chilling recoil of offended *inborn Dignity*? "Three-fourths of the journey. I have reached the very portal of heaven, itself," would he not say. "I see the church 'the little kirk.' You ask what spirit did this? I answer, the spirit of pride, the spirit of manhood—god-created manhood." What would our *grace* inspired traveller do now? Could he sit down, and, with the Saviour, say, "come, let us reason together on these spiritualities, let us analyse these mystical influences, and see how many and how far each, in its turn, can and does carry us. I say, Pride takes us but three-fourths of our heaven-ward journey; let us see to this. Would our self-help appliance of earth's tools, to build up heaven-reaching Babels with, listen to this presumptuous *graceling*? I fear not. Carlyle, himself, is not prepared to follow the Christian philosopher from the *first* spiritual impulse of our being—the spirit of infant love, warm, unsuspicious, confiding—to that *last* and more confiding spirit of grace, with which God crowns all our earthly aspirations. Would he not ask, what affinity between these? Natural growth breathes into our earliest earth-being, with spiritual growth, coming from, we know not where, and implanted in us, we know not when, the creation of a blind credulity. Our great American, Webster, has called Carlyle, "a metaphysical fiddle-string." He is wrong. The author of Sartor Resartus—the fugitive *clothes philosophy* of Frasers' Magazine, *re-clothed* by the American, Emerson, into a charming metaphysical volume—is only deficient, not at fault, in his philosophy. One chapter more added to the "everlasting nay and yea," viz., the everlasting heaven of God's *grace*, would have made it the greatest metaphysical work extant. See, for instance, his

loving childhood—obedient, faithful, *first*, in order of impulses. His curious Emulus, *vanity*, inspired youth, generous, confident. *Second*, the *pride* of manhood,—dark, drear, but self-sufficing—kindling up incense, not for earthly altars, but reaching heaven-ward, the seer into the unseen, if it were possible. This is Carlyle's ultimatum, and is, as it should be; but let some violent concussion dash the cup of pride from the fevered lip of our insatiate god-seeker, and where is his refuge? See him, with all his *head bare*, like Joseph's brethren, still in want of grain. With o'erflowing bags of gold and silver, they must go for corn to Egypt. Poor gold! priceless silver!—it will not buy corn. Joseph wants not the product of your *Heads*—you and your father Jacob—Benjamin, the jewel of his *Heart* will alone buy corn. Strange, this, but *blindly do they obey*. The heart and head are both yielded to the god of grace. Will the world philosophy of Carlyle, acknowledge this parallel? Will it not querulously ask, and what has philosophy to do with the heart? Is your grace, your fourth link in the chain of human destiny, a thing for the heart? Yes, indeed, and through it, for the head, too; in the word of truth, a *new understanding* comes with a grace inspired heart. This is, indeed, the revelation. Nor can philosophy quibble here: ask, what charm has beauty on a youth of *ten*; it answers none; at *twenty*, an indescribable one. So, answers the Christian philosopher; will grace find a fit place to establish itself when you shall tire of this babbling philosophy and like Joseph's brethren humbly comply with God's demand, and offer him your heart. Say that we cannot believe that Carlyle will understand this, great man as he is—great thinker—to Catholics, great Prophet. He, with his earth-bewildered eyes, still seeing the necessity of our universal church. Yet, without grace, without

a true knowledge of mysteries, a mere dreamer of their real, their glorious import. This is a proud man—a man drawn to adore his creator because he has wrought him from his own hard, incongruous nature, “half dust half deity.” Not a humble man, who finds his adoration flowing from a heart o'er filled with grace. But suppose Carlyle does not understand this criticism of him; does the boy understand the man? the thoughtless, timid creature of vanity, the dignified, fearless being of pride? How can this latter there understand, in his turn, the meek, humbled, regenerated child of grace?

But to return to our subject. It may be said, that as a true critic, this should be all proven from the productions of our author. Only too sorry, are we, that he has given in his “*Herod Priest*,” full ground for the license.

We will confine ourselves to this definition of priest, and conception of Martin Luther's character. The veriest tyro in Christian doctrine, is aware, that our Saviour came on earth to establish a church; a fold, in which God's flock should be gathered, even to the uttermost end of time. It is added, “a flock under one shepherd,” at least, there must be a shepherd—a divine charge under anointed shepherds—a charge in their hands to be offered up at the day of judgment—a “sacer-dos”—a sacred charge, or gift—the shepherd, or priest—“sacer-dos.” Now, is this the duty performed by Carlyle's Herod Priest, Luther. Does he not scatter the flock, rather? Two hundred fractions of these poor scattered ones, numbering over one hundred millions of the earth's population, are living witnesses of this fact. Wanderers, with but an occasional glimpse of the fold, and this, the hard-earned portion of a few bell wethers, to borrow a home-spun phrase, or, rather, would be bell wethers, for they have lost their bells, and lo! none of

the sheep will follow them. Again, does not the false priest, Luther himself, tire of his efforts to regather the scattered sheep, and actually prays for death, rather than the destruction which he had brought about him. True, he did not fight, but he armed them for the fight, his desperate followers—men gone from peace, from grace, from love—no altar! no priest, no victim; scattered, indeed, and he a priest! But our author has as faint a conception of the greatness of Luther, as of the church whose inmates he scattered. This man's greatness consisted in his archness to conceive the weak points in man's character, and bravery to assail it. "Sacraments, the vehicles of God's graces," nonsense. God pours them directly into the hearts of his believers. Down with sacraments—all outward signs of inward and spiritual grace, even to the tearing out of such *books of straw*, as St. James' Epistles, only reinstated into the Protestant Bible, in the times of our Scotch James. What is a priest without his altar, his sacrifice, his sacrament. Luther knew this, and he was daring enough to accomplish their destruction. His greatness is only dimmed

by his having had a prototype in Satan, who scattered the peaceful, God-loving, God-obeying inmates of Eden, in a similar manner, and thereby left him an example. No sacraments for the truly spiritual—no "hidden graces in outward signs"—down with simulacra, saintships, sacrifices.—Cairas have not ceased since then, nor will, as long as such men are acknowledged as God's priests, and preach from the pulpits and presses, erected since in the place of God's altar.

We trust that enough has been advanced to sustain our position. But we must add, in defence of Carlyle, before ending this hurried notice, that it is here and only here, of all his works, that this deep "seer" has a film over his natural vision—his mind's eye; in all things else he has seen into the bottom of things, quite through their wrappings; and truly has his pen noted down, as in living figures, what his eye saw.

We then, say, read Carlyle wherever he can be found; he is a world hero only, not a spiritual hero; a seer, but not priest-seeing under the veil even of the inner temple.

CREDO.

Varela

THE REFORMATION EXAMINED, ACCORDING TO THE PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES, AND TO THE REASONS ASSIGNED BY THE REFORMERS FOR THAT SEPARATION FROM THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

Our dissenting brethren will not object that their system should be tried according to their own principles, without even mentioning the Church of Rome, or any of its doctors,

but purely considering the Reformed church, in itself, as viewed by her own children, or by a man no way concerned with the Catholic church. Such examination is fair and satisfac-

tory, and, therefore, if the result be against them, it will be just for them to stay by it. We shall commence by the standard principle or ground of of Protestantism, as expressed in the fifth article of the Confession of Faith, namely, that *the Scriptures containing all that is necessary for the service of God, and for our salvation, it is not allowed to men, nor even to angels, to add to, or diminish, or to change any thing from them*

According to the above principle, the Reformation must be found plainly and evidently predicted in the Scripture, or else it is not Scripture, and should be rejected. Indeed, we find that every important event has been predicted in the Old Testament, by the prophets, and, in the New, by Christ and his apostles; so, the destruction of Jerusalem and the coming of Antichrist; and the circumstances of the Last Judgment and the consummation of the world, are evidently stated. But now, where is there in the Scripture, any way predicted, that the church will fail, and that God will send in the 16th century some extraordinary men who will establish the glorious reformation, and that these precious gifts from heaven, or a new mystical vine will be extended, and will produce so many wonders, and so many benefits, as the Protestants attribute to their system? Such a fact as this would certainly be an object for a prophecy. But where is such a prophecy? Where is to be found in the Scripture, any text, giving the least idea of such personages? Indeed, we only read there should come those dressed in sheep's clothing, but inwardly, they are ravening wolves. Hence, the Reformation is not Scriptural, and, according to the Protestant principle, should be totally rejected.

We might address to Protestants, the words of St. Augustine to the Donatists: "Produce," said he, "produce, at least, one text, wherein is

clearly predicted, that the Church of Africa would be the only one that will remain attached to the true faith, and through her the whole universe should be reformed, because that which was soon to perish, would not have been recommended in so many passages of the Scripture, while we find none, where a single word is said about that which was to remain alone, and by which all the rest would be repaired and accomplished. If you cannot grant what we ask from you, with such a just title, at least yield to truth, keep your peace, and instead of indulging in passion, think of assuring your salvation. "It is to announce another gospel," says the same father, "to affirm that the Church has perished in the rest of the world, and remained only in Africa, among the Donatists. Let them, therefore, either be anathematized or show such prediction in the Holy Scriptures."—*St. Aug. de Unit. Eccl. c. 19.*

The authority of St. Augustine, is so great in the Christian world, that Protestants always pretended to have the holy father in their favor, although they oppose so much, even the very name of authority, except that of the Bible, and therefore, they must give up the idea of claiming St. Augustine as their own, or they must confess that, according to their very principle, their Reformation is groundless.

Another Protestant principle, is, that *the unity of the Church is kept as long as Christians will agree in the essential points*. Consequently, there is no call for separation, as long as the essential points of doctrine are admitted, and no church that keeps such points unaltered, should be considered as a corrupted church, and as the harlot of Babylon. But the Catholic church keeps all those essential points according to Luther, himself. Hence, there was no urgent reason why he should separate himself from it, thus giving birth to the scandalous division, called Reforma-

tion. Luther's words are very remarkable, indeed, and a reader scarcely can believe that the father of Protestantism could write against the Anabaptists, in the following terms: "We confess that there is under the papacy great deal of *Christian good*, nay, all the *Christian good* came to us from them. We confess, that under the papacy, there are *true Holy Scriptures*, true baptism, true *sacrament of the altar*, true keys for the remission of sins, true authority to preach, true catechism, as the Lord's prayer, the ten commandments, and the articles of faith. I say, moreover, that under the papacy, there is a true Christianity, and even the true foundation of Christianity."*

Such is the church from which Luther separated himself, and let Protestants decide whether such a separation was according to the favorite Protestant principle—whether a church which retains all what Luther says to be found in the Roman Catholic Church, does not retain the essential points—whether such a church is to be considered as the harlot of Babylon. Either Luther had the spirit of God or not. If he had it, the Roman Catholic Church is the true one, according to his description of it, and if he had not the spirit of God, he was an impostor. In either case, let Protestants judge of their Reformation and of their glorious father.

Let it be noticed that the principal

* Nos fatemur sub Papatu plurimum esse boni Christiani, imo *omne bonum christianum* atque etiam illinc ad nos devenisse. Quippe fatemur in Papatu veram esse Scripturam sacram, verum baptismum, VERUM SACRAMENTUM ALTARIS, VERAS CLAVES AD REMISSIONEM PECCATORUM, VERUM PRÆDICANDO OFFICIUM, verum catechismum, ut sunt oratio Dominica, decem præcepta, articuli fidei. Dico insuper, sub Papatu veram Christianitatem esse, imo verum NUCLEUM Christianitatis esse.—Vide Justinii Calvini Apolog. pro Rom. Ecclesiæ, p. 14.

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charge made against us, by Protestants, is that of idolatry, on account of our doctrine on the Eucharist, and the use of images. But Luther confesses that we have a *true sacrament of the altar*, and, therefore, we are not idolators as to this point; and as to the images, he thus wrote: "The third FURY is of those who *destroy all the images*, whereas, Moses commanded only those to be destroyed, which are worshipped, and in which confidence is placed: such is the meaning of the text, and the intention in the first commandment, which says that no similitude of God should be made, in order to *ADORE* it; but other images, which are not of God, and are not *adored*, God has not prohibited," (Luth. in cap. vii. Deuteronomii.)† Protestants will find in this doctrine of their father Luther, the answer to all their arguments against images, and a proof of their rashness in misrepresenting us as idolators.—Calvin, also, will satisfy them, for, in the *Catechism of Geneva*, given by him, we find: "*Is it ABSOLUTELY forbidden to paint or to engrave images?* Response. No, but two things are here forbidden, viz., not to make images to represent God, and not to make any to *ADORE* it."* However, Protestants will have, that we are idolators ONLY because we have images.

† Tertius furor est, quod prorsus omnes imagines perdant cum Moses solum de iis præcipiat, quæ coluntur, et quibus fiditur: id quod non modo textus indicat, et intentio primi præcepti, cum dicit, non esse Dei similitudinem faciendam ad *adorandum*; alias autem imagines quam Dei, tum quæ *non adorantur*, nusquam prohibet Deus.—Luth. in cap. 7, Deut.

* "Prohibet ne in *totum* ne aliquæ pingantur, vel sculphantur imagines? Non: sed duo tantum hic vetat, ne quas faciamus imagines vel Dei effigendi, vel *ADORANDI* causa."—(Catechismus, Genæv.)—Vide etiam Theolog. Dogm. Bertierii, Tom. II. p. 71.

Another principle, or rather pretext, of Protestants to separate themselves from the church, is, that *they should not be in a corrupted church*. But Luther could have no such pretext, and if his offspring will hear with impartiality, the reasons of their father, they will certainly have none. "It is incredible," says Luther, "how many, even great men, have perished on account of the scandal, as they expected nothing in the church but totally holy. This way the Donatists separated themselves from the church, because they observed some wicked in it, but afterwards they also disagreed among themselves. The Maximianists, separated themselves from the Donatists, because they observed many wicked amongst them. The same ignorance was the cause of the separation of the Novatians from the church, and the origin of great many heresies, which always gave us cause of their separation, that they could not put up with wicked, and, on this subject, St. Augustine wrote very extensively against the Donatists. Therefore, it is no wonder that this ignorance is, in our days, the ruin of many, and the scandal of great men, to say nothing of Muncer, and some other fanatics. (Tom. 5, p. 41.) Consequently, Luther had no pretext whatever for his separation from the church, for he granted that we keep

the doctrine, and as to the scandal he himself says, that they should never be a cause of separation. Let Protestants judge of the *sincerity* of their father Luther. Moreover, where have they found in the Scriptures, that the people should leave the church whenever there are scandals in it? The prophets lamented the crime of the people, but never told the rest to make any separation. St. Paul reprimands the conduct of many of the Corinthians, but never told the rest to form a sect.

Suppose, however, that we admit this Protestant maxim, and let us apply it to the Reformation. They left the Roman church, on account of its corruptions; therefore, in order to act consistently, they should leave every church that is corrupted. But the Reformers, themselves, often said and wrote, that their people was still more corrupted than they were under the papacy. Hence, they should leave immediately the Protestant church.—But where to go? Back to the Catholics? This would be right, but their pride will not allow them to do it. To the Jews? No. To the infidels? It is not expedient to go so openly. To nothing? Yes, to nothing, for they remain by themselves, destroyed by *their own principles*, and with an imaginary existence of Christianity.

CATULLUS:

HE CONGRATULATES HIS FRIEND VERANNUS ON HIS RETURN FROM SPAIN.*

Verannus, dearest to my breast;
Of all my friends I love thee best!
Verannus, hast thou safely come
Back to thy household gods, and home?
Oh! does thy mother see again
Her son, upon his native plain?

* These lines were addressed to him, after his return from Spain, where he had been Quæstor.

Hast thou returned ! I now shall hear
 Of people, deeds, and countries far—
 I now shall cling to thy embrace,
 And kiss thy comely eyes and face.
 Oh ! who of happiest men can be
 More happy, or more blest than we !

TO CALVUS LICINIUS,

WHO, IN A JOKE, SENT CATULLUS A COLLECTION OF BAD POETRY.

Did I not hold thee quite so dear,
 Or quite so much thy name revere,
 Thy gift would raise my hatred more
 Than Rome against Vatinius bore.*
 What have I said, or done amiss,
 To meet a fate so dark as this ?
 From gods, who thus their client's treat,
 What can we hope, but wo, to meet.
 Gods ! what a present this, a friend
 Could to his fond Catullus send !
 What ! will you kill me on a day†
 Of all most sacred, and most gay.
 Ah ! when that festive day will shine,
 I shall return that gift of thine.
 I'll rummage every shelf to find
 All writers of Aquinus kind ;‡
 And all those pests of verse, that rust
 Unknown, I'll gather from their dust,
 And send Licinius to repay,
 A present for that festive day !
 Meanwhile, begone, accurst by fame,
 Back to the dust from whence ye came.
 Begone, I would not read a page
 Of poets, who disgrace this age.

TO PRIAPUS.§

Where'er O, god, in Hellespont thou be,
 This shady grove we consecrate to thee,
 For Hellespont (far-famed for oystery shores)
 With special care thy deity adores.||

* See Cicero's oration against Vatinius.

† He means the *saturnalia*.

‡ Aquinus was, it is supposed, like Cæsius, a very bitter and extravagant satirist.

§ The god of gardens. This, and the following poems, are unanimously attributed to Catullus ; my opinion is, that they bear every mark of his style and sentiment.

|| Priapus was supposed to preside over the commerce of Hellespont.

THE GARDEN GOD

TELLS THE STRANGER WHAT GIFTS HE RECEIVES.

I passing stranger, lately stood
 A misshaped poplar in the wood.
 But kindly shaped by rural hands,
 Am now the guardian of these lands :
 This villa, and this little farm,
 I shelter from the robbers arm.
 To me a wreath of flowers they bring,
 The first-born blossoms of the Spring :
 To me the ruddy corn that seems
 Translucent in the Summer beams ;
 The luscious grape before my shrine
 They lay, still on the tender vine,
 For me, when winter chills the plain,
 The olive's yellow leaves remain.
 And, fed upon my fat'ning hills,
 The goat its plenteous milk distils :
 And from my herds, each circling year,
 (The hapless mother lowing near)
 A heifer, victim to the skies,
 Before the sacred altar dies.
 Then, stranger, with uplifted hands,
 Adore the guardian of these lands.

THE SAME GOD

PROTECTS ANOTHER VILLA, AND GUARDS IT FROM THIEVES.

I, once an oak-tree shaped by rural hands,
 Protect this villa, and its marshy lands.
 Where rushes once and worthless figs were found,
 Now, by my care, luxuriant fruits abound.
 For me the master of this cot adores,
 To me his child due supplication pours ;
 (Each at my feet their grateful off'rings lay)
 That from their plain I'd clear these weeds away.
 To me a wreath of various flow'rs they bring,
 The first-born blossoms of the laughing spring :
 The yellow violet, and the tender corn,
 The smiling poppy, yellow as the morn :
 The pallid gourd they lay before my shrine,
 And grapes thick clustered on the verdant vine.

SOIREEES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE FISE, D. D.

BOOK V. CHAPTER II.

"By real quality, then," said the Chevalier, "I understand something really subsisting; something, *I know not what*, which I am not obliged to define clearly, but which exists like all that exists."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Count, "but this *something*, this *unknown thing*, whose value we seek, is it material or nominal? If it be not material——"

"Ah! I did not say that," cried the Chevalier.

"But, if it is material," added the Count, "certainly you cannot style it *quality*; it is a mere *modification*, an *accident*, a *manner*, or any thing you may call it. It is a substance, similar in its essence, to every other material substance. And this substance, which is not *wood* (otherwise wood would heal) exists in the wood, or, to speak more correctly, *in this wood*, as sugar, which is neither water nor tea, is contained in that infusion of tea which has dissolved it. We have, then, merely gone back to the question, which is but in its beginning. In effect, since the substance which cures the fever is material, I ask, again, why go to Peru for it? Matter is more easily found than wood. It is every where, and all that we see is good to effect a cure. You will, therefore, be obliged to repeat on this subject, in general, all that you have said, concerning wood. You will say: *there is no question about matter in general, but in particular; that is to say, of matter in the most abstract sense, a quality which distinguishes it and cures the fever.*

And I will attack you anew, by asking you what is this quality which you suppose material? and I will pursue you thus, with the same advantage, leaving not a point for your good sense to resist. For, matter being of its nature, inert and passive, and having action only by motion, which it cannot give itself, it follows, that it can act only by the action of an agent more or less distant, hidden by itself, and which cannot be *itself*.

"You see, therefore, my dear Chevalier, that it was not altogether a question about words: but let us return. This excursion, concerning causes, conducts us to an idea equally just and fruitful. It is, to regard prayer, considered in its effect, simply as a second cause. For, under this point of view, it is but that, and should not be considered any thing else. If, then, a fashionable philosopher, is astonished to see me recur to prayer to escape lightning, for example, I will say to him: *and you, sir, why do you make use of conductors?* or, to confine myself to something more common: *why do you have recourse to engines against fire, or remedies against disease?* Do you not, by so doing, oppose, as well as myself, all the eternal laws? Oh! that is very different, I will be told; for, if it is a law, for instance, that fire should burn, it is likewise a law that water extinguish fire. And I answer: *that is precisely what I insist on*; for if it is a law that fire produces such or such a ravage, it is likewise, one, that prayer, applied in time to the FIRE OF

HEAVEN, should extinguish or avert it. And, be persuaded, gentlemen, that no objection can be made in the same supposition, which I cannot retort to advantage. There is no medium between rigid, absolute, universal fatalism, and the common faith of men in the efficacy of prayer.

"You remember, Chevalier, the petty biped, who, in our presence, a short time ago, ridiculed these lines of Boileau :

Pour moi qu'en santé meme un autre
monde etonne

Qui crois l'ame immortelle et que c'est
Dieu qui tonne.

Though, in full health, another world
alarms

Me, who believe the soul shall never die,
And that 'tis God who thunders—

'From the days of Boileau,' he said, 'before prattlers and striplings, enraptured with so much science, the world did not know, as yet, that a peal of thunder is nothing more than an electrical spark : and so much importance would not be attached to it, if thunder had not been regarded as the divine arm destined to chastise crime. Still, you must know, that already in ancient days, certain reasoners had created some uneasiness in the minds of the believing, by asking, why Jupiter amused himself by striking, with his thunder, the rocks of Caucasus, or the uninhabited forests of Germany ?'

"I created some uneasiness, myself, in that profound reasoner, by saying to him : but you do not reflect, sir, that you, yourself, furnish an excellent argument to the devout of our own days, (for there are always some, in spite of the efforts of philosophers), to continue to think with the good Boileau ; in effect, they will say to you with great simplicity : *thunder, though it kills, was not originally destined to kill ; and we ask God, in his goodness, to deign to hurl his thunders at rocks and deserts, which will, with-*

out doubt, suffice for the accomplishment of the physical laws. I would not, as you well understand, enter into a thesis before such an audience ; but see, I pray you, whither science, badly understood, would lead us, and what we have to hope from youth imbued with such principles. What profound ignorance, and even what a horror for truth ! Observe, above all, the fundamental sophism of modern pride, which always confounds the discovery, or generation of an effect, with the revelation of a cause. Men recognise in an unknown substance (amber), the property it acquires by friction to attract light bodies. They name that quality, electricity. They do not change the name, in proportion as they discover other idio-electrical substances : very soon, new observations discover to them electric fire. They learn how to accumulate it, conduct it, etc. In a word, they are sure to have recognized and demonstrated the identity of this fire with lightning, insomuch, that were names given by reasoning, it would be necessary now to substitute, for the word *electricity*, that of *ceraunism*. What have they done ? They have rendered the miracle greater—they have, thus to speak, approached nearer to them. But what more do they know of their essence ? Nothing. It seems rather, to appear more inexplicable, the nearer it is considered. Now, admire the beauty of this reasoning : it is proved that electricity, such as we observe it in our cabinets, does not differ but little from that terrible and mysterious agent which we call *lightning* ; THEREFORE, it is not God who thunders ! Moliere said : *your ERGO is but a fool !* But we shall be very happy if it were only a *fool*. See the ulterior consequences. *Therefore*, it is not God who acts by secondary causes. *Therefore*, their march is invariable ; *therefore*, our fears and prayers are equally vain. But what a series of monstrous errors ! I read

a short time since, in a French paper, *that thunder is no longer, in the estimation of a wise man, lightning hurled from the high heavens to cause men to tremble : it is a very natural and simple phenomenon, which passes some small distance above our heads, and of which, the nearest stars have no information.* Let us analyse this reasoning, and we will find, that if the lightning partakes, for example, of the planet Saturn, *as it would then be NEAREST TO GOD*, there would be some reason to suppose that he has something to do with it ; *but as it only passes a few feet above our heads, etc.* We hear much about the ignorance of our ancestors,—there is nothing so ignorant as the philosophy of our age. The good sense of the twelfth century would have ridiculed it justly. The royal prophet, does not certainly place the phenomenon of which I am speaking, in a too elevated region ; for he styles it, with great oriental elegance, *the cry of the clouds.** He He could even produce some recommendation to modern chemists, for he says : *God knoweth how to extract water from the lightning.†* But he likewise says :

The voice of the thunder is sounding abroad,
And the earth is all shaken, and trembles,—

Religion and physics, you see, are in perfect accordant ; men reason badly. Alas ! how dearly have they paid for the natural sciences ! It is their own fault ; for God had placed them sufficiently upon their guard, but pride listened to the serpent ; man,

* Vocem dederunt nubes. Ps. lxxxvi.

† Fulgura in pluviam facit. (Ps. cxxxiv. Another prophet repeats this expression twice. Jerem. x. 13, li. 16. The peals of thunder appear to be the combustion of hydrogen gas with vital air. Thus we see them followed by sudden showers.—Fourcroy verités fondamentales de la chimie moderne, p. 38.

again, has reached out his hand to the forbidden tree of knowledge, and has ruined himself, and learned nothing. Observe the beautiful laws of Providence : from the primitive times, of which I will not speak just now, it entrusted experimental physics only to Christians. The ancients, certainly surpassed us in strength of intellect. This is proved by the superiority of their languages, in a manner which seems to impose silence upon all the sophisms of our pride. For the same reason, they have surpassed us in every thing which they had in common with us. On the contrary, their physics were comparatively nothing. For they not only attached no value to physical experiments, but despised them ; and even associated to them a certain idea of impiety—and this confused idea sprang from a very high source. When all Europe was Christian,—when the priests were the universal teachers—when all the establishments of Europe were Christianized—when theology took the ascendancy of all learning, and all the faculties were merely ranged around her, like so many handmaids around their sovereign, the human race being thus prepared, the natural sciences were given them—*tantæ molis erat ROMANAM condere gentem!* The ignorance of this truth, has caused many great geniuses to reason badly, not excepting Bacon, nay, commencing with him.”

“ Since you have made me think of it, I assure you,” remarked the Senator, “ that I have found him more than once, extremely amusing with his *desiderata*. He has the appearance of a man, who stamps his feet, by the side of a cradle, complaining that the child who is rocked in it, is not yet a professor of mathematics, nor a general of an army !”

“ Well said,” returned the Count, “ but, indeed, I do not know if it is not possible to question the exactitude of your comparison, for the sciences,

in the beginning of the XVIIth century, were, by no means, the *child in the cradle*. Without speaking of the illustrious religious of his own name who had preceded him three centuries, in England, and whose science could even now deserve for any one the title of *Savant*; Bacon was contemporary with Kepler, Galileo, and Descartes. Copernicus had preceded him. These four giants, alone, without mentioning a hundred less celebrated personages, deprived him of the right of speaking with such contempt of the condition of the sciences, which shed, in his day, such brilliant rays. The sciences do not advance, as Bacon thinks. They bud forth, as every thing that buds forth; they grow, like every thing that grows; they connect themselves with the moral condition of man. Though free and active, and, consequently, capable of applying himself to the sciences and perfecting them, he is, nevertheless, abandoned to himself on this point, less, perhaps, than on any other. But Bacon took the notion to injure the sciences of his age, without being able to appropriate them; and nothing is more curious in the history of the human mind, than the imperturbable obstinacy with which this celebrated man did not cease to deny the existence of the light which sparkled around him, because his eyes were not constructed in the manner necessary to receive it. For no man was ever a greater stranger to the natural sciences and the laws of the world. Bacon, has very justly, been accused of having retarded the progress of chemistry, in endeavouring to render it mechanical, and I am delighted that he has been reproached with this in his own country, by one of the first chemists of the age.* He has done still greater harm in retarding the march of that transcendent or general philosophy, with which he

never ceases to entertain us, without ever having doubted about what it should be. He has even invented false words, and dangerous in the acceptance which he has given them; that of *form*, for example, which he has substituted for that of *nature* or *essence*, and which modern ignorance has not failed to lay hold of, in proposing to us, as seriously as possible, to seek after the *form* of heat, expansibility, etc. And who knows, if the day will not arrive, when we shall be taught the *form of virtue*? The power which led on Bacon, was not yet adult at the epoch in which he wrote. Still, it fermented in his works, in which he boldly sows the seeds which have sprung up so prolifically in our days. Filled with a mechanical rancor against all spiritual ideas (of which he did not know either the nature or source) Bacon drew, with all his powers, the general attention to the material sciences, so as to disgust men with all the rest. He confined all metaphysics, psychology, all natural theology, to positive theology, and he shut that up under lock and key, in the church, preventing it from coming out; he undervalued final causes, which he styled impediments, attached to the vessel of science, and dared support the position, that the investigation of these causes was injurious to true science; an error, as gross as it is fatal; and yet, who could believe it? An error contagious even among well disposed minds, insomuch, that one of the most fervent and estimable disciples of English philosophy could, without feeling his hand tremble as he wrote, advise us *not to be seduced by the apparent order of the universe*. Bacon left nothing undone to disgust us with the philosophy of Plato, who is the human preface to the gospel; and he has praised, explained, and propagated that of Democritus, that is to say, corpuscular philosophy, a desperate effort of materialism, pushed to its

* Black's Lectures.

extreme, which, finding that matter escapes from him, and explains nothing, plunges into things, infinitely small, seeking for matter, as it were, without matter, and always content in the midst of absurdities, especially where he finds no intelligence. In conformity with this system of philosophy, Bacon instructs men to look for the cause of natural phenomena, in the configuration of atoms or constituent particles: the most false and gross idea that has ever entered into the human mind. And this is the reason why the XVIIth century, which loves and praises only what is bad in men, has made a god of Bacon—refusing, at the same time, to render him justice for what he has, that is excellent and good. It is a very great error to believe that he has had any influence on the progress of science—for its true founders preceded him, and did not know him.—Bacon was a barometer, which announced pleasant weather; and because he announced it, they believed that he created it. Walpole, his contemporary, has styled him the *prophet of science*;* this is all that can be accorded him. I have seen the design of a medal, struck in his honor, which is a rising sun, with this inscription: *Exortus uti Æthereus Sol*. Nothing is more evidently false. I would rather have the aurora, with the words, *Nuntia Solis*; and, even thus, there might be some exaggeration; for, when Bacon arose, it was, at least, ten o'clock in the day! The immense reputation which he has earned in our times, is owing, as I just remarked, to his reprehensible points. Observe, that he was not translated into French, until the end of the present century, and by a man, who has candidly declared, *that he had, contrary to his own experience, a hundred*

thousand reasons not to believe in God."

"Are you not afraid to be stoned for the blasphemies you utter against one of the *great gods* of our age?" asked the Chevalier.

"Did my duty bring that fate upon me, I should have to submit to it with patience," returned the Count; "but I doubt whether I shall be stoned just here. If there were question of publishing what I now say, I would not hesitate an instant. I would have little fear of the tempests, convinced as I am, that the true intentions of a writer are always appreciated, and that all the world will do them justice. They will believe me, then, I am sure, when I protest that I consider myself inferior, in talents and acquirements, to the greater part of writers whom you have in view at this moment, as I surpass them, by the truth of the doctrines which I profess. I am pleased to confess this first superiority, which will furnish me a subject of delicious meditation, on the inestimable privilege of truth, and the nullity of talents which dare to separate from it. There is a fine work to be written, *on the wrong done to all the productions of genius, and even to the character of their authors, by the errors which they have professed, for the last three centuries*. What a subject, if well treated! The work would be the more useful, as it would rest entirely on facts, and, therefore, afford little room to sophistry. I can cite a striking instance on this subject, viz., Newton, who now presents himself to my mind, as one of the most remarkable men in the empire of science.—What was wanting to justify the perfect application to him of this beautiful English poetry:

A pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless
works

From law sublimely simple.†

* Preface of the small edition of Bacon, published by Dr. Shaw, London, 1802.

VOL. II. NO. III.

† Thompson's Seasons, Summer.

Nothing, except that he did not rise above his national prejudices, for certainly, if he had had one more truth on his mind, he would have written one book less. Let the world exalt him, then, as much as they please, I subscribe to all, provided he keeps in his place. But when he descends from the high regions of his genius, to speak to me of the *big end of the little horn*, I am no longer indebted to him. There are not, in the whole circle of errors, and there cannot be, names, ranks, or differences. Newton, is equal to *Villiers*.

"After this profession of faith, which I do not cease to repeat, I live perfectly in peace with myself. I can accuse myself of nothing, for I know what I owe to genius; but I likewise know what I owe to truth. Besides, gentlemen, *the time has come*, when all these idols must fall. But, let us return to our subject. Do you find the least difficulty in this idea, that prayer is a second cause, and that it is impossible to make a single objection against it, which you cannot make against medicine, for example? *Either the sick man will die, or he will not, therefore it is unnecessary to pray for him*. And, I say, therefore, it is unnecessary to administer remedies; therefore medicine is useless. Where is the difference? We will not pay attention to the fact, that the secondary causes are combined with the superior action. *Either this sick man will die, or he will not*: certainly, he will die, if he takes no remedies, and he will not, if he takes them. This condition, if it is permitted thus to speak, *forms a portion* of the divine decree. God, beyond all doubt, is the universal mover: but each being

is moved according to the nature which it has received. If you, yourselves, gentlemen, would wish to induce that horse which you see in yonder meadow, to come hither, what would you do? You would either mount him, or lead him by the bridle, and the animal would obey you, *according to his nature*, though he possesses all the strength necessary to resist you, and might even kill you with a single kick. If you wished the child you see in the garden, to approach us, you would either call him by name, or make a motion to him; or, what would be more intelligible to him, show him a biscuit, and the child would come—following his nature. If you wanted a book out of my library, you would go after it—the book would follow your hand in a purely passive manner, *according to its nature*. This is a very natural image of the action of God upon creatures. He moves the angels, men, animals, brute matter, all beings, in a word, but each *according to its nature*. Man, having been created free, is moved freely. This law, is truly the *eternal law*, and this, we must believe."

"I believe it, with my whole heart, as you do," said the Senator; "yet we must acknowledge that the conformity of the divine action with our liberty, and the events which depend on it, form one of those questions on which human reason, even when perfectly convinced, has not the strength to divest itself of a certain doubt which springs from fear, and which always attacks it, in spite of itself.—It is an abyss, which it is better not to gaze on."

FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY MISS E. O'DRISCOLL.

AGNES BENTLEY.

Amidst the quiet and rural vallies of England, is situated a small romantic village, which always had to me an appearance of peculiar loveliness. I know that there was nothing grand, or, what this vain world would style beautiful; no high and stately old manorial residence broke upon the view; the noise and tumult of the giddy ball or other scenes of dissipation, was never heard in the rustic hamlet. All was peace and quietude. Yes, to me it bore a charm far more pleasing than the vain tinsel of pampered pride and affluence. It was once the home of a gentle girl, who had become endeared to me by the knowledge of her many misfortunes. I well remember the first time I saw her. It was a bright and balmy Sabbath morning, in the sultry days of summer, when, on arriving at the village church, and the service not yet commenced, I strolled out into the quiet grave-yard to while away the intervening moments. As I was reading the simple annals of the peasantry, carved on the tombstones, I was attracted by the appearance of a young lady, who was reclining on a grassy mound, with a small volume in her hand, which I immediately supposed was the Scriptures, from the deep attention and air of seriousness, with which she was perusing it. I placed my hand upon a small iron railing, with which affection had enclosed the remains of some cherished object, and attentively surveyed the

lovely being. She was of exquisite proportions, and her hair, of a soft auburn tinge, was braided over a brow of stainless purity; her form was clothed in virgin white, and she was truly the fairest being that my eye ever rested upon. Just at this moment, the church bell sent abroad its solemn chime, far over hill and dale. The lady started to her feet, and, as she passed, I could no longer restrain the interest I had taken in the beautiful girl. "It is a lovely morning!" I involuntarily exclaimed. She gently bowed her head and answered with a voice, soft and clear as the music of the nightingale, and we entered the church together. All day, the image of that gentle girl, was in my mind; and the next evening, as I was returning from a ramble and passing the graveyard, I was attracted by the glimmer of a white dress. I turned, and entered the mansions of repose. As my step broke the silence, she rose, and perceiving that it was me, and offering her hand, pressed me to take a seat by her side. We both reclined on the grass, and passed an hour in social converse till the sun sank behind the trees; and then rising, we wended our way home. As we arrived at a place where the roads branched out into several paths, the lady stopped, and glancing down the valley; "there," she said, "is my home, in yonder cottage." I turned in the direction pointed out, and a cottage, that I had always admired for its simple beauty, was the home of the gentle being whom I already

loved as a sister. She begged me to accompany her home ; and I could not resist the persuasions of the artless girl. We entered the dwelling of peace and happiness, and I was soon made acquainted with the parents of my young friend ; and a more pleasant evening I never spent : till at length, departing, I promised frequently to visit the fair Agnes Bently, and her amiable parents. Day after day, we met in the silent city of the dead, for it was a custom with Agnes, daily to visit that spot, too often shunned, till we had become as dear to one another, as if we had known and loved from our cradles. One evening, as I sought our accustomed haunt, Agnes was not there, but I attributed it to some necessary cause ; but the next evening, her usual place was still vacant. With a feeling of dread, I repaired to the cottage of Agnes, and found that her father was dangerously ill. Daily did I visit the cottage ; but I saw that his days were numbered, and in the course of two weeks, the father of Agnes was laid in the grave. The mother, unable to bear the shock, followed him in a week, and the lovely Agnes was an orphan. My heart clung more, and still more, to her, in her bereaved state ; but my affection was not long to be needed. The hand of affliction had touched her heavily, and her gentle spirit was unable to revive. The evening of the burial of her mother, Agnes laid her sorrowing head on her couch—that couch from whence she was never more to rise. I never left the lovely orphan, but watched over her, for she was dear to my heart. But my attention was of no avail : in one short month, the beautiful Agnes lay a tenant of the silent mansions of the dead. I gazed upon her face—lovely, even in death. I thought how fair the flower—how soon nipped in its bloom ! And I plucked a white rose from her favorite tree, and laid it on her breast,

and pressed my lips to her white and marble brow. It was all over ; her form was shrouded from my view ; the coffin lid was closed, and we bore her to her last resting place. She was laid between her parents, and a pure marble monument was raised over their remains guarded by a neat railing ; while the graceful weeping willow waved its silken branches over the tomb, and roses bloomed in abundance around the grave. Frequently, do I visit the silent city of the departed, and there is no spot so dear to me in this world, as the graves of Agnes Bently and her amiable parents.

PALESTINE.

Palestine ! the home of the chosen people of God ; where, now, are all thy beauties and thy grandeur ? Thy glorious temple, the Israelites pride, is destroyed. No more do Judah's sons go forth to fight the battles of the Lord, armed with the confidence of the children of God, while the shrill blast of the clarion urges them on to deeds of glory and fame. No more is the Jewish maiden seen going forth at evening hour, with her pitcher to the well, singing the plaintive songs of Canaan's happy land. They are spread over the face of the globe, in every land, in exile and estrangement. Their temples are overthrown ; and where once, the full Sanhedrim, met in solemn conclave, and the sons and daughters of Sion thronged the temples of the great Jehovah, and made the vaults of heaven re-echo with the songs of praise and gladness, a desolate heap of ruins is all that now appears. And the land that has been watered with the blood of the Redeemer, the scene of his life, preaching, miracles, and his death, is the home of the Infidel. Vainly, has the brave crusader fought, bled, and died, to save a spot, hallowed by so many holy recollections, from the grasp of

the Ottoman. The scorching sands of Syria, have been the grave of many a valiant Christian warrior, who thirsted with eager desire to expel the haughty Turkman. Vainly they fought! Where now the cross should float proudly to the breeze,—the emblem of a Savior's love and man's redemption—the crescent of the Mahomedan gleams on every tower and castle wall!

THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

One of the most charitable and benevolent institutions that exist in the world, and that prove a blessing to humanity, is the monastery of St. Bernard. Situated amid the Alpine heights of Switzerland, its votaries appear to have forgotten the general principle of the world—that self is to be the first spring of action; but, flying from the noisy tumult of society, they live in calm seclusion, passing their time in alleviating the sorrows and afflictions of suffering mortals. They leave the city with its glare and bustle, its pomp and vain show; they heed not its allurements, nor lend an ear to the strains of the syren of pleasure; but, flying from all its distractions, they have buried themselves amid the solitude of the Alps. In the monks of St. Bernard, the usual charges alleged by prejudiced writers, ascribed to individuals of this order—their indolence and apathy—seem entirely to be given up. Their time is

not passed in idleness and inactivity: No; they leave the lone retirements of their monastic retreat, to rescue from a miserable death, the weary, way-worn traveller. Attended by those faithful animals, whose vigilance and wondrous instinct have claimed the admiration of mankind, they go on their errand of mercy, listening, if amid those awful solitudes and snowy heaps, they can hear the cries and groans of the bewildered traveller whom the avalanche has overwhelmed in all its fury. The tempest, though loud it may roar, cannot daunt those ministers of mercy; nor can the comforts of the fireside tempt them to remain at home in security. They pause not, to consider, whether there is safety in the undertaking; the greater the danger, the more urgent is the call; and when, after a long life spent in the active discharge of those heavenly duties, they leave this world, oh! there are angel spirits hovering near, to bear them to the mercy-seat of Love. Their sinless lives were dwelling amid the purity of the Alpine hills with every thought bent on heaven and charity. Oh! have they not attained that holiness of which the beauty of those hills is but an emblem? And when their angel guardian presents their spirits to the Eternal God, that sentence, so full of love and benediction, is pronounced on them: "Come ye blessed of my Father possess the kingdom prepared for you."

EXTRACT

FROM "A DISCOURSE ON GENERAL WASHINGTON, DELIVERED IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. PETER, BALTIMORE, FEB. 22, 1800.

BY THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP CARROLL.

When the death of men distinguished by superior talents, high endowments, and eminent services to their country, demand the expression

of public mourning and grief, their loss is accompanied generally with this mitigation, that, however grievous and painful, it is not irreparable; and

that the void, caused by their mortality, will perhaps be filled up by others, uniting equal abilities with the same zeal and watchfulness for the general welfare. Hope then wipes off the tears, with which sorrow bedews the grave of departed worth. But, on the present occasion, no such consolation can be administered; for he whose expectations are most sanguine, dares not promise again to his country, the union of so many splendid and useful virtues, as adorn that illustrious man, whose memory excites our grateful and tender sensibility, and to whose tomb the homage of his country is to be solemnly offered on this day. Whether we consult our own experience, by bringing into comparison with Washington, any of our contemporaries, most eminent for their talents, virtues and services; or whether we search through the pages of history to discover in them a character of equal fame; justice and truth will acknowledge, that he stands super-eminent and unrivaled in the annals of mankind; and that no one before him, acting in such a variety of new and arduous situations, bore with him to the grave a reputation as clear from lawless ambition, and as undefiled by injustice or oppression; a reputation, neither depressed by indolence, nor weakened by irresolution, nor shadowed by those imperfections, which seemed to be the essential appendages of human nature, till Providence exhibited in Washington this extraordinary phenomenon.

What language can be equal to the excellence of such a character? what proportion can exist between eloquence, and the tribute of praise, due to so much virtue? Nevertheless, my fellow citizens, I read in the eagerness of your attention, your desire to offer this tribute: Methinks I hear your filial piety, your tender reverence for your best friend, the Father of his country, calling on me to bear for you, at least a feeble tes-

timony of your unextinguishable gratitude for his services, your immortal remembrance of, and veneration for, his virtues. In your name therefore, I presume to add some grains of incense to the homage, which, throughout the United States, every friend to their happiness now presents at the shrine of Washington. Pardon, O departed spirit of the first of heroes! if with the cold accents of an exhausted imagination, I likewise dare attempt to celebrate thy name, whilst so many sons of genius, ardent in youthful vigour, delineate in glowing colours the vivid features of thy mind, and the glorious deeds of thy virtuous life. With unequal steps I venture on the same career, not seeking to add lustre to the fame of Washington, or perpetuate his memory to future times; for he is already enshrined in the records of immortality: but humbly hoping, that a recital of his services will open to our countrymen the road to true honor, and kindle in their breasts the warmth of generous emulation, and real patriotism. To contribute in this manner to the best interests of his beloved country, will be to him the most gratifying commendation, if in the regions of immortality, human affairs still claim a share of his solicitude.

The language uniformly held by Washington, the maxim invariably inculcated, and repeated by him in almost every public manifestation of his sentiments, was the acknowledgment of a superintending providence, preparing, regulating, and governing all human events, for the accomplishment of its eternal purposes, and pre-disposing the instruments, by which they are to be effected. Religion and observation had taught him, that God's provident wisdom *reacheth from end to end mightily, and disposeth all things sweetly.* Wis. ch. 8. He contemplated with Christian piety, and the philosophy of a sage, the most remarkable revolutions and occur-

rences of former, as well as his own times ; and learned therefrom to refer every human event to the moral government of a Supreme Intelligent Being. This became the polar star, by which he was guided in his progress through life, and in all his anxious solicitude for maintaining the liberty, perfecting the policy, preserving the peace, insuring the stability of his country on the foundations of order, and morality, and guarding it against the turbulence of faction, licentiousness, and foreign hostility.

This virtuous maxim of religious, moral, and political wisdom, so deeply impressed upon him, never perhaps was more clearly illustrated, than by the course of providence in preparing and adapting his body and mind to suit the destinies of his life. He was to be himself a most luminous proof of that truth, which was so rooted in his soul.

That infinite knowledge, which, in its comprehensive range through the whole extent of creation, embraces the future, no less distinctly, than past and present contingencies, beheld the period approaching, when this vast portion of America, now constituting the United States ; this country spread through so many climates ; so diversified in its productions ; so abundant in natural resources ; so benefitted by land and water ; so admirably calculated for the employment of industry, and for affording subsistence to millions and millions, was to break the bonds of its ancient connection with Great Britain, and, emancipated from vassalage, elevate itself to the station of a great, powerful, and independent empire !

A convulsion so violent in the political system of Europe and America, involved the demolition of deeply rooted habits and opinions. The associations arising out of consanguinity, habitual intercourse, unity of government, identity of laws, language

and religion, were to be melted down before that wonderful revolution could be completed. A new people, unconscious before, of their own strength, were to feel in their physical and moral energies the ripeness of manhood. Accustomed to respect the nation with which they would have to contend, as irresistible in arms, and inexhaustible in resources, they must dare, nevertheless, to make the vigorous effort, and conceive a reliance on their own native strength. Powerful interests, the necessary effects of long established government, would naturally counteract every tendency towards its downfall ; but these interests were to be resisted by force, and overcome by the enthusiastic ardor of patriotism.

To superintend the movements and operations of such a revolution ; to control during its progress jealousies, enmities, suspicions, and other conflicting passions, and from their collision, to educe national and individual prosperity, peace, order, liberty and regular government, required the discernment and masterly contrivance of that Supreme Director and Artist, who unites together the links, and holds in his hands the chain, of all human events. Contemplating, as much as is allowed to feeble mortals, his divine agency in preparing the means and conducting the progress, of the American revolution, we may presume to say, that heaven impressed a character on the life of Washington, and a temper on his soul, which eminently qualified him to bear the most conspicuous part, and be its principal instrument in accomplishing this stupendous work.

For him it was decreed, in the progression of his life, to defend, and ultimately to establish, by just and necessary warfare, the liberties of his country.

I need not recapitulate the origin of the discontents between Great Britain, and her American dependencies. Suffice it to say, that America viewed

the claims of the parent country, as incompatible with her freedom and happiness. The great soul of Washington revolted at the idea of national degradation ; but tempering his ardor with deliberate wisdom, he associated with other sages of his country, to meditate on her new and critical situation.

Here, let us pause, fellow-citizens, to contemplate this exalted man, revolving in his breast, the natural and social rights of human kind ; comparing these with actual and impending grievances, and with the obligations of an allegiance due to a long established government. Had lawless ambition reigned in his breast, he would have decided the public voice for immediate hostility. But in this point, also, Providence destined him to leave a memorable and a salutary example. He was not dazzled by the prospect of being elevated to the chief command of the military force of America. In his opinion, nothing could justify a recurrence to the sword, and a revolt from established authority, but extreme necessity. All reasonable means of redress should be tried, before a good citizen will dissolve the fabric of government, and expose a people to the convulsive shocks of a revolution, the explosions of which, no considerate man can promise to regulate, or foresee their termination.

Washington and his colleagues, obeying at the same time, the dictates of patriotism and the duty of allegiance, represented their wrongs to their sovereign, and claimed their rights. On the event of their remonstrance, depended the redress of their grievances, or, if no redress followed, their justification for standing on their defence. Britain would not relent, and all that remained to America, was submission or resistance. The election was soon made, every one prepared himself for the awful contest, and all eyes and hopes were turned towards Washington. With universal approbation, he

was summoned to place himself in the front of danger, and assume supreme military command. The possession of such a citizen, at a moment so critical, was an invaluable treasure, and an animating presage of the favorable issue of the great contest.

But far other thoughts absorbed his attention. Modest, as he was eminent in valor and wisdom, he contemplated with mingled emotions of self-diffidence and generous resolution, the important stake placed in his hands ; the subjection or independence, the vassalage or freedom of an immense territory, destined to be the habitation of countless millions. When, therefore, in obedience to the voice of his country, he placed himself at the head of her army, the expressions of his dependence on Providence, should never be forgotten. Claiming no personal merit—apprehensive of injuring the public interest, through some misconduct, yet trusting to the justice of his cause, and conscious of the purity of his motives, he called upon his fellow-citizens to remember, that he depended for success, not on his own military skill, but on the God of battles, to whom he made his solemn appeal.

Washington, now at a period of his highest elevation, drew on him the attention, not only of this western continent, but of every European nation. Oh ! fellow-citizens, what days and years of anxious disquietude revolved over us, whilst we gazed on this splendid luminary, uncertain whether it would shed on its country, the effulgence of victory and peace, crowned by liberty ; or whether its brightness would be shadowed by the clouds of disaster and defeat !

Here language fails : I dare not, I cannot follow the heroic Washington in the career of his military glory. To baffle the stratagems of the ablest generals, to repel the onset of the bravest and best disciplined armies, what had America to place in his

hands? Neither soldiers trained to arms, nor accustomed to subordination; nor the implements of war, nor the treasure to purchase them. But the genius of the commander finally supplied every deficiency. He introduced order and discipline; inspired love and confidence; and with these auxiliaries, he kept together unclothed and unpaid armies, which, under any other general, would, perhaps, have demanded justice at the point of their bayonets. Always vigilant to foil hostile attempts, he exhausted the resources of the enemy, without suffering them to force him to action. Tender of the blood of his fellow soldiers, and never exposing their lives without cause, or prospect of advantage, humanity was as dear to him as victory, which his enemies, that fell into his power, always experienced. When a decree of retaliation became necessary to restrain their licentious excesses, with what delicacy, without the least abatement of fortitude, did he save the life of the victim, devoted to atone for the cruelty, that had been committed on an American officer? not, however, till he had compelled the opposing general to restrain, and disavow outrages, that aggravate so much the necessary evils of war. How sacred was his respect to the civil authority; how effectual his protection of the property of his fellow-citizens! When the generous feelings of the virtuous and beneficent Louis, whose deplorable fate should draw tears of blood from every American heart, sent out his nobles and legions, to combat by his side, the dignity of his manners and his unassuming merit, won their entire confidence. His integrity and conciliating spirit united, as a band of brothers, nations before unknown to each other, and totally different in manners, habits and religion. Their union, of which he was the soul, was a new omen of victory, and gained for America the prize for which she had bled and con-

tended, an honorable peace, and independence.

What but unfading laurels, remained now for Washington, after satisfying his honest ambition, and steering the vessel of the American republic, through so many storms, into the safe harbor of liberty and tranquillity? It remained for him to leave this important lesson to the chiefs of armies, vested with great commands: that magnanimity and true glory consist in laying down their swords at their country's feet, when the object is attained, for which alone it was permitted to draw them. It remained for him, after abdicating public employments, to exhibit in the shade of retirement those private virtues, which are the true foundations of national prosperity. Dutiful to this moral principle, Washington, before he left his army, stipulated for no personal reward, and even refused all that could be offered. Unmindful of himself, he was only solicitous to obtain for his faithful legions, a generous and liberal acknowledgment of their constancy and valor. This being effected, as far as it depended on him, he resigned the insignia of his command, to those from whom he had received it, and resumed the rank of a private citizen, carrying with him into his domestic retreat, the esteem, respect and veneration of an admiring world.

Here the curtain drops, and seems to close for ever from the public eye, and public duty, this wonderful man. His country has no more right to disturb his calm repose. He has paid, superabundantly, her claim to his services. But the views of Providence over him are not yet completed. Peace and independence are obtained; but to preserve them, experience soon made it manifest, that to invigorate with one spirit, the vast mass of population throughout the United States, one general superintending government was essentially requisite, which, saving the rights of all, should like-

wise be competent to command the services of all for the public weal, to maintain order within, and repel aggression from abroad; enforce the demands of justice, and diffuse over important national acts, dignity, energy, unity of design, and execution: Washington's penetration soon discovered the want of such a government, and in a paternal, affectionate address to his countrymen, had bequeathed to them, as a legacy, his earnest recommendation for its establishment.

Various causes delayed the execution of this necessary work, till the edifice of American independence, unsupported by its necessary pillars, was crumbling into ruin. Then every friend to his country remembered Washington's fatherly advice; every patriotic hand was ready to prop up the tottering fabric. Wisdom and experience combined to blend in a republican form of government, all the advantages, of which other forms are productive, without many of their evils. Our illustrious deliverer presided at the deliberations which produced it. The American people besought him once more to quit his beloved retreat, and perfect a work, of which he had been the first founder, and a principal architect. The earnestness of their request overpowered his reluctant mind; he could not resist their unanimous wishes, nor could any personal danger stand in competition with the advancement of general happiness. Yet, how immense were his sacrifices! how perilous his hazards! Sacrifices, known only to them, who, having spent their best years in transactions that keep every nerve on the stretch, are permitted in the evening of their days, to taste of the calm repose of rural felicity, and the solace of domestic endearments. Disheartening was the prospect in venturing again on the agitated ocean of national responsibility. There existed not in the world a name so bright

as his; no character stood on such lofty pre-eminence. Shall he expose these, to the capricious fluctuations of popular opinion? Shall he embark the treasure of a reputation purchased by so many services, on a sea, sown thick with the rocks of envy, pride and disappointment? These were sufficient to appal a heart less sublime, and less inflamed with genuine patriotism. But such considerations had no effect on him, and he took into his hands the helm of the state.

What were the effects of his administration? Are we not deceived by magical delusion, or, is the transformation which our senses witness, really effected? Have the United States risen from a lethargic, impoverished, degraded condition, to activity, opulence and respect? Does the farmer receive a generous retribution for industry? Does the merchant cover the seas with his ships, conveying to every clime the productions of our native soil? Does the public creditor obtain security and payment for his generous reliance on national faith? Does justice dispense her equitable awards to every suitor approaching her sanctuary? Do distant nations respect the councils, and solicit the friendship of the United States? Are the natives of every land wafted to our shores, as to the refuge of peace, the residence of true liberty? Yes, fellow-citizens, this is not delusion. These are the real effects, and monuments of Washington's administration. Yet it was thwarted and embarrassed by internal opposition and foreign intrigue. Scarce had we tasted of the sweets of peace, enlivened by industry and commerce, when attempts were made to ravish from us these inestimable blessings, and plunge us into the horrors of war: not only of war, but of a war of that kind, which connecting our interests and fate with that of a country, delivered up to anarchy, and a prey to frantic, outrageous passions, would

have tended to extinguish amongst us the principles of morality ; inflame us with the rage of innovation ; intoxicate us with delusive, ruinous theories of government ; and, most probably, would have substituted them for that excellent constitution, which is, and may it long continue to be, our pride and happiness. But, thanks to thy immortal spirit, oh ! ever dear and venerable father of thy country, thy wisdom discerned the approaching storm, and thy wisdom baffled its violence. Our peace and constitution remain to us, unimpaired. No foreign influence dictated to the councils of America. She increased in vigor ; she rose in character ; and by self-government, by keeping herself disentangled from the strifes of contending nations, she evinced herself worthy of her independence.

After settling his country in this desirable state, Washington had fulfilled the destinies of that Providence, which formed him for the exalted purpose of diffusing the choicest blessings over millions of men, and preparing the same for millions yet unborn. His wish to bury himself again in the shades of retirement returned on him with redoubled force, to hide, if possible, his greatness from the world, and in the sweet repose of domestic life, diversified, however, by useful and honorable occupations, to forget his past glory. The last act of his supreme magistracy, was, to inculcate in the most impressive language on his countrymen, or, rather, on his dearest children, this, his deliberate and solemn advice : to bear incessantly in their minds, that nations and individuals are under the moral government of an infinitely Wise and Just Providence ; that the foundations of their happiness are morality and religion ; and their union among themselves, their rock of safety ; that, to venerate their constitution and its laws, is to insure their liberty. Then he took his tender farewell of

public employments, devoting the remainder of his precious life to a commendable self-review of it, through all its vicissitudes and agitations ; a review, for which every wise man, knowing his accountability to a Sovereign Judge, should allot time, and make opportunity.

After endeavoring thus far, to satisfy our common duty to our illustrious deliverer, before I conclude, I am earnest, my fellow-citizens, to leave impressed on you, in strong characters, some principal features of his mind, and furnish you with short memorials of his most remarkable actions, hoping thereby to perpetuate your gratitude, and incite you to emulate his virtues. Happily, to supply my inability, I find this task executed, as it would seem, by the spirit of prophecy, and in the language of inspiration, in the 8th chapter of the book of *Wisdom* ; where the author's expressions need no comment to appropriate them to Washington. So striking the resemblance ! so true is the picture ! Here are the words of the inspired writer : " I purposed, says he, to take wisdom with me to live with me, knowing that she will communicate with me of her good things, and will be a comfort in my care—for her sake I will have glory among the multitude, and honor with the ancient, though I am young ; and—I shall be admired in the sight of the mighty, and the faces of princes shall wonder at me. By the means of her I shall have immortality, and shall leave behind me an everlasting memory to them that come after me. I shall set the people in order, and nations shall be subject to me. Terrible kings hearing, shall be afraid of me ; among the multitude I shall be found good and valiant in war. When I go into my house, I shall repose myself with her ; for her conversation hath no bitterness, nor her company any tediousness, but joy and gladness. Thinking these things with

myself, and pondering them in my heart, that to be allied to wisdom, is immortality ; I went about seeking, that I might take her to myself."

In this picture, every stroke of the pencil exhibits traits of Washington. The early maturity of his judgment, was the result of his youthful conferences with wisdom. She initiated him into her councils, and procured for him love, respect, honor, confidence, authority and command. She enabled him to "set the people in order" by good government, and an impartial, disinterested administration of it ; when all public duties were fulfilled, and he "went to his house" to repose himself, "no tediousness or bitterness" mingled themselves in their conversation ; but "joy and gladness," serenity of mind, and the pleasing conviction of conscious integrity.

Providence having preserved and lengthened his days, that he might rear up his country in the infancy of her independence, suffered him now to withdraw himself from the disquietudes of government. He had infused the spirit of his administration into all its departments. His excellent successor inherited, not only the mantle of his office, but his wisdom, firmness, and love of peace, subordinate only to a determination of never purchasing it at the price of national dishonor.

Washington beheld from his retirement, as the Jewish legislator from the summit of Mount Phasga, the flourishing prosperity of his country. Health and rural occupations sweetened his repose ; his body and mind retained their usual vigor. We flat-

tered ourselves with the expectation of his continuing long to retain them. Joy beamed in our hearts, when on every annual revolution, we gratefully hailed this, his auspicious birth-day. But, alas ! how dark is the cloud, that now overshadows it ! The songs of festivity converted into the throbs of mourning ! The prayers of thanksgiving for his health and life, changed into lamentations for his death ! Who feels not for him, as for his dearest friend, his protector, and his father ? Whilst he lived, we seemed to stand on loftier ground, for breathing the same air, inhabiting the same country, and enjoying the same constitution and laws, as the sublime and magnanimous Washington. He was invested with a glory, that shed a lustre on all around him. For his country's safety, he often had braved death, when clad in his most terrific form : he had familiarized himself with his aspect ; at his approaching to cut the thread of his life, he beheld him with constancy and serenity ; and with his last breath, as we may believe from knowing the ruling passion of his soul, he called to heaven to save his country, and recommended it to the continual protection of that Providence, whom he so reverently adored. May his prayers have been heard ! May these United States flourish in pure and undefiled religion, in morality, peace, union, liberty and the enjoyment of their excellent constitution, as long as respect, honor and veneration, shall gather round the name of Washington ; that is, whilst there shall be any surviving record of human events.

ORATION BEFORE THE HIBERNIAN PROVIDENT SOCIETY
OF NEW-HAVEN.

BY W. E. ROBINSON.

[This is, indeed, a comprehensive and instructive production, couched in a style becoming the subject, and breathing a spirit of candor, liberality and patriotism, highly honorable to its author. The more so, as he is not a member of that church which was founded by St. Patrick, in his native island. On the contrary, from his own avowal, he was trained up in bitter prejudices against it, and it is only recently that he has thrown the scales from his eyes, and discovered the groundlessness of his aversion to the ancient religion. In his own words :]

“It was not till after my arrival here, that I began to think for myself ; and for the liberality of my views at present, I ascribe all the credit to the influence of free and tolerant institutions, on even a prejudiced mind. I acknowledge my fault with sorrow ; and yet with satisfaction, too, when I know that I cannot be guilty in this respect again. I have made up my mind, after examining for myself, and neither the persecution I may meet from old friends, nor the unpopularity which certainly follows a frank avowal of tolerant principles, can move me from my position. I am ashamed of the opinions which I formerly held, but not ashamed to forsake and confess them, and if doing *penance* will help me along, I am willing to endure reproach and contumely, to atone for my former sins. The principal cause of the change in my feelings, was the reflection that I had despised the real benefactors of my native country.

When I looked at the history of Ireland, I saw that Irish Catholics still

fought on the side of Ireland. I found them arrayed in battle against foreign tyranny, under Sarsfield and Emmet, and all the other Irish patriots. I found them uniting cordially with Protestants as volunteers, when Protestants, for once, arrayed themselves on the side of Ireland. On the contrary, I found Protestants fighting, not to free, but to plunder Ireland. I found them supporting Cromwell, who acted in Ireland more like a fiend than a man. I found them joined with hired myrmidons from Germany, who fought for William, against the native prince and against the native army of the land. I found that Protestants rejoiced over the desolating march of these hired butchers, who, like the Hessians in the American revolution, sold their blood and services for money, to crush the persecuted few who were fighting for their country. I found that Protestants ridiculed Ireland's apostle, and sneered at the memory of Curran, Grattan, Fitzgerald, Emmet, Tone, Mac Nevin, Sampson, and all the other patriots of Ireland, whom tyrants have called traitors, &c.”

[The scope of his oration, is to show the claims the Irish nation have on the sympathies and fellowship of Americans : and this, in our opinion, he has entirely effected. For, we defy any ingenuous reader to go through his pages attentively, without being willing, nay, compelled, to admit that those claims are manifold, and of the highest possible character.

After taking a cursory view of Ireland, before the Christian era, and shewing that from immemorial ages, she acquired the title of the "Sacred Isle," as early as the merchants of Tyre and the trade of the tin of Cassiterides, he gives a dissertation on her language, and an account of the triennial parliament of Tara, not forgetting her music, poetry and heraldry. He then enters upon the history of St. Patrick, whose birth-place he fixes at Boulogne. A fact, which, although, from his investigations, he may have discovered strong reasons to vindicate, still

Adhuc sub judice lis est.

With great clearness and precision, he conducts his readers through the long and arduous life of Patrick; and does not hesitate—and with considerable honesty—to defend the miracles which are related of him. Justly does he attribute all the civilization, and characteristic religion of that famous isle, to the zeal, labors and success, of her immortal apostle. Justly does he insist upon the blessings and prosperity which she enjoyed when she governed herself, and the miseries and calamities, that have been her portion since she has fallen under the yoke of England. He amply develops several interesting points. For instance, that no nation has suffered so much, for so little in return, as Ireland. There, extirpation has been preached for gospel, and murder for salvation. Ireland is not what Providence designed her to be, but what tyranny has made her. Glancing at the character of the maids of Erin, he draws a correct picture of their virtue, which the United States will bear witness to, and which the very enemies of their nation and religion cannot but acknowledge with reluctant admiration. He says:]

"I cannot, in justice, close my remarks on Ireland, without making an observation on a theme too much overlooked, I mean the character of Irishwomen. Good, as some of the traits in the character of Irishmen are, the daughters of Erin are more remarkable for their virtues. You may search the world, and you cannot find a nation where the female character is so admirable, in spite of so many

disadvantages. I might mention their tenderness, care, and fidelity at the dying bed; I might mention their undying attachment to the children even of strangers committed to their care; I might mention their virtues, which cast a halo of glory around the poverty through which they struggle, still keeping an unblemished reputation; and might appeal to Americans, who know and acknowledge that these things are so. Ay, and I might mention their beauty, too, without charge of flattery. But lest my word might be doubted, I shall give you a portrait drawn by a master hand, of an Irish lady of the olden time, and can assure you that you might find many copies in the same country, in our own day.

Fingal, hearing that his son Ossian, the poet and warrior, was attached to a lady of Caledonia, thus remonstrated in favor of an Irish girl: "My son, of the noble line of Heremonian heroes, thou gallant descendant of Erin's kings, the down of youth grows on thy cheek; martial renown is loud in thy praise; Romans fear thee—their eagles were dazzled by the lighting of thy spear: they flew before thee like timid birds before the hawks of Leinster. Is it in the morning of thy fame, bright with the sunbeams of martial glory, that thou wouldst ally thyself with the daughter of the Pict, and thus sully the royal purity of Milesian blood? Thy country is proud of thy exploits, and the royal virgins of Erin sigh for thy love. Cormac's bards sing of the deeds of thy bravery in the strife of the mighty. O, then, Ossian of dulcet harmony, listen to the voice of thy father. Albanian maids are fair, but fairer and lovelier are the chaste daughters of thine own wave-washed isle of wood-crested hills."

[But the most palpable ground on which he justly establishes the claims of Irishmen on the gratitude of Americans, are contained in the following facts:]

Among those who signed the De-

claration of Independence, I might mention several, who were born in this country, and therefore, native Americans, whose parents had come from Ireland a short time before their birth. EDWARD RUTLEDGE, a signer from South Carolina, was the youngest son of Doctor John Rutledge, who emigrated from Ireland a few years before Edward was born. The republican principles instilled into his young American heart, warmed by Irish blood, fitted him to take a prominent stand in urging independence on South Carolina, a great many of whose inhabitants, particularly those in the mercantile interest, were opposed to an open rupture with the mother country. The principles which he advocated prevailed, and he, after signing his name to that instrument, was elected to the office of governor of the state, and was also appointed a senator in the United States Congress. THOMAS MCKEAN, a signer from Delaware, was the son of Irish parents. He performed important services both in Congress and in the army, and was afterwards governor of Pennsylvania for nine years. GEORGE READ, of Delaware, a distinguished signer, was likewise the son of Irish parents. Nor would I forget to mention that Irish blood flowed in the veins of THOMAS LYNCH, Jun., of South Carolina, and warmed the heart of CARROLL of Carrollton, who, to use the slang of the present day, was a Jesuit; for he studied six years at the English Jesuits' College at St. Omer's, (where O'Connell, in more modern times, was educated), and one year at the French Jesuits' College at Rheims.* He was the last lingerer on earth of that glorious band of patriots, whose actions blessed the world, and whose fame adds glory to the skies.

* Our orator falls into a mistake when he styles Mr. Carroll a Jesuit. He was, indeed, educated by Jesuits, but never belonged to the order himself.

But there are other signers of the Declaration of Independence, who were not only sons of Irishmen, but Irishmen themselves. MATTHEW THORNTON, of New Hampshire, was a native of Ireland. He was appointed first president of the government formed in that province on the abdication of Governor Wentworth, and occupied the highest offices in the gift of the people of New Hampshire, and was one of the three signers from that state. GEORGE TAYLOR, a signer from Pennsylvania, was born and educated in Ireland. Though the son of a clergyman, in his native land, he came to this country without money and without friends, and, on his arrival, was sold to a Mr. Savage, for money to pay the expenses incurred in carrying him to this country. He rose gradually from obscurity, and after the death of Mr. Savage, married his widow and inherited his property. In 1776, when the vote was taken by the delegations from the several colonies, that from Pennsylvania, had only one in favor of declaring this country's independence, owing to the prevalence of the pacific principles of the distinguished founder of that colony. A new election was therefore necessary, in the places of those opposed to hostilities. Two Irishmen, among others, were appointed, of whom Taylor was one. The other was JAMES SMITH, who emigrated to Pennsylvania while quite a young man. Mr. Smith was not only distinguished among the supporters of the Declaration of Independence, but he had the honor of organizing the first company of volunteers raised in Pennsylvania, for opposing the British. This was the beginning of that band of heroes, called the *Pennsylvania Line*, who, in the language of the London Morning Chronicle, "fought most bitterly against the English army," and, as appears from evidence taken before the British House of Lords, their number was about twenty

thousand. This Pennsylvania Line, as may be seen in one of Mr. Madison's letters, published in the Madison papers, complained of abuses and hardships to which they were subjected; and though, while in a mutiny in New Jersey, they had offers, made by a British agent, of full pardon from his majesty, if they would leave the government which had thus wronged them, they refused the offer with indignity, choosing to cling to the country which, in their opinion, had insulted them, rather than receive the favor of a monarch, at the expense of their adopted country's independence. In bringing about the revolution in the sentiments of the people of Pennsylvania, Col. Smith was one of the most active and influential agents. He signed the Declaration of Independence, after he had brought the minds of the people to coincide with the measure, and he raised up a brave soldiery, chiefly his own countrymen, to shed their blood in its defence.

But there was one who, though not a signer of the Declaration of Independence, must not be forgotten here. CHARLES THOMSON was an Irishman. He came to this country with his three brothers, and when the first Continental Congress assembled in 1774, was chosen secretary of that venerable body. He continued to discharge the duties of that office for fifteen years. Having sat in council with the fathers of this republic, till its independence was declared, till its battles were fought, till its constitution was adopted, and till he had the honor—the highest ever secretary had—of announcing to George Washington that he was unanimously elected chief magistrate of a free people, he resigned his office, in 1789. When elected Secretary of Congress, he was forty-four years of age; but Providence blessed him with a long life, that he might see the fruits of his labor ripen. For half a century after the first congress assembled, he remained among

a grateful people. In 1808, he published a translation of the Septuagint, in four volumes; and died in the full enjoyment of his faculties, at the age of ninety-four. I think, therefore, that these facts are sufficient to show that Irishmen had something to do with the Declaration of Independence.

But besides declaring this country free, it was necessary to sustain that declaration. Did Irishmen assist in this? In the army, I need scarcely remind you, that Montgomery was an Irishman. On your banner he is represented as delivering to America the record of his services, while Ireland points with pride to one who had done so much for the cause of freedom. Though Montgomery had resolved to retire from public life, and devote himself to rural pursuits on his farm in Dutchess County, New York; yet Congress saw that the services of such a man were wanted, and he was therefore appointed brigadier-general. After receiving information of his appointment, in writing to a friend, he said: "The Congress having done me the honor of electing me a brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end for a while—perhaps for ever—to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself. For though unexpected and undesired by me, yet *the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed.*" He did obey; and owing to the sickness of General Schuyler, the chief command of the northern department of the continental army devolved on Montgomery. You all know his melancholy fate in 1775, at Quebec, where he had fought under Wolfe, in 1759, as a British officer. But as long as a love for valor and patriotism remains, General Montgomery will not be forgotten.

Many others, among the most honored of the revolutionary leaders, were Irishmen; but on the present occasion I cannot even glance at their history.

In both our wars with England, they have remembered their oppressors, and have fought manfully for the land of their adoption. In 1783, Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Mountjoy, said in the Irish parliament, that "England had America detached from her by Irish emigrants." The late Dr. Mac Nevin says, that one of the pretexts for refusing emancipation to the Irish Catholics, was the fact, that *sixteen thousand* of them fought on the side of America. The Pennsylvania Line, as I have said, included a great many Irishmen, of whom a large proportion were Presbyterians, from Ulster. The navy of America, likewise, owes much of its fame to Irishmen, both in the first and second war with England. Commodore John Barry, an Irishman, was the father of the American navy. After serving in the revolutionary war, he superintended the building of the frigate "United States," of which he was afterwards commander. When hailed by a British frigate, "What ship is that?" he replied, "The frigate United States, saucy Jack Barry commander, half Irishman, half Yankee!—who are you?" During the revolutionary war, when the ice impeded his movements in the navy, he fought in the army, rather than remain inactive. Captain Johnston Blakeley, commanding the *Wasp*, was an Irishman. The *Reindeer* and the *Avon*, of the British navy, struck their colors to this brave, but ill-fated vessel. The gallant crew, with their daring commander, were lost at sea soon after the engagement with the *Avon*.

If any thing more was necessary to prove that Irishmen were distinguished in sustaining what Thornton, Smith, and Taylor had declared, I might refer to the commanders of the army and navy in all our struggles,

for their opinions on the services rendered by Irishmen to America, in her hour of need. I shall quote but one sentence from Col. Johnson's speech, delivered at Lexington, Kentucky, a few weeks since. Gallant old Tecumseh says: "I have, with some of you, my fellow-citizens, fought by the side of the Irishman, in the ranks of liberty, under the star-spangled banner, against the Christian oppressor, as well as the savage foe. I have fought under the bird of Jove—the abiding eagle—by the side of the sons of the emerald isle. I have seen the Irishman fall in the ranks, and thank his God that he had one life to give to the cause of American freedom, and regret that he had not another life to lose for her sake. I have witnessed many an instance of their bravery in the field, and I know this country is largely indebted for its liberties to the brave and warm-hearted Irish, who never gave up a post but with their lives—who were never in any engagement shot in their backs. I have great confidence in the Irish people. * * * * Blood is the price that is sometimes paid for liberty; and if blood is to be shed for that sacred cause, there are no men on earth more ready to shed their blood at its sacred shrine, than Irishmen."

This oration proves Mr. Robinson to be a sincere lover of his native land, a good citizen of this Union, free from the leaven of ancient prejudice against the Catholic church, a vindicator of the virtues, and a venerator of the memory, of St. Patrick; while, at the same time, he gives evidence of deep research, refined scholarship, correct reasoning, and a pleasing, animated style. We thank him for his admirable oration, and lay it down with regret, after having perused it with intense interest and unqualified delight.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

 BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR THE APOSTLES,

IN THE PASCHAL TIME.*

Paschale mundo gaudium, &c.

I.

The sun, announcing to the world
 The paschal joys, more beauteous seems :
 For now the apostles Jesus see
 Refulgent with its earliest beams.

II.

And much they marvel to behold
 Each wound as brilliant as a star :
 And what with their own eyes they view
 True witnesses—they preach afar.

III.

O Christ ! O thou most clement king,
 O'er all our hearts thy sway extend ;
 That to thy name our well-earned thanks
 May ever gratefully ascend.

IV.

That thou the paschal joy may'st be,
 O Jesus, to our hearts and minds ;
 Give us new life, and break the chain
 Of guilt our consciences that binds.

V.

To God the Father, and the Son
 From death who rose triumphantly,
 And to the Holy Paraclete,
 Glory for endless ages be.

HYMN FOR MANY MARTYRS.†

 Christo profusum sanguinem, &c.

I.

With joyful voices let us sing
 The blood the martyrs shed—who now
 Enjoy amid the realms of bliss,
 The laurels which they won below.

* At Lauds.

† At Matins, in the paschal time.

II.

The world's fell power they triumphed o'er,
The sufferings of the body spurned :
And yielding to the stroke of death
Life everlasting they have earned.

III.

Amid devouring flames they die,
Or by ferocious beasts consumed,
Or by the executioner's hand
To expire, in cruel torture, doomed.

IV.

Their bowels were barbarously torn out,
Their sacred blood streamed copiously :
But firmly did they bear their pains,
With hopes of immortality.

V.

Thee, blest Redeemer, we entreat
That us thy servants thou wouldst deign
To place among thy martyr-band,
That with them we may ever reign.

FOR MANY MARTYRS.*

Rex gloriose Martyrum, &c.

I.

Oh ! thou, the glorious martyrs' king,
Their crown, who dared thy name confess ;
Whom, spurning every earthly thing,
Thou lead'st to heavenly happiness.

II.

Incline to these our songs of praise
A tender and propitious ear ;
Whilst we these sacred trophies raise,
Command our guilt to disappear.

III.

Thine is the martyrs' victory,
The strength of the confessors blest ;
Oh ! conquer our iniquity,
And let thy mercy stand confest.

IV.

To God the Father, glory be
And to the Son arisen again,
And Holy Paraclete, to thee,
Through all eternity—Amen.

* At Vespers.—In the paschal time.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER V.

Voilà l'homme en effet; il va du blanc au noir,
Il condamne du matin ses sentimens du soir.

BOILLEAU.

The sun, which had now advanced, with its flaming orb, to the meridian, reminded Elizabeth, that it was time for her guests to return to the Hall; the conversation she had been engaged in on subjects in which she began to feel so deep an interest, had given wings to the morning.

"Mamma," she said, "is, I fear, out of patience, and knows not what detains us so long—though I candidly avow, that the hours have sped with the velocity of the lightning."

"A manifest proof that the subject of our disquisitions has been agreeable to you, Elizabeth," said Emilie. "And, indeed, how much more of real pleasure is derived from the study of such topics, than from the confusion of politics, or the giddy vanities of the ball-room, or even the discussions of literary criticism. As for Charles, he must indeed be in earnest, for there are few who take more delight in literature, and in elegant criticism than he does."

"I admit it, Constantia," he replied: "literature is my greatest delight, after religion; and it is a pity, that our modern literary men are not more impressed with the necessity of faith; and convinced of the compatibility, nay, congeniality, of one with the other. Fenelon was a pious prelate, and a most elegant scholar, and a poet of the highest order, as his *Telmaque* proves. Some of the very best scholars of the age were Priests, and what is worse," he added with an

emphasis, "Jesuits: look at Vaniere, Commire, La Rue, Rapin, in France, alone, to whom I might add hundreds of others in almost every part of Europe."

Conversing on these and similar topics, they returned to the "Indian Hall:" and as they approached, the Colonel, who was, according to his custom, taking his walk through the grove, met them with great cordiality and friendship.

"You have been rambling to the water-side, Elizabeth, with your visitors," he said. "The day is clear, and the waters are alive with vessels."

"Yes, papa, and we are now hurrying back to dinner. In such company," she added, "time passes rapidly."

"You remember the song, my daughter.

'For, who with clear account remarks

The ebbing of his glass,

When all the sands are diamond-sparks,
That dazzle as they pass.'

"But do not let me detain you—your mamma and sister are looking for you—and I shall follow you immediately."

"How little does papa suspect what has been the subject of our walk and conversation," said Elizabeth, "were the idea to enter his mind, I fear he would forget his usual urbanity and kindness."

"You must endeavor to prepare him for it, Elizabeth," said Emilie—"God does not require you to do any thing that might endanger your peace and happiness."

"Almighty God is all goodness: he knows my heart—he is acquainted with my dispositions: he will be satisfied with my convictions."

They now reached the "Hall."—On the porch, inhaling the balmy air, and intently reading, sat Caroline. "There," exclaimed Elizabeth, pointing to her, "is a perfect model of industry: for, meet her where you will, you always find her with her needle or her book."

"Were I not so well known to our friends," returned Caroline, "the compliment might go down, Elizabeth, but unfortunately, Paulina and Mr. Clermont, too, have often seen me unemployed."

"The mind must relax itself, Miss Caroline," said Charles. "Like the bow, its strings must be occasionally undone, otherwise——"

"Mine, I fear, is too often relaxed, —yet I must confess, that reading is my delight."

"Hardly a novel appears that she does not devour," said Elizabeth.

"I believe I have read all the popular ones," returned Caroline.

"How many sermons have you ever read, Caroline?" asked Paulina, winking at Elizabeth.

"I am just reading a kind of one now," she replied, "and really, Paulina, I am half inclined to think that the author was a Roman Catholic."

"Well, Caroline, I never could have suspected *you* of reading any Roman Catholic production," said Elizabeth.

"If the author's name were prefixed as being a Catholic, I doubt very much whether I should be induced to read the work: for in truth—and our dear friends will not be offended with me for expressing my feelings frankly—"

"By no means, Miss Caroline;" interrupted Charles, "we know to what to attribute your prejudices."

"I know not that it is prejudice; but my aversion to any thing belong-

ing to the Catholic church, is insuperable."

"You may be convinced that it is prejudice, Caroline," said Emilie.

"And you are bound to take every opportunity of informing yourself," added Paulina.

"No controversy, now, Paulina: I will not enter on it."

"I am not anxious to bring on a controversy, Caroline; but I cannot but insist on your examining into these subjects."

"My mind is made up."

"Made up on what subjects, Caroline?"

"That the Unitarians are the best of all Christians—and that it is not necessary to trouble myself about controversy."

"Are you convinced, then, that there are *not* three persons in God?"

"Paulina, *how* can three make one?"

"Are you convinced that Christ is not Divine?"

"Why ask such a question; *how* can God be man?"

"Have you read the Scriptures, my dear?"

"Every Sabbath, I read several chapters."

"Do you think you understand what you read, Caroline?"

"Why should I read what I do not understand?"

"Well, what do you make out of the first chapter of St. John: 'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD?'"

"I beg you, Paulina, to desist; I cannot bear controversy."

"Perhaps, if you will not engage in controversy, Miss Caroline, you will have no objection to read to us the Catholic sermon that you were poring over, when we first came."

"I give you to understand it was a sermon—it is not so termed, otherwise, I do not think I should have attempted to get through it—it is a vision—prettily written; and I will read it with pleasure:

'On returning from a visit to the city, at a season when it was most gay, I sat myself down under an ancient, and I might properly term it, an hereditary oak-tree, whose broad but hoary branches seemed to expand to afford me a shade and a solitude. In a few moments, I fell into a state of pleasing insensibility, when I had the following vision. Methought a spirit, arrayed in light, stood before me. The expression of whose countenance was meek as the rainbow, and whose features were mild, beautiful, and fair: with an eye radiant with sympathy, he paused, and looked steadfastly on me, and then gently taking my hand, he bade me not to fear. 'Fear not,' he said, 'young man, thou offspring of heaven, thou pilgrim on earth, arise, and follow me.' With a throbbing heart I obeyed, and tremblingly pursued the angel. He walked close at my side, and as he moved along, frequently shed upon me a smile, which was truly celestial: methought we journeyed on, until we arrived at the divarication of two roads, which suddenly stretched from each other, in an opposite direction. The one on the right was narrow, and as far as my eye could reach, appeared covered with thorns. That on the left was green, fragrant, and teeming with all the luxuries of spring. There bloomed the rose and every other flower, and zephyr sported amid the odors. Dazzled by the prospect, my eye fixed itself on that beautiful path, and I should have pursued it, had not the angel warned me to beware of the illusion. 'That path,' he said, 'leads the heart astray, my son; it conducts to the abode of GUILT, in which dwell also ANGUISH and REMORSE. The pageant vista that opens to the view, and the luxurious prospect it contains, is the mere path to sorrow, an avenue to woe. Turn thine eye upon that narrow way, which is on the left. Though the prospect there be barren, and solitary, depart

not from it, for that is the path to HAPPINESS. At first, it will not afford any solace; you will rather experience much pain and uneasiness; but, be thou courageous, my son, and thy bosom shall be calmed by the joys of a good conscience, and the peace of VIRTUE.'

'Thanks,' I returned, 'fair messenger from the skies, for cautioning my unwary heart against that flowery way, that brilliant snare. None, save the favored being enlightened by a spirit of heaven, could avoid that path, where every object is tinged with the hue of bliss, and all conspires to charm the pilgrim to his ruin. Reckless now, of aught of pain, which thou sayest, I must, at first, experience, I shall, according to thy counsel, pursue the narrow way.'

'I ceased: my bosom still heaved, and my eyes streamed with tears.—Unable to continue, I looked steadfastly and feelingly at the angel, who wiped away my tears, and again took my hand, 'my son,' he said, 'as thou advancest with me, mark every object that shall present itself to thy view. How does the road *now* appear?' 'Ah,' I sighed, 'every thing around looks waste and melancholy.'

'Why does all around thee, look drear, my son? Ah, me! is it not because there are so few who have the courage to pursue this path?—There are many who follow it awhile, but growing impatient of the monotonous scenery, and perceiving nothing to cheer them on their journey, they return, and step into the path on the right; then over the green they trip, with their brows bound with flowers, dancing as they go, to the sound of music—they revel on, till they find themselves on the brink of Woe. Then the spell melts away: every shrub is blighted—every flower fades; and they are unable either to proceed or to return. In this desperate condition, they are left awhile to the pangs of their consciences, and are then swept

by the angel of death into the gulph of PERDITION. Not so, the narrow path which thou art pursuing : though, in the beginning, it is dark and painful, still lose not courage—thou mayest still descry, amid thy solitude, the tracks of some who have gone before thee ; and bear in memory, this truth : that thou canst do what others have done. And soon shall the prospect be changed. For, as thou advancest towards the end of thy career, a place like Eden will brighten before thee, where thou wilt repose thy wearied frame, and waken in heaven. Say, then, young pilgrim, wilt thou persevere ?

‘I will,’ I answered with emotion and wept, when a large leaf falling from the tree upon my face, caused me to awake, instructed and encouraged, from my slumber.’

“What induces you to suppose that this is a papistical production, Caroline ?” asked Emilie, taking the book into her hand.

“From the *two roads*,” returned Caroline. “Is it not a maxim with you, Emilie, that there can be but *one* road to heaven, and the *other* leads to —.”

“I should suppose this is the doctrine of all Christians,” replied Emilie ; “for there can be no medium between truth and error.”

“Take, for instance,” urged Charles, “the two great points of dispute between us and the Unitarians. Christ is Divine ; Christ is not Divine ; can there be any medium between two these contradictory propositions ? Now, if the first be true, then you are in error, if the latter—”

“The latter is true,” she exclaimed, interrupting him with warmth.

“In that case, the Unitarians *alone* are in possession of the truth ; all other denominations admitting the divinity of Christ, are idolators.”

“The Catholics are in error, at any rate,” she persisted.

“Not more so than the Protestants in that particular,” added Charles.

“Oh ! I would not be a Catholic, for all the world !”

“Why not, Caroline ?” asked Paulina.

“Have you ever read any thing that could give you a correct idea of the Catholic church ?”

“There is no use in arguing, Paulina,” she returned, “I would not be a Catholic for the world !”*

Mrs. Preston over-hearing the noise of disputation, sallied out on the portico with a manifest expression of uneasiness depicted on her countenance. She had the highest regard for the Clermonts, but she always evinced a fearfulness, lest their conversation with her daughters might leave upon their minds a favorable impression concerning the Catholic religion.—“What on earth has possessed you, my dears,” she exclaimed, “to grow so noisy, are you disputing on religious matters ?”

“Miss Caroline, dear madam, has been reading what she terms a Catholic effusion, styled ‘the two paths,’ and we have been commenting on the substance and doctrine which it contains,” said Charles, with great composure and grace of manner.

“Mamma, we are on the old topic—the Divinity of Christ.”

“My dear, you know my sentiments. I have taught you cautiously to avoid controversy ; it is useless to dispute about matters of very little consequence after all.”

“Pardon me, my dear madam, for disagreeing with you, here,” said Charles, “the knowledge of truth is of infinite consequence ; we must have faith, and the true faith ; unless we believe, we shall be condemned.

* This is just about the amount of reasoning which is made use of by most persons brought up under circumstances similar to those of the lady introduced. Powerful, indeed !

Thus are we taught in the holy Scriptures."

"We must have faith in Christ, certainly, my dear sir, but as to believing in the Trinity, I cannot, for an instant, imagine that such an incomprehensible doctrine could be required of us."

"If it is necessary only to believe in Christ, madam," replied Charles, "and of no consequence whether we admit him to be a Divine Being, or not, pray what was the use of his taking so much pains to instruct his apostles, and of preaching a system of religion so opposed to nature, and in open contradiction to perverse reason and the senses?"

"Do you think, Mr. Clermont," she urged, "that we shall be asked by the Supreme Judge, which religion we belonged to?"

"We undoubtedly shall be asked, dear madam, whether we believed, or not, in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and fulfilled his commandments."

"Oh! say what you will," she rejoined, "I cannot think that you will be asked whether you were a Roman Catholic, or I, whether I was a Unitarian, provided you and I are sincere, and do no harm to society."

"Upon this principle, the Jew will not be asked whether he denied the Saviour, or not; whether he believed in him as the Christ, or rejected and condemned him as an impostor."

"The case is altogether different, sir," she returned.

"What difference do you perceive, madam?"

"Why, the Jew does not believe in Christ at all."

"Well, what material difference can there be between one who does not believe in the Messiah, and one who does not believe in the doctrines of the Messiah?"

"What are those doctrines, Mr. Clermont?" asked Mrs. Preston.

"Ah! there is the great point, at last, madam; what are those doc-

trines? Every Christian is bound to investigate and to find out what they are; and after discovering them is bound to admit them under pain of condemnation."

"I am perfectly well satisfied with my faith," said Mrs. Preston; "my daughters," she added, addressing herself with great emotion to Caroline and Elizabeth, "we have nothing to fear, we shall be saved as well as the Catholics, let them condemn us as they will."

"Who could doubt it, mamma?" said Caroline, "no enlightened man could entertain a shadow of doubt on the subject."

"We do not pretend to condemn individuals, Miss Caroline," said Charles, "but with regard to the necessity of doctrinal truths, I cannot but repeat the declaration of the Redeemer: he who believeth not shall be condemned."

Caroline arose, apparently much agitated. Elizabeth was silent and perplexed. She could not approve of what her mother insisted on, and, fearful lest the smallest symptom of disapprobation should manifest itself, she walked away to the farthest part of the portico and amused herself in adjusting a beautiful honey-suckle that climbed up the pillar. But she heard what was said, and a warm gush of feeling would occasionally fill her veins and mantle in her cheeks.

"My dear Mr. Clermont," added Mrs. Preston, "I am averse to controversy—I cannot endure religious disputations—you may be right—but God will not punish me for being wrong—if my life is that of a Christian."*

Mr. Clermont was on the point of

* This is generally the conclusion to which such disputants, as represented by Mrs. Preston, cleave, after all argument. At first, Catholics are wrong at any rate—afterwards they may be right—but God will not punish, or even judge error—if it be only *Protestant*!

answering this specious position, when || was on the table, and the Colonel expected them.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. JOHN ENGLAND, BISHOP OF
CHARLESTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE VERY REV. JOHN POWER, D. D.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Where, Zeno! is all thy philosophy now?
Is thy doctrine less stern, or is nature more strong
Than in days when the spirit that dwelt on thy brow
Would frown down all feeling for right or for wrong?

Has the passionless principle perished with thee;
Or can man not perpetuate torpor of heart?
No! nature is ever too faithfully free
That the tide of her griefs should be frozen by art.

Weep on! 'tis not weakness! weep fountains of tears!
For that bright star is gone from the gaze of our eyes
Which, like Beth'lem's but led to the Promise of years,
Fulfilling the prophets—those men of the skies.

Thus Rama the voice of her weeping sent up
From the depth of her bosom when Samuel expired,
And in sorrow and bitterness drank of the cup
Of her suffering for him whom Jehovah had fired.

Nor less our bereavement—a chief of the cross—
A shepherd of Christ in the care of his fold!
His—his is the triumph and ours is the loss
For the heart that could teach us is silent and cold

With what an impressive and hallowed sound
The thunders of eloquence roll'd from his lips,
Yet with hope, like the sun shedding glory around
When, at eve, in the terror of ocean he dips.

The mercy and love which the gospel puts on,
With truth's solemn power were with judgment combin'd:
As truth like the bolt of the Thunderer shone
Around the olive of mercy was 'twin'd.

In friendship as true as the sun to the globe !
 In wisdom a mind that embrac'd at a glance,
 Without dimming the beautiful light of his robe,
 The whole field of the faith to its farthest expanse.

The heavenlier virtues, however so bright,
 In other men's breasts were unseen, undefin'd,
 But in him, 'mid the heav'n of his ministry's height
 They stood boldly reliev'd by his sunshine of mind :

In him were the Christian and patriot blent
 With so gentle and yet so distinct a dominion,
 That the deep love of country but seem'd to have lent
 A mellow luster to charity's pinion.

Though he reached not what time calls the fullness of years,
 His life was a meteor shining tho' brief,
 Which scattereth brilliancy as it careers
 And leaves the beholder in darkness and grief.

Well,—well may we contemplate every phase
 It assum'd in the transit for which it was given ;
 And, while lost in the Godhead's mysterious ways,
 Acknowledge 'twas His who is highest in heaven.

DISCOVERIES OF THE ANCIENT SCANDINAVIANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

There have recently been found very ancient archives and manuscripts in Denmark, which prove, beyond controversy, that the Europeans knew of America, had commercial relations with it, and that Christianity was established here, before the days of Columbus. *The Society of Antiquarians* of the north, founded at Copenhagen, have published those manuscripts under the title of *Antiquitates Americanae*, which present a summary of the ancient history of America, and notices of its geography, hydrography, and natural history. From these, we select the following interesting articles, as found in the *Echo du monde Savant*.

Voyage of Biarne Heriulfson.—In

the year, 986, in the spring, Eric the Red, an exile from Iceland, went to Greenland, and fixed his residence at Brattalid in Ercesfiord. Many persons accompanied him in this voyage, and among others, Henriulf, son of Bard, who was a relation of Ingolf, the first settler of Iceland. His son, Biarne, made an excursion into Norway. On his return to Iceland, he was informed of the departure of his father, and he resolved, according to his custom, to go and spend the winter with him. Neither he nor his companions had ever navigated the sea of Greenland. Nevertheless, they set sail. During their voyage, they discovered many lands ; and,

after twelve days of navigation, they arrived in the country which they were in search of, and landed at Heriulfnes in Greenland.

Discovery of Lief Ericson, and the first establishment of Vinland.—Sometime after this voyage, probably in 994, Biarne made a visit to Eric, prince of Norway, and informed him of the particulars of his voyage, and the lands he had discovered. The prince blamed him for not examining those countries with more attention. On his return to Greenland, there was question of undertaking a voyage of discovery. Leif, son of Eric the Red, purchased the vessel of Biarne, and embarked with thirty-five men, among whom was a German, by name Tyrker, who had resided a long time at his father's house. In the year 1000, these adventurers set sail, and reached the country which Biarne had seen. They beheld no fields, but vast glaciers through the interior of the country; and from the sea, as far as these glaciers, there stretched an immense plain of rocks. The land seemed void of every attraction, and they called it *Helluland*. They embarked—launched into the deep—and arrived at another land covered with trees. This they styled *Markland*—or, the land of trees. Thence, they started again, and navigating it with a wind from the northeast, they discovered, at the end of two days, an island bearing eastwardly from the land. They entered the straits which separated this island from a peninsula which made into the sea, from east to west. They steered westward. On landing, they reached a river which, coming from a lake, flowed into the sea. In this river, they anchored. They built huts of boards, at first, but afterwards, determining to spend the winter there, they erected larger edifices, which were called *Leifsbuder*. When these constructions were finished, Leif divided his companions into two bodies, who should, in turn, re-

main within, and make excursions into the country. He recommended that they should not go to too great a distance, nor separate from one another. It chanced, one day, however, that Tyrker disappeared. Leif went in search of him at the head of twelve men. They met, and when asked the cause of his absence, "I have not been far," he replied, "and yet I have a discovery to communicate to you. I have found vines and grapes." Leif named the country *Vinland*. In the spring he returned to Greenland.

Climate, produce, and natural history of ancient America.—The ancient writings on the expeditions of the Scandinavians, in North America, give us some characteristic notions of the climate of America, of the qualities of its soil, and consequently of its produce. The climate was so mild that it was not necessary, in order to raise cattle, to make a provision of hay for the winter; because, as there was no ice, the grass seldom withered. Warden describes the country in the following language: "The temperature is so bland, that vegetation seldom suffers from cold or dryness. It is styled the paradise of America, because it is so much superior, in climate and situation, to any other part of that country." And Hitchcock: "In going from Taunton to Newport, by the river Taunton and the bay of Mount Hope, the traveller perceives a beautiful scenery, magnificent points of view, and a smiling region. The historic reminiscences attached to them command his attention, and delight his mind." Such a country might well be called the *good country*. And this was the name by which it was designated by the ancient Scandinavians.

Produce and natural history.—The vine grew there naturally. This is a fact confirmed by Adam of Bremen, who lived in the eleventh century. This author asserts that he had learned it not from conjecture merely, but

the authentic declaration of the Danes themselves; and he cites as his authority, King Sweyn Estrisdon, the nephew of Canute. Corn was also a natural production. When the Europeans afterwards came to this country, they found the *Indian corn*, which spontaneously sprang, in abundance, from the soil. It was one of their principal aliments.

There grew, also, a wood of remarkable beauty; a sort of *Acer rubrum*, or *Acer saccharinum*, which is now called *sugar maple*. In the woods, animals were in great variety; and this was the favorite abode of the Indians, on account of the abundance of game. The Scandinavians obtained, in exchange for their presents, fur skins and other such articles as the country produced. The islands were covered with birds, on which account, several of them were called *Egg-Islands*. The rivers abounded with fish, and especially excellent salmon. On the coast, whales were

numerous. Whence, it is probable, the name of *Whale Rock*, which was given to a rock situated near the coast.

Besides the nautical and geographical documents which have been preserved in these ancient writings, one of the manuscripts contains, likewise, an astronomical index. It is stated, that the day and night were of a more equal length there, than in Greenland or Iceland; that on the shortest day, the sun rose at half-past seven o'clock, and set at half-past four: so that there were but nine hours in the day. These observations place the country we are speaking of, in 41 deg. 24 min. 10 sec. of latitude. Jeaconnet Point, and the northern cape of Connecticut Island, are in 41 deg. 26 min.; and Point Judith, in 41 deg. 23 min. These are the three capes which bound the mouth of Mount Hope Bay, called by the ancients *Hopsvatan*.

LETTER TO THE HON. AND REV. GEORGE SPENCER.

[This is the production of a convert from the Protestant Episcopal, to the Roman Catholic, church. The author's name is not given: but under the sobriquet of Americo-Catholicus, we recognise a distinguished personage, well known for his acquirements, and esteemed, on all sides, for his amiable and sincere character. We admire much the gentle and, at the same time, earnest, tone of the letter. And the apostrophe to the ever blessed Virgin, with which he concludes it, is but the heartfelt expression of deep and practical conviction.—We commend this effort to the public attention, and earnestly direct the candid Protestant to the following passage:]

How many a time have you and I, in our days, of what we rejoiced to call "Churchmanship," heard from

men, who never doubted they were staunch Protestants, sober acknowledgments of the utter inefficiency and insufficiency of their Church, and frank, if not cordial admiration of the sacred majesty of the Catholic rite; of the sublime charity of the Catholic religion; of the never ending triumph of Catholic martyrs, and of the every where parent authority of the Catholic priesthood, with its consolations and its counsels, its indulgences and its restraints! Such men, with you, may be kept where they are by hopes for their church, but there are no such hopes here, nor does the deceitfulness of such hopes blind them. Nor is it the future struggle, the horror difficult, the labor certaminis, that holds

them back, but their spiritual as well as religious isolation, the stare super seipsum; and I verily believe there are hundreds and thousands of Episcopalians that would be *glad* to hear it said by all around them, "we will go into the house of the Lord."—Could the religious atmosphere of Oxford be created in any Protestant community here; could the religious dispositions, which, thank God, have always existed among the female portion of the Anglo-American race, begin to exist among the male; could the *men* of that communion here, be led to seek the grace of devotion and to practice *acts of Christianity*, they would not wait for the civil power nor for *their* church to "return to the reverential faith of other ages—to that high, and holy, and self-denying spirit of devotion and charity, which visibly embodied itself of old in our cathedrals and our abbeys"* of England, and to the church which is only ever and forever practically in possession of it," the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome. The Anglo-Americans are eminently a straightforward people; in right or wrong, *en avant* is their motto, and just as soon as they become animated by Catholic feelings will they cease to be satisfied with Protestant Communion. And so far as we are concerned on this side of the Atlantic, I, for one, care not if no new work of controversy be written from this day, for ever. Episcopalians may use their own editions of our sweet Thomas à Kempis, (alas! that they should be so different from the true one!) they may use their own beautiful Oxford prayers for unity—and even read their own "Catholic-minded" authors; I have no fear but that those, who are really *ready to take up their cross and follow* the Redeemer, will be led by Him to the Holy City.

And what after all is the obstacle

—it would now seem *the* great obstacle—which excuses even the Anglican clergy from themselves leading their flocks to Rome? "Because if the note (or mark) of schism on the one hand lies against England, an antagonist disgrace lies upon Rome, the note of idolatry."† And wherein consists this idolatry? In "the modern honors" paid to the Blessed Virgin. Will you forgive me, my dear sir, if I think your learned and respected brethren of Oxford deceive themselves, if they imagine this is really all that keeps them from the Church of Rome? Idolatry is giving to creatures the worship that is due to God. Is there a catechism to be found in the farthest corner of her universal empire, orbis terrarum, from that of Trent down to the humblest bishops of our day, which does not deny and reject it with anathema? And for any honor short of what is due to God, will Mr. Newman himself refuse it to *THE VIRGIN*? I hardly can believe he will. As for me, O Mary, Mother of pure love, Mother of Him who only is pure Love, let my memory be torn for ever from its seat when I think of Jesus and cease to think of thee; when I remember His advent, and forget the inviolate cloister that did hide Him; when I remember His nativity, and forget the sacred breasts that gave Him milk or the blessed arms that folded Him; when I think of His words of life eternal, and forget her who first formed the lisping accents of that Voice Divine. Let my tongue cleave for ever to my jaws, when I find words of less than adoration too high to utter in her praises, who, lovely one, was exalted, so far above the rest of all God's creatures, to the spousals of the Holy Ghost. Let my knees be frozen stiff in death, when they love not to bend in reverence and worship to the Queen Mother of my Saviour and my God.

* Brit. Crit. LIX. 153.

† Brit. Crit. LIX. 160.

SACRED LYRICS.

NO. III. HYMN FOR A CONFESSOR.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

W. A. KING.

VOICE. *Larghetto con Dolore.*

PIANO.

Sempre Legato.

Je - sus the Sa-viour of man-kind, Thy Pon - tiff's ev - er

last - ing crown, Deign on this day, most clement - ly Up -

- on thy sup - pliants to look down:

Sacred Lyrics.

This day on which shone bright - - ly forth The

meek con - fess - sor of thy name; Of whom, on each re -

turn - ing year, Thy peo - - ple cel - e - brate the fame.

III.

IV.

V.

Who, having all the hollow charms
Of life's fast-fleeting pleasures scorned,
Is now, amid the angels, with
An everlasting crown adorned.

Oh! grant most gracious Lord, that we
May in his footsteps follow on;
And through his intercession, break
The heavy chains that bind us down.

To thee, Oh Jesus, King most meek,
And to the Father, glory be,
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and for all eternity.

SACRED MELODY.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

When will the veil, oh God ! which hides thee, now,
 Be drawn aside from thy Almighty brow ;
 And when shall I, salvation's light behold ?
 Weary am I and worn with wandering,
 Then when, oh ! when shall my returning wing
 'Mid heaven's bright land its languid plumage fold ?

In this dark world the wicked one is strong,
 His toils are spread around me and I long
 To walk in peace thy spirit-land above ;
 Then hear my prayer, oh God ! and summon back
 The wanderer from his bleak and stormy track
 To feel thy presence and to share thy love.

STANZAS.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
 Earth's pleasures fade away ;
 They melt in time's destroying tide
 And cold are, while they stay.

But joys that from the gospel flow,
 Like stars that gild the night,
 Amid the darkest gloom of wo
 Shine forth with sweetest light.

The gospel's ray no clouds obscure,
 But o'er the Christian's soul
 It sheds a radiance calm and pure
 Though tempests round him roll.

His heart may break with sorrows stroke
 But to its latest thrill,
 Like diamond's shining when they're broke,
 The gospel lights it still.



Engraved for the Catholic Expositor

RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.

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No. 4.

DISCOVERY OF THE CATACOMBS OF ST. PETER'S IN ROME*

It was known, that in the Catacombs of St. Peter's, in Rome, there were many bodies of the martyrs, which had been extracted from the living stones, and carried off from that epoch, and deposited in the Catacombs, and principally in the Catacombs of St. Peter's, and into the different Catacombs, which were in the neighbourhood of the city of Rome; and still, however, there were so many in the sixteenth century, and Rome, that there is no danger of their being all carried away, for a long time.

Yet we must not believe that all the bodies that are found in the Catacombs are to be treated martyrs. No; if

there are many signs of martyrdom, and if they are not recognized by the best criteria, and if they are found in places where they are known to have been, and the judgment of God. It is very probable that there are many of these bodies which are excluded from the quality of martyrs in consequence of the destruction of the ancient original acts, which occurred in the last and most furious persecution — that of Dioclesian — which has been called the era of martyrs. The Pope, Gregory, thus writes, in his history of the holy martyrs, *Historia Martyrum*, of St. Edonius. — (v. 77, Roma, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 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JULY, 1842.

No. 4.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF ST. SABINIANUS*

It was towards the end of the seventh century, according to Boldetti, in his *osservazioni sopra i cimilieri di S. S. martiri ed antichi Christiani di Roma*, that bodies of the martyrs were first extracted from the Roman catacombs. From that epoch, at the request of bishops and princes, they were transported into the different cities of the Christian universe: and still, however, there remain so many in the *sixty cemeteries* around Rome, that there is no danger of their being all carried away, for a long time.

Yet we must not believe that all the bodies that are found in the catacombs are to be reputed martyrs. No; if

they have not the certain signs of martyrdom, if they are not recognized as such, by the strictest criteria, they are left in their places where they wait the resurrection, and the judgment of God. It is very probable that there are many of these bodies which are excluded from the quality of martyrs in consequence of the destruction of the ancient original acts, which occurred in the last, and most furious persecution—that of Dioclesian—which has been styled the *era of martyrs*. Of this Prudentius thus writes, in his *hymn in honor of the holy martyrs Hemeterius and Cheledonius*.—(v. 75, Tom. II. p. 882, Edit. Arev.)

Vix fama nota est, additis
Quam plena sanctis Roma sit,
Quam dives urbanum solum
Sacris sepulcris floreat.

Sed qui caremus his bonis,
Nec sanguinis vestigia
Videre coram possumus,
Cælum intuemur eminus.

* This interesting and learned article, is from the pen of one of our old friends and fellow-students at Rome, Padre Del Secchi, of the Society of Jesus. It is now translated for the first time, and will show our readers, that the ancient spirit of the society is still alive in that venerable body of religious savants. C. C. P.

Fame scarce can tell the treasures which
Lie hidden in the walls of Rome :
How blest that glorious soil, how rich
With many a sacred, unknown tomb.

But, if these treasures are concealed,
And, if we see not with our eyes
The marks of *holy blood* revealed,
Oh ! fix our sight upon the skies !

And again : (*hymn in honor of St. Lawrence*, v. 541, Tom. II. p. 936.

Chartulas blasphemus olim nam satelles abstulit,
Ne tenacibus libellis erudita sæcula
Ordinem, tempus, modumque passionis proditum
Dulcibus linguis per aures posterorum spargerent.

The acts by impious satellites possest
Were carried off industriously, lest
The tidings might through future times be spread
Of how, where, when, their blood the martyrs shed.

Deprived of these venerable documents, and also of the martyrologies written in the fourth century, which would have filled up this great gap in ecclesiastical history, when we witness the discovery of a martyrs body, we esteem ourselves fortunate, if we find the *sepulchral stone* and the *vase of blood*. With these documents or titles, the body of *St. Sabinianus* presents itself to us. Yet, notwithstanding this, sufficient evidence is had to prove the reality of his martyrdom.

I. *Discovery of the body of St. Sabinianus in the cemetery of Santa Ciriaca*.—The catacombs out of which the body of this saint was exhumated, are those of *Santa Ciriaca* in the *Campo Verano*, the most extensive and deep in Rome. They extend many miles around the Basilick of *St. Law-*

rence. To these, more than to any other, may be referred the beautiful description which is found in the commentary of *St. Jerome*, on *Ezekiel* : Dum essem Romæ puer, et liberalibus studiis erudirer, solebam cum cæteris ejusdem ætatis et propositi, diebus dominicis sepulcra apostolorum et martyrum circumire ; crebroque cryptas ingredi, quæ in terrarum profunda defossæ, ex utrâque parte ingredientium per parietes habent corpora sepulcorum, et ita obscura sunt omnia, ut propemodum illud propheticum compleatur. *Descendant ad infernum viventes* ; et raro desuper lumen admissum horrorem temperet tenebrarum, ut non tam fenestram quam foramen demissi luminis putes : rursumque pedetentim acceditur, et cæca nocte circumdatis illud *Virgilia*-num proponitur :

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

(Tom. V. p. 968 Ed. Vall.)

“When I was a boy, pursuing my studies at Rome, I was accustomed to go round on Sundays with my companions of the same age and pursuits,

to the sepulchres of the apostles and the tombs of the martyrs. We often went down into the catacombs cut out in the depths of the earth, where the

sides are lined with bodies of the dead, and which are so completely enveloped in darkness, that you may well apply the prophetic language : *Let them descend alive into hell.* Scarce a ray of light struggles through, not the

window, but the narrow aperture, to dissipate the horror of the gloom—and as you creep on you plunge into dense darkness, where you experience the sentiment expressed by Virgil in this line :

‘Darkness and silence fill the soul with horror.’”

And Prudentius *de Coronis*, (Hymn XI. 151, Tom. II. p. 1178, Edit. Arev.)

Metando eligitur tumulo locus : Ostia linquunt ;
 Roma placet, Sanctos quæ teneat cineres.
 Haud procul extremo culta ad pomeria vallo
 Mersa latebrosis crypta patet foveis.
 Hujus in occultum gradibus via prona reflexis
 Ire per anfractus luce latente docet.
 Primas namque fores summo tenus intrat hiatu
 Illustratque dies limina vestibuli.
 Inde ubi progressu facili nigrescere visa est
 Nox obscura, loci per specus ambiguum :
 Occurrunt cæsis immissa foramina tectis,
 Quæ jaciunt claros antra super radios.

The place of sepulture is chosen, far
 From Ostia :—’tis Rome that will embrace
 The sacred ashes : not far from the walls
 A subterraneous gallery conceals
 Deep cavities within its wide extent.
 A winding way conducts you gently down
 These darksome labyrinths. The light of day
 Lingers upon the vestibule, and gloom
 Profound reigns o’er the vaults—through which, at times,
 And at long intervals, the daylight faint
 Struggles to pierce among the lonesome caves.

And again :

Innumeros cineres Sanctorum Romula in Urbe
 Vidimus, O Christi Valeriane sacer.
 Incisos tumulis titulos et singula quæris
 Nomina, difficile est ut replicare queam.
 Tantos justorum populos furor impius hausit
 Quum coleret patrios troia Roma Deos.
 Plurima literulis singnata sepulcra loquantur
 Martyris aut nomen, aut epigramma aliquod.
 Sunt et multa tamen tacitas claudentia tumbas
 Marmora, quæ solum significant numerum.
 Quanta virum jaceant congestis corpora acervis
 Nosse licet, quorum nomina nulla legas.
 Sexaginta illic defossas mole sub una
 Reliquias memini me didicisse hominum.
 Quorum solus habet comperta vocabula Christus
 Utpote quos propriæ junxit amicitiae

Within the walls of Rome, Valerian,
 We see the ashes of unnumbered saints.
 If thou wouldst learn their names or titles all
 Engraved upon their tombs—I cannot tell:
 For entire nations of the Just have been
 By impious fury immolated, when
 Troy's offspring, Rome, her ancient gods adored.
 Yet there are monuments on which the name
 Or some inscription still may be descried.
 But of the greater part the marble mute
 Gives to our anxious questions no response:
 And I myself remember to have seen
 No less than sixty bodies in one fosse.
 Their names are known to no one but to Christ,
 To whom in endless friendship they are joined.

Baronius, in his *notes to the Roman Martyrology*, speaking of Saint Cyriacus, on the 21st of August, admits, that the cemetery described by Prudentius, is that of *Santa Ciriaca*, and affirms that this is proved from examining the catacombs. They contain three different degrees of depth, with three corridors, in each of which there is a double row of cells; but their extent never could be measured, because in certain places, they easily give way; and the workmen, who, for the purpose of extracting the bodies of the martyrs, penetrate through the ancient apertures called *pozzi*, take advantage of this circumstance. It was in one of these cavities that lay the body of our saint. On the 21st of April, 1840, it was taken from the tomb with *two vases of blood*. On the stone there was no date. But as the cemetery was founded on her demesnes by Cyriaca, a Roman lady and martyr, under Valerian, his death must have taken place during the last of the persecutions.

II. *The signs of martyrdom found in the tomb of St. Sabinianus.*—In order to prove that these remains are those of a martyr, it would suffice to consider the long experience which the ROMAN CHURCH possesses of those cemeteries, and the continued traditions of so many centuries, by which she recognises her martyrs by the signs which accompany them. Now these signs indicated the

body of the martyr Sabinianus. With it were found two glass vessels, placed, one at the head, the other at the feet, sealed to the stone with lime, but alike in form, and of equal capacity, and encrusted with congealed blood. The one that was best preserved offered to the sight a cuticle thick with blood, which, at the least agitation, dropped off; and which, viewed in the light, appeared of a purple hue. It should be remarked, that it is not the opal-like and changing tint of the sulphur of rock, which almost all the antique vases assume, but that red hue is derived from the pellicle itself, which, partly detached, hung down in the phial before the eye. It is certain, then, that it is blood. Now, after the rigid discussion to which the church has often subjected the reality of this sign, there can be no longer any doubt, that the body accompanied by a phial of blood, must be the body of a martyr.

Other signs, moreover, fortify these proofs; as points of iron which occasioned their death, still sticking in the bones, or the wounds which have left their marks in the principal bones; and such like other indications. But the sign which is, at present, the subject of our investigation, is, by its nature and by its suitability to the position which it commonly occupies, a certain proof and sufficient in itself, without the concurrence

of other marks, which only confirm the fact by their correspondent testimony. The body of the martyr, on whose tomb is inscribed the name of Sabinianus, has, with the authentic appendages, been discovered in the cemetery of *Santa Ciriaca*; having near it *two phials of blood*.

It has been objected that the vases, which we affirm to have been used for preserving *blood*, were intended for certain *perfumes*. In reply to this difficulty, I will examine some indubitable testimonies, namely, *of the early fathers*, and *ancient acts of the martyrs*.

To begin with St. Hilary, who lived a short time after the persecu-

tions: "Every where," he writes, "has the *blood* of the martyrs been collected, and their venerable bones offer daily a new testimony."* He then relates the miracles wrought at the tombs of the martyrs. The most superficial novice in ecclesiastical history knows what efforts the early Christians made to collect the blood of the martyrs, during their agony even, and under the very eyes of the executioners. Many Christians were, on this account, seized and put to death. Prudentius celebrates the zeal of those confessors in gathering the blood of the martyrs. (*De Cor. Hymn v. 333*, T. II. p. 1008, Ed. Arev.)

Coire toto ex oppido
Turbam fidelem cerneret
Mollire præfultum thorum
Siccare cruda vulnera.

Ille ungularum duplices
Sulcos pererrat osculis,
Hic purpurantem corporis
Gaudet cruorem lambere.

Plerique vestem linteam
Stillante tingunt sanguine
Tutamen ut sacrum suis
Domi reservent posteris.

Then might you see whole cities, oft,
In anxious hurry gathering round,
And 'neath the martyr strewing soft,
Sweet herbs, and dressing every wound.

That Christian hastes the gash to kiss
Deep made by rough and iron claws;
Nor feels aught of repugnance *This*
To lick away the blood that flows.

Many their linen garments steep
With oozing blood, which, carefully
As a protection blest they keep,
And leave to their posterity.

And again, *in the eulogy of Saint Hippolytus*, v. 141, Tom. II. p. 117, Ed. Arev.

* Sanctus ubique beatorum martyrum *sanguis exceptus est*, et veneranda ossa quotidie testimonio sunt.—(*Contra Constantium Imp.*, c. 8, T. II. Ed. Maur.)

Palliolis etiam bibulæ siccantur arenæ,
 Ne quis in infecto pulvere ros maneat.
 Si quis et in sudibus recalente aspergine sanguis
 Insidet, hunc omnem spongia pressa rapit.

E'en with their robes the absorbing sand they dry,
 Lest in the unholy dust one drop should lie.
 If on the branches any blood remain,
 With the prest sponge they soak up every stain.

We will now cite St. Ambrose, and St. Gaudentius, bishop of Brescia. The former, when he discovered the tomb and mortal remains of the two martyrs, Vitalis and Agricola, remarked: "We have gathered the blood shed in their triumphant death."* And when he discovered those of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, he asserts that he had found the signs of their martyrdom.† St. Gaudentius confirms this, when he declares that he himself saw the blood. "We have the blood, which is the *proof of martyrdom*."‡

If we consult the acts of the martyrs, we shall there find fresh evidences, establishing this fact. Read Boldetti, from the 26th to the 39th chapters, in his first book. Add to this the infinite testimonies scattered through the Acts published by the Bollandists, and judge if any fact in history could be supported by a greater quantity of documents worthy of belief. I will not cite the *acta sincera* of the martyrdom of St. Cyprian, which are preserved in the collection of Ruinart, nor the *Acts of the Martyrs of Ostia*, published by De Maistre, nor those of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, edited by Laderchi; nor the fact recorded by Nicephorus, of the blood of St. Euphemia collected in a glass bottle;§ the only difficulty is, to select some cases out of so great a number. Let us rather return to the catacombs, and show by some local

facts, that the vessel of blood could not be any thing but a sign of martyrdom.

These small vases, which frequently indicate extreme poverty, in no wise in harmony with the profusion of perfumes or balsamic substances, are always found sealed in the stone, out of the sepulchre—and only where martyrs are entombed. Thus the body of St. Primitivus, on whose sepulchral stone, we read the following words: *After many torments a valiant martyr*. Post. Multas. ANGUSTIAS. FORTISSIMUS. MARTYR., was found with the vase containing his blood. The same fact was evinced in 1725, when, under the great altar of St. Clement, was discovered, with the monumental stone and phial of blood, the body of Flavius Clemens, a man of consular dignity and a Christian martyr. An ancient inscription, published among the *Inscriptioni doniane*, relates, that under the altar of St. Alexis, on the Aventine, the blood of St. Boniface martyr, was preserved in a vase.

But we should be carried much too far were we to attempt to record all the facts of this kind furnished by the catacombs of Rome. We may add, however, that the use of *sponge* for gathering the blood, besides being attested by Prudentius, as we have seen, is rendered manifest from the circumstance of the sponge being sometimes found saturated with

* Invenimus sanguinem triumphalem.—(Exhort. ad Virgines.)

† Inveni signa convenientia, ossa omnia integra et plurimum sanguinem.—(Ep. l. iii. 54.)

‡ Tenemus enim sanguinem, qui est testis passionis.—(P. 339, ed. Card. Quirin.)

§ Hist. Eccles. lib. xviii, c. 31.

blood. And on the stones, the word SANGUIS (blood) abridged to SANG., was inscribed. It was written SA. SATURNII, for SANGUIS SATURNINI, as appears from a vase discovered at Rome.

To imagine, then, that these vases were used for perfumes and *liqueurs*, as in the pagan sepulchres, would be an egregious error. Those of the latter were placed within, and never without, the tomb: those of the former, never outside, but always within the sepulchre. Nor could they

have been *lachrymatory vases*, as some modern writers have pretended. For the church never prayed for the martyrs, nor bewailed their lot: this would have been contrary to the glory of the champions of Christ. Much less could their graves have been honored with perfumes and balsamic *liqueurs*, which the pagans offered to the Manes and other heathen divinities; for this would have been falling into that abominable idolatry against which they protested at the sacrifice of their lives.

CONTENTMENT.—AUTUMN.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

Aim at contentment in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it, than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

Chesterfield.

This life is a fevered, unsatisfying state of existence, and man is a restless creature. Be his rank, or station, or circumstances what they may, it matters not, there remains ever an object unattained, on which his eye rests, and for which his heart yearns, with insatiable craving. So long as that object is unpossessed, he is an unhappy being; yet, when gained, how often is it flung aside as the useless toy of a child? Splendor and affluence may sprinkle his pathway with rose-leaves—gratified ambition may fling its golden halo around his brow—pleasure may envelope him in her elysium of seductions—every department of nature and of art may be ransacked for the elements of happi-

ness, and then from all of them he may turn away, fainting, weary, sick at heart, with unsatisfied aspiration.

Who has not in the beautiful day-dreams of excited fancy—when he has cast loose the reins of imagination, and for a brief season has permitted his thoughts and his feeling unrestrained to revel in the fairy realms of the ideal world—who at such an hour has not traced upon his mind's tablet the outlines of a scheme of contentment which he may never enjoy; and, in conception, summoned up a paradise of bliss, of which this sublunary world knows not! Who in fancy has not spread in his vision greener fields than ever even in boyhood's hour, he has gambolled on—bathed his fevered lips in fresher fountains than ever gushed from the rock, and transcended above him bluer skies and richer sun-light than ever occupied on earth?

Ah! could we scan the thoughts of the human heart's varied multitude, which in the bustling scenes of ordi-

nary existence, throng around us—could we trace out the untold emotions which agitate the unseen secrets of our bosoms, how many a wild and bitter thing should we there find rankling, which the beaming eye and the flushed cheek, and the sunny lip, had never revealed! What unspeakable longing! what intense solicitude! what feverish aspiration! what melancholy retrospection! what fearful foreboding! what remorseful meditation! what wild hopes and wilder wishes should we not there behold!

Thus it is: and, as the features of the human face are the same in every countenance, so are the features of the human heart in every breast. Thus has it ever been; nor in the nature of the moral, mental, or spiritual existence, can it ever, in this unsanctified world, be otherwise.

The love of life is so intimately blended with our mortal frame, that death alone can alienate it. For the preservation of life what do we account dear? And if we obtain a respite, we imagine ourselves safe. Absurd infatuation! Is a point of such moment beneath our notice, and shall we be flying from what we cannot escape?

But upon a due estimate of life, grandeur and depression vanish: poverty or riches, good or evil—these short-lived gifts of accident, become totally indifferent. All contentment, then, centres in two points, religion and virtue.

AUTUMN.

How welcome thou, that in my mind
Reviv'st the useful thought,
That mortals are for death designed,
And must to death be brought:
That we the sport of trifling care,
The slaves of anxious toil,
Must hence to different worlds repair,
Must tread a different soil.
Oh! may we careful ever be,
Each moment to improve,
From vain and trifling pleasures free,
To seek the things above.

There one perpetual spring shall bloom,
Nor autumn's sadd'ning joy,
Nor sullen winter's watery gloom,
Our pleasures shall destroy.

The verdure of spring is faded,—the invigorating influences of summer are past. The rays of the sun now fall faintly upon us. No longer do we seek the shady grove—the bower of nature. No longer do we breathe the odors of the flowers of the field, or hear the melody of the songsters of the air. The feathered tribes are now retiring to solitudes, which will shelter them from the winds and the frosts of winter; or they are following the sun—the prince of heat and animation, to more southern climes. The trees begin to lose their foliage, and the face of nature will soon assume the dreary appearance of death. But has the season of life and vegetation closed before the beneficent purposes of heaven have been accomplished? It has not. The earth has yielded her increase, and is now to take the necessary repose. The mild influence of spring caused the seed of the husbandman to grow; the genial warmth of summer brought it to maturity, and autumn has poured her bounty into our lap. The ripened fields have invited the reapers sickle. The trees have unloaded their heavy branches into our stores, and we have accumulated the necessary sustenance for the inclement months that are approaching. How good! how bountiful is God!

Every beam of the sun, every breeze and every shower of the season, is charged by our heavenly father with a blessing for man. Though the tiller of the ground in the days of labor, retired from the piercing heat of the meridian sun to the cooling shade, yet nature continued her labor to bring to perfection the fruits of the earth. Though at the close of light, he resigned himself to sleep, to invigorate his exhausted strength, yet the causes of vegetation ceased not

their operation. Through the silent watches of the night, the thirsty plants imbibed the dew of heaven, which greatly exhilarated their growth under the influence of the morning sun.

The succession of night and day, the course of the seasons, the process of vegetation, are uniform and common; for this reason these events rarely command our attention, or excite our admiration. But let us for a moment reflect on the causes which must concur to secure us the blessings of autumn. The dews of the night, the gentle breezes, and the refreshing showers of the summer, and the mild influences of the sun, are all necessary. The drought of a few weeks, or the chilling frost of a single night, might wholly disappoint the hope of man, and deprive him of every blessing of harvest.

What would be our situation should any of the ministers of the divine displeasure, be commissioned to suspend the powers of vegetation? In the appointed time of harvest, barrenness and desolation every where appear. Instead of trees loaded with fruits, we behold naked branches.—The keen air and the furious storm warn us of the approach of winter; and with horror we reflect that our stores are empty, that dearth universally pervades our land. In vain do we look around for the friendly beast, which living, administers to our use, and is at last sacrificed to our appetites. These have all experienced the inclemency of the season, and deprived of their nourishment, they are dead. Our own wants are aggravated by the useless cries of our dependants for a morsel of bread.—How little can we do for ourselves! How constant is our dependence upon our heavenly Parent! The earth spontaneously yields grass for cattle, and herbs and trees for the service of man.

The maxim that “the tree is known by its fruits,” is supported by the ex-

perience of ages, and sanctioned by the authority of Heaven. We cannot always judge of moral principles in the abstract. Their particular operation, as connected with the interests of the world, is often necessary, in order to gratify us in forming an opinion either in their favor or against them. That must be intrinsically good which, in its natural, legitimate, and unrestrained effect, subtracts even a few particles from the accumulated amount of human misery, and adds even a few drops to the cup of sublunary enjoyment. Any principle or institution, which is calculated to produce these effects, ought to be welcomed as a good guide, the object of whose mission is to compose the conflicts of a jarring world—to repair the devastations wrought by sin, and to scatter a few rays of Heaven’s own blessed light upon the nations of the earth. Speculations, which are connected with no practical good, and of little worth. The wise-drawn theories which are calculated only to amuse the moon-struck brain of him with whom they originated, occupy an insignificant place in the estimation of the practical philosopher.—This is a world of energy and action and every thing adapted to the work of goodness—every principle calculated to raise and purify the earth—and every institution that can heal the wounds of bleeding nature, and augment the reputation of heaven, should be held in requisition for these benevolent labors.

There can be no question of the purity of Christian principles. Every doubt on the subject is forever put at rest; even the enemies themselves of others’ systems, being judges. To the operation of the Roman Catholic religion, we are indebted, that every city is not a Sodom, and every land “a field of blood,” and to this may be attributed all the delicacy of sentiments and correctness of moral feeling, which distinguish us from the li-

centious Mussulman, and the remorseless pagan. We cannot forbear subjoining the inference to which this fact unavoidably leads us, that those who make war against the gospel, are not the friends of moral purity. A wish to extinguish the sun of the moral system, must be connected with the "love of darkness rather than light."

The tendency of Christian institutions is by no means equivocal. The gospel has both a direct and indirect operation upon every thing which relates to man. To say nothing of that joy unspeakable which it is capable of infusing into the bosom of its humble votary—or of that consolation, with which it can bind up the bleeding heart—or of that starry crown and wavering palm and perpetuity of bliss to which it points in the beatific regions of the paradise of God: to say nothing of these effects of the gospel, it ever excites throughout the great mass of human society an influence which is too often overlooked or undervalued, both by its enemies and by its friends.

There is not an institution of man in civilized society, but feels the power, I had almost said, the omnipotence, of the gospel. Political systems, moral creeds, and philosophical theories, have been moulded or modified by the doctrines inculcated, and the institutions erected by the Word of God; the governments of the world have felt the influence—the moral face of the globe has changed for the better, and evils of the most malignant character, have been diminished where they have been annihilated. It is true that this world still abounds with evil. It presents to the weeping eye of philanthropy, a dark and gloomy picture.

An angel might drop a tear upon the earth, and mingle the sigh of sympathy with the groans of its suffering population; but the gospel and its institutions have effected much; the

history of all nations of antiquity presents to us almost uninterrupted scenes of blood, tyranny, and desolation. Modern warfare is much less sanguinary, and modern governments much less despotic, than ancient.—More civil liberty is enjoyed, and fewer crimes stain the records of the earth. Had a change of this magnitude been effected in the lapse of a few years, it would have appeared like the operation of a charm or a miracle.

What learning, talents, power, wealth, experience, and centuries, could not accomplish, has been gradually and imperceptibly brought about by the secret though powerful operations of Christian institutions.

Had it not been for the influence of the gospel, barbarism would have overspread the earth; idols would have been our deities. The iron hand of ancient despotism, would have continued to crush the inhabitants of the world, and such a system of government as free and happy America enjoys, would never have found a place in the records of nations.

There are some political theorists who trace the misfortunes of Ireland, to the influence of the gospel in England, but it is not just.—Because Ireland's oppression commenced nearly 400 years before that gospel existed there. That gospel is from heaven, her office is to pluck thorns from the human breast, not to plant them; to prepare men for a better world, by raising, not depressing them, in the scale of virtue here. It would be cruel to charge the gospel with the crimes of which Erin has been the victim, not only since the Reformation, but before, when the good of both nations worshipped God around the same altar.

And in conclusion, to the gospel we are indebted for almost every thing that is good, and by this we enjoy an exemption from much that is evil. To this system we may trace

<p>the mercies which cheer our lives— the consolations which sweeten our afflictions—the power which plucks away the sting of death, and the lamp</p>	<p>which pours its splendor into the grave, and darts some of its rays across the confines of that broad eter- nity which borders on time.</p>
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AN ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT
 ST. MARY'S, IN 1634, AND THE FIRST PROCLAMATION OF CIVIL
 AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN THE NEW WORLD.

BY GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS, ESQ., OF ARLINGTON.

*Respectfully inscribed to the Most Rev. the Archbishop of Baltimore,
 and the Catholics of Maryland.*

(AIR—Star spangled banner.)

I.

Oh bright was the morn, and the spring breeze was sighing
 When proudly there rode on Potomac's broad wave,
 The barks of the pilgrims, their gay pennons flying;
 While high on their decks shone the pious and brave.
 Then their landing began,
 And they bore in their van,
 The ever blest sign of salvation to man.
 They plant it rejoicing, and proclaim the decree,
 That Mary's fair land "be the land of the free!"

II.

This germ in the soil of so genial a clime,
 Soon grew to maturity, bloomed, and flourished;
 Its fruits are a people to be known to all time,
 As a *people* that liberty planted and nourished.
 And while one shall remain,
 Of that pilgrim train,
 He'll liberty, civil and religious maintain,
 And thus shall fulfil his forefathers' decree,
 That Mary's fair land be the land of the free.

III.

When stern was the struggle 'gainst oppression and pow'r;
 And the patriot disdained his rights to surrender,
 The son of the pilgrim in that trying hour,
 Stood firm 'mong the firmest his county's defender.

And where glory did shine,
 "The old Maryland line"*
 Gathered laurels unfading its brows to entwine.
 Guilford, Cowpens and Eutaw, confirmed the *decree*,
 That Mary's fair land be the land of the free.

IV.

Where once was a desert, an empire behold,
 Where laws, rights, and liberties, have equal dominion.
 Where freedom of conscience here planted of old,
 Its blessings enjoys 'neath the eagles' broad pinion.
 And now heart and hand,
 On this time honor'd strand,
 Where Freedom her altar first reared in our land ;
 We swear to preserve union and liberty,
 And Mary's fair land shall forever be free.

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK V. CHAPTER II.

"It does not depend upon ourselves not to look at it, my good friend," rejoined the Count. "It lies before us, and not to see it, we must be blind; and this would be worse than being afraid. Let us repeat, rather, that there is no philosophy without the art of despising objections, otherwise, mathematics themselves, must be shaken. I acknowledge, that whilst I think of some of the mysteries of the intellectual world, my head turns a little. Still it is possible to stand firm; and nature, interrogated with wisdom, conducts us to the ways of truth. A thousand and a thousand times, no doubt, you have reflected on the combination of motion. Run,

for example, from the east to the west, whilst the world turns from west to east. What do you wish to do, by running? You would wish, I suppose, to run over on foot a *werste* in eight minutes from east to west. You have done it; you are fatigued, covered with perspiration; you show all the symptoms of exhaustion. But what was the object of the *first mover*, that superior power, who leads you on? He wished that instead of advancing from east to west, you should be confined to space, with inconceivable velocity, which has really occurred. He has thus done with you what he wished. Play at shuttlecock on a vessel that scuds before the

* "The old Maryland line—that General Greene compared to the game cock, that would stand cutting."—*Lafayette's Toast at the Cincinnati dinner in Baltimore, in 1824.*

wind: is there in the motion which hurries you and the vessel onward, any thing which retards your action? You hurl the cork from stem to stern, with a velocity equal to that of the vessel, (a supposition, which may be rigorously true:) the two players do certainly *what they will*; but the first mover has done likewise *what he will-ed*. One of the two, thought that he hurled the cork: he merely arrested it: the other has gone to him instead of waiting for it, as he believed, and receiving it on his racket.

"Well, you say, that since you have not done what you believed you did, you have not done what you wished. In this case, you do not observe that this same objection may be made against the superior mover, of whom it might be said, that wishing to force on the shuttle-cock, it has nevertheless, remained immovable. The argument, then, would hold good against God. Since it has, to establish that the divine power may be interfered with by that of man, precisely as much strength as to establish the inverse proposition, it follows that it is of no value in one or the other case, and that the two powers act together without interfering with each other.

"We may take away a great part of this combination of moving powers which can animate, at the same time, the same body, whatever be their number and their direction, and which all have their effect, until the thing moved finds itself at the end of the only movement which they will have produced, precisely at the same point where it would have been arrested, if all had acted one after the other. The only difference that is found between the two forces is that, in that of bodies, the power which animates them does belong to them; whereas, in that of not spirits, their wills, which are substantial actions, unite, increase, operate of themselves, since they are but actions. It may happen that a created will an-

nuls, I do not say, the *effort*, but the result of the divine action; for, in this sense, *God* himself has told us, that *GOD WILLs* things which never come to pass, because *MAN WILLED IT NOT*.* Thus the rights of man are immense, and his greatest misfortune is not to know them. But his true action is prayer, by means of which, by placing himself in union with God, he exercises, thus to speak, the all-powerful action, since he determines it. Do you wish to know what is this power, and measure it, as it were? Think of what the will of man can effect in the circle of evil. It can oppose God, as you have just seen. What, then, is the power of that will when it acts with him? Where are the limits of that power? Its nature is to have none. The energy of the human will vaguely strikes us in the social order, and it often is said, *that man can do whatever he wills*: but in the spiritual order, where the effects are not sensible, ignorance on this point, is too general; and on the circle of matter, we do not make, by a good deal, the necessary reflections. You will easily overturn, for example, one of these eglantines; but you cannot throw down the oak: why, I ask you? The earth is covered with men, without minds, who hasten to answer you: *because your muscles are not strong enough*, taking thus, in the simplest manner in the world, the *limit* for the *means* of strength. That of man is limited by his physical organs, in order that he cannot trouble, except to a certain degree, the established order. For you easily conceive what would become of the world, if man could, by the strength

* Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often have I wished to gather thy children, &c. AND THOU WOULDST NOT! (Luke xiii. 24.) There are in the spiritual order, as well as in the material, *living powers and dead powers*; and this is as it should be.

of his arm, overturn an edifice, or uproot a forest. It is true, that the same wisdom which created man *perfectible*, has given him the power—that is to say, the artificial means of augmenting his natural strength: but this gift is accompanied by a striking sign of infinite foresight. For, wishing that every possible augmentation may be proportionate, not to the boundless desires of man, which are immense, and almost always disorderly, but only to his wise desires, regulated by his wants, he has wished that each of his powers should be necessarily accompanied by a restriction which grows out of it, in such a manner, that strength must necessarily destroy itself by the very effort it makes to increase itself. We cannot, for example, augment proportionably the power of a lever without augmenting proportionably the difficulties which must finally render it useless. It may further, be said, that in general and in operations, even, which cannot strictly be called mechanical, man cannot augment his natural powers without employing in proportion, more time, more space and more material,—a circumstance, which occupies him in a manner, always increasing, and prevents him from acting clandestinely: and this should be carefully remarked. Thus, for example, any man can blow up a house by means of a mine; but the indispensable preliminaries are such, that the public authorities will always have time to come and demand what he is about. Optical instruments present a still more striking example of the same law, since it is impossible to perfect one of the qualities, the union of which constitutes the perfection of those instruments, without weakening another. We may make the same observation concerning fire-arms. In a word, there is no exception to the law of which the suspension would annihilate human society. Thus, then, on all

sides, and in the order of nature, as in that of art, limits are placed. You will not be able to bend the vine, of which I have just spoken, if you press it with a reed; not because you have not the strength, but because strength is wanting to that reed. And this weak instrument is to the eglantine, what the arm is to the oak. The will by its essence could transport mountains, but the muscles, nerves, and bones, which are given for material action, press on the oak, as the reed on the eglantine. Take away the law which requires that the human will cannot act materially in an immediate manner, except on the body which it animates (a law purely accidental and relative to our state of ignorance and corruption), it would tear up an oak, as it stretches out the arm. In whatever manner we regard the will of man, we find that its rights are immense. But as in the spiritual order, of which the material world is but an image, and a kind of reflection, prayer is the power confided to man, let us beware not to deprive ourselves of it. This would be wishing to substitute our arm in place of the musket, or the bomb shell.

The philosophy of the last century which will form in the eyes of posterity one of the most shameful epochs of the human mind, has not forgotten to divert us from prayer, by the consideration of *eternal and immutable laws*. It had, for its favorite object, I had almost said, its *only* object, to detach man from God: and how could it succeed more perfectly than by preventing him from praying. All this philosophy was in reality nothing more than a system of practical atheism. I have given a name to this strange disease, I call it *theophobia*; look well, and you will find it in all the philosophic books of the 18th century.* It was not openly said,

* And we may add with too much truth, the 19th also. The theory of the

There is no God: an assertion which might have carried with it some physical inconveniences. But it was said: *God is not there*. He is not in your ideas: they come from the senses. He is not in your thoughts: they are but *transformed sensations*. He is not in the scourges which afflict you: they are but physical phenomena, and are explained, like others, by known laws. He does not think of you; he has done nothing for you in particular; the world is made for the insect as well as for you; he does not take revenge on you, you are too insignificant, &c. &c. In a word, God could not be named in that philosophy without causing it to fall into convulsions. There were writers of that time, infinitely above the common herd, and remarkable for their partial views, who openly denied the creation. How could you speak of celestial chastisements to such men without throwing them into a fury? *No physical event can have any superior cause relative to man*: this is their dogma. Sometimes, perhaps, they will not articulate it in general; but, come to the application, and they will always deny it in detail, which amounts to the same thing. I can cite you a remarkable example, and one which will amuse, while at the same time, it cannot but sadden us, under one point of view. Nothing shocked them as much as the deluge, which is the greatest and most terrible judgment which the Divinity ever exercised on man: and yet nothing is better established by every kind of proof capable of establishing a great fact. How, then, must they act?—They begin by obstinately asserting, that there was not water enough to cause such a deluge: and I remember, that, in my young days, my weak faith was somewhat startled by their

reasons. But afterwards taking a fancy to create a world by means of precipitation, and water being rigorously necessary for such an extraordinary operation, the want of water does not embarrass them in the least, and they have gone so far as to grant us, with extreme liberality, an *enveloppe* three leagues in height above the surface of the globe—which is very honest! Some have even imagined it becoming to call Moses to their assistance, and to force him by singular contortions, to bear witness in favor of their cosmogonical revelations. Well understood, however, that there is no divine intervention in this adventure, nothing supernatural. Thus they have admitted the total submersion of the globe at the epoch determined by that great man: and this they deemed sufficient to cause them to declare themselves seriously, the *defenders of revelation*; but of *God*, of *crime*, and of *punishment*, not a word. They have even insinuated, very quietly, *that there were no men on earth at the time of the great submersion*, a proposition altogether *Mosaical*, as you perceive. The word *deluge* having in it something *theological* which did not please them, was suppressed, and they called it *catastrophe*. Thus, they receive the *deluge*, because they stand in need of it for their vain theories, and they do away *God*, a word which fatigues them. Behold, a tolerable good symptom of *Theophobia*!

“I honor, with all my heart, the numerous exceptions which console the eye of the observer: and even among writers who are not the disciples of the true faith, I make with pleasure, several necessary distinctions. But the general character of that philosophy, is not the less, just what I have described it to be: which, by laboring without intermission, to detach man from the Divinity, has produced the deplorable generation which does or suffers to be done, all

inutility of prayer, and formal atheism, differs only in name.—Orig. de ant. opp. Tom. I. in fol. p. 202.

that we behold around us. As for us, gentlemen, let us likewise have our *theophobia*; but let it be good.—And if sometimes Supreme Justice frightens us, let us remember the expression of St. Augustine, one of the finest that ever came from the mouth of man: *Are you afraid of God?—fly to his arms!**

“Permit me to believe, my dear Chevalier, that you are perfectly quiet on the subject of the *eternal and unchangeable laws*. There is nothing necessary but God, and nothing less so than evil. Every evil is a punishment, and every punishment (except the last), is inflicted by love as much as by justice.”

“I am enchanted to find that my little whims have drawn from you reflections which will be profitable to me,” said the Chevalier. “But what do you mean to convey by the words *except the last?*”

“Look around you, Chevalier,” he replied, “behold the acts of human justice. What does it do, when it condemns a man to a punishment less than capital? It does two things: it chastises—this is the work of justice; but, moreover, it wishes to correct—this is the work of love. If it were not permitted to hope that the punishment would induce the culprit to enter into himself, it would almost always punish with death. But when it is led to the conviction, either by the repetition, or number of crimes, that he is incorrigible, love withdraws, and justice pronounces an eternal punishment, for death is eternal: how can a dead man cease to be dead?—Yes, without doubt, justice of both kinds punishes only to correct; and all punishment, *except the last*, is a remedy, the last *is death*. All bear witness to this theory, and even fable itself proclaims the frightful truth:

‘*Theseus is seated and shall always be.*’†

* VIS FUGERE A DEO, FUGE AD DEUM.

† INFELIX THESEUS, *sedet æternumque sedebit*—Virg. *Æn.* VI. 617. 18.

The river which is crossed but once†—the cask of the Danaids *always* empty and *always* full§—the liver of Tithius *always* enduring under the devouring vulture||—Tantalus *always* ready to drink and eat, but *always* unable¶—the rock of Sisiphus, which *always* rolls**—the circle, the eternal symbol of eternity, inscribed on the wheel of Ixion††—are so many speaking hieroglyphics, which it is impossible to misunderstand.

We may, then, contemplate the divine justice in ours, as in in a mirror *dim*, indeed, but faithful, which cannot reflect any other image but that which it has received. We there see that chastisement can have no other end but to destroy evil, in such a manner, that the greater the evil and the more deeply enrooted, the longer and more painful the operation. But, if man renders himself entirely evil, how can that evil be forced from him, and what triumph does it leave to love? All true instruction, therefore, mingling fear with ideas of consolation, admonishes a free being not to advance to the terms, where there is no longer any term.”

“I should, for my part,” observed the Senator, “like to say many things more to the Chevalier; for I have not lost sight of his exclamation: *And what shall we say of war?* It seems to me that this scourge deserves to be considered of itself. But I perceive that the quaking of the earth has led us already too far. We must separate. To-morrow, if you choose, gentlemen, I will communicate to you my ideas on a subject which I have profoundly meditated.”

“I have little to boast of on that subject,” said the Chevalier, “I know

† Ibid. 425

§ Ovid. *Metaph.* IV. 462.

|| Virg. VI. 598, 600.

¶ Ovid. *Met.* 457, 458.

** Ibid. 459.

†† Ibid. 460–466.

not, however, whence it is, that I am always fond of waging it, or of speaking of it. I will, therefore, hear you with great pleasure."

"I will accept the invitation of our friend," added the Count; "but I do

not promise not to have something more to say, on prayer."

"In this case, I willingly yield you the floor, to-morrow, but I will not fail to take it in my turn—Adieu"

FUGITIVE PIECES.

BY MISS E. O'DRISCOLL.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

SUNSET'S GLOW.

Search ye after beauty, and you will find it in the works of the Omnipotent! When the day has drawn to a close, oh! gaze upon every surrounding object bathed in glowing colors, and all reflecting the last lingering ray of that brilliant orb which has cheered us through the long and weary hours, and rendered them enlivening and pleasant. There is no brilliancy that can at all compare with the refulgent lustre of the sun in his mid-day career; but the softening, the enrapturing glow of sunset, surpasses all other beauties. Oh! who is there that can gaze with an unfeeling heart on the varied landscape of nature, decked in all her sunset robes! the river rolling by—the air loaded with fragrance, for the breath of the flowers are nature's own perfume, and there are none other so sweet. Let them look upon all this, and see each object revelling, as it were, in the gorgeous beauty which the departing rays of day have given it. And if he can look unmoved on all this, and not feel there is a sacred charm connected with it all, he possesses not a heart to feel, and nature's varied adornments meet with no answering echo

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in his cold breast. Oh! there are times when it seems as though the God of heaven had decked this world with peculiar loveliness, when all nature smiles joyously in its charms, and we feel as though the hand of a divine being has indeed been here. Oh! give to me the enjoyment of a calm and fragrant sunset!

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

It was a mild and calm morning when the sun was just gilding the horizon, that a small cavalcade was winding their toilsome march through the sandy deserts of Arabia. The principal personages belonging to the party, were two persons in youth's bright days; but their pallid faces and feeble voices, told that there was deep sorrow rankling in their hearts. They were a brother and sister, who had grown up together in strong affection, till their hearts had become even as one; and when manhood settled on the brother's noble brow, the distant lands he had read of, he longed to see, and tread the soil where the heroes of ancient story had performed their wondrous deeds. In Europe's happy land they dwelt in calm security, till an opportunity of

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ferred of satisfying his longing desires. Yet, when the time of his departure arrived, the thoughts of being separated from his loved sister, came o'er his soul like the blasts of winter; and with a struggle between love for her society and care for her comfort, he determined on her accompanying him in his travels. They started on their journey, and numerous were the beauties that he beheld as he wandered over scenes of classic story. At length, the sandy deserts of Arabia, with their scorching heat, wrought their baneful influence on his delicate frame; and the agonizing gaze of his darling sister was a sharp dagger to his heart, and he shuddered as he thought that that tender being might be left a stranger in a barbarous clime. One morning, as they were pursuing their path over the trackless sands, he broke the silence; for bitter thoughts had stilled their voices.—“Oh! Adelle, how deeply do I regret that I ever induced you to leave our own happy home, for I feel that I now am soon to depart from this world, and you will be left alone.” “Oh! my brother, say not so, leave me not in this land alone; for what will become of Adelle, if her Louis is taken away? Then all will be gone that is dear to her!” The day wore apace, and Adelle, with quivering eye, beheld Louis's noble brow damp and clammy, and his feverish lips told his sufferings. For, ah! it was a desert, and water there was none. At length, worn out with fatigue, his strength failing, it seemed as if the angel of death were hovering o'er his stricken victim.

The sun was descending as they fell in with a detachment from a caravan returning from paying their orisons at the tomb of the prophet. With joy, did Adelle hail the strangers, and relate her sorrowful story. They were kindly received as members of the party, and when they reached their tented village, the gentle moon

was shedding her silver beams over the scene. When they arrived at the tents, the families of the Arabs came forth to meet the pilgrims, and hail their return home. As they reached the tent of their chief, a lovely young Arab girl sprang forth to meet her sire, and fell on his neck with deep affection. The chieftain, as he tenderly pressed his loved daughter to his arms, commended to her the care of the invalid and his sister. With instinctive love did Adelle's heart cling to the dark-eyed Milena, the flower of the desert, as she was poetically styled by the young chieftains. With all the far-famed hospitality of the Arab race, were the strangers treated, and a couch prepared for Louis, whose strength scarce enabled him to reach the tent of his kind host, who took under his care the invalid brother and sorrowing sister. Day after day, did they watch around the couch of the dying Louis, till, at length, his bright eyes beamed no more on Adelle, and his lips no more whispered for her the fervent prayer. Far from scenes held so dear did he depart; and bitter was the anguish of the bereaved sister as she clasped that hand now so cold,—called on that brother by every endearing epithet, and listened for a sound—a breath—but all was silent. The spirit that had animated the body, had fled to brighter regions, and Adelle was left alone in a stranger-land. With untold grief did she hang over the clay cold form of her idolized brother, till it was shrouded from her view in the dark grave. Oh! who can paint the desolation of that almost despairing sister, as she deposited her loved brother in a lonely desert grave. Like a fair and gentle lily which had grown up amid fertile vallies, but suddenly transplanted to some scorching plain, where it sighed for the refreshing rills to nourish its tender roots, so the fair Adelle withered and died. Vain was the care and love of

Milena. Vainly did she cling to her and beseech her to live ; all was of no avail. Beneath the palm-tree's branches, that shielded her Louis's grave from the sun's lurid glare, there was her home ; till, to ease her longing desires, death came, and gently freed her wearied spirit from the affictions of life. The memory of that death-bed scene of the lovely Adelle, is cherished by Milena with warm affection. It was near evening, when her delicate frame, oppressed by the heat of the day, seemed fast sinking away ; she had been describing to Milena the loved scenes of her home in fair France, amid fertile gardens ; and how, at her departure, she bade farewell to every tree and flower that had been beloved by her from childhood's days. She related so many instances which plainly showed what an intensity of affection for her glowed in the heart of Louis.

"It was," said Adelle, "in the spring of the year preceding my fifteenth birthday, that one day, Louis requested me not to walk in that part of the grounds which he had appropriated for his garden. It was a spot we both loved, and I had been accustomed to make my daily walk amid its beautiful shrubbery ; but considering he had good reasons for his request, I hesitated not to comply. On the morning of my birthday, the sun rose up joyously as if to welcome the approach of the gala prepared in honor of me. I thought it strange that Louis did not mingle in the congratulations offered by the gay group of friends assembled for my amusement, but he joined us at breakfast with features glowing with excitement, and apparently highly pleased with something, we knew not what. But our conjectures were speedily put to an end ; for, on rising from table, he requested us, while a smile played on his countenance, to walk in the garden. We accompanied him. Oh ! never shall I forget the beauty of that

morning ; it seemed as though all nature had conspired to fill our hearts with grateful, happy feelings. The air was fresh and balmy ; the birds were carolling their joyous songs ; and I, happy, careless being, revelled in the enjoyment of the hour. At length we neared the hitherto forbidden grounds. Oh ! how changed since last I had seen them ! It was, indeed, a lovely spot, entirely encircled with beautiful shrubbery, and enriched with those rare plants that flourish beneath our genial sun. In the midst of the garden a lovely little temple, of the purest white marble, had been erected of the Grecian form. We entered, and if the exterior had been inviting, the interior was calculated to charm and delight the beholder. The furniture indicated for whom the building had, with so much affection, been intended. There were musical instruments, the harp, piano, and guitar, of the most costly materials and finished workmanship.—While my own loved lute, the cherished gift of a departed mother, for which I bore so much affection, for it seemed as if the image of the departed visited me though unseen, and filled my soul with a sacred calm as my hand wandered o'er its strings, and its gentle melody stole on the air, had been removed thither, and filled a conspicuous place. The most costly exotics were placed in recesses, and rare birds warbled forth their songs from cages half hidden amid the embowering leaves. Books (those best of friends) were added in profusion, and completed the graceful picture, while the necessary furniture of the apartment was of a style and taste to correspond with its embellishments, and would have been esteemed a sufficient decoration for the boudoir of an eastern princess. Such was the birthday present from my beloved brother. Oh ! how many happy, blissful hours, have been spent in that garden bower. But vain is it to re-

gret, or allow memory to retrace its flight back to happier times. Those days are gone, forever gone, and retrospection will but add distress to a heart over charged with grief. The loved home of my infancy I will never again behold; and all that made life cheerful to the lonely orphan girl, the companion of my childhood, the brother of my heart, my Louis, sleeps in a strange land." Such was the plaintive story related by Adelle to Milena, who listened with breathless attention to the affecting recital, for her heart was wrung by the sorrow of the gentle girl; and while she tenderly supported her head, perceived with dismay, the rapid inroads that death was making on her features.—"Farewell!" she whispered; "farewell, Milena! I am going home.—

Think of me when I am gone, and lay me by the side of Louis;" and, with a prayer to that Being, who watcheth over all, her gentle spirit winged its flight to paradise where angel choirs tune their harps, and chant the praises of their Lord.

How beautiful did that little spot look, hallowed by affection, in the lonely desert!—the graves of Louis and Adelle, side by side, while the graceful forms of the palm-trees, shielded it from the sun, and the sound of a murmuring rill that gushed at their roots stole, with a pleasing sensation, on the ear. And the chief-tain's daughter watches over a spot dear to her, while the gentle rays of the moon give beauty and sacredness to the hallowed scene.

ORATION,

DELIVERED AT THE FIRST COMMEMORATION OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE READ, ESQ.

[A glorious celebration, and a splendid oration! The commemoration of the event which settled good old Maryland with a Catholic colony, seeking on the banks of the Chesapeake a refuge from oppression, and an asylum where the altars of their church might be reared in peace, under the shadow of the boundless forest. Pilgrims, compelled to leave their native land, and all the most endearing objects of their hearts, rather than prove recreant to the faith which had been the glory of their ancestors, and for which they were doomed to be persecuted at home.

As to the oration pronounced on this solemn occasion, amid the scenes and

venerable reminiscences of the place itself, all hail to the voice that gave utterance to it! The voice of a true heart; of a sincere and deep-thinking convert to the faith of the Pilgrims; of a brilliant scholar; of an eloquent and finished writer—all hail, we repeat, to the orator, William George Read! He has done justice—more than justice—to his subject: a subject by no means easy to be treated: no hackneyed or commonplace theme—but fresh, novel, great, exciting: which called for a first-rate production, and which demanded for its execution a first-rate mind and writer. Mr. Read has answered all expectations—satisfied all anticipations—realized all

hopes. His oration does honor to himself, to the Philodemic Society, to the Catholic body, to Maryland : and we, as having sprung from the soil of primitive Catholicism and generous toleration and equality, cannot but participate deeply in the general pleasure—and feel a thrill of patriotic and religious enthusiasm at the entire success of Mr. Read in the oration before us. The exordium is peculiarly felicitous and classical :]

“WHEN the Hero of the *Æneid* invoked the Delian oracle, to direct the wanderings of that faithful band, who had followed his fortunes from the flames of Troy, he received—while the mountain quaked and the laurels trembled around him—the mysterious response, ‘*Seek out your ancient mother !*’

We are here, to-day, my friends, in accordance with a similar mandate, though promulgated under different circumstances. It came not to destitute exiles, but the happy occupants of long established homes. It breathed not the hopes and fears of wild and uncertain adventure; but the gentler emotions* of gratitude and love. It claimed not religious obedience, although emanating from the sacred seat of piety and learning; but was enforced by that sublime and universal instinct, which prompts mankind, in every variety of their mortal condition, to resort to the graves of the great and good, and the scenes of their earthly probation and achievements—which leads the pilgrim to the sainted shrine, or the hallowed dust of the amphitheatre—the patriot to the fields of his country’s glory—the scholar to haunts familiar to departed genius—and the savage to those forest-grown mounds where sleep the bones of his fathers: and therefore have we left the walks of business, and our domestic altars, and come with flaunting banner, and “sonorous metal,” to exchange congratulations on the spot where the foundations of our State were laid, and offer grateful orisons together where the first temple

to ‘the Giver of all good’ was erected in Maryland.”

[He then proceeds to draw the character of the most prominent personage—the leader and head of the Catholic Pilgrims, Lord Baltimore. It is as follows :]

“His character presents, in rarest combination, the hero, the scholar, the statesman, and the Christian.—Earnest in temperament, as is evinced by the grandeur of his plans, and the indomitable perseverance he displayed in their execution; capable of those sacrifices for principle, which win esteem and commendation, from all but the base, even among our opponents; regardless of private emolument, while toiling for the glory of his country, and the good of his fellow men; decided in his convictions, but holding off from party; exact and methodical in business, and eminent in that noble discipline of wisdom, which in ‘Washington consulted much, reflected much,—resolved slowly,—resolved surely,’* he has left a kindred fame to His who, a century and a half afterwards, set an indelible impress on the hearts of his countrymen and the destinies of the human race. Descended from the ancient and noble house of Calvert, in the Earldom of Flanders, and accomplished in the learning of Oxford, he attracted at an early age the attention of the celebrated Sir Robert Cecil, whose confidence was the pledge of fame and fortune, as it was of transcendent ability in the rising statesman. Favored by this consummate politician, Calvert passed through the important employments of his private secretary, and clerk to the privy council, to the high and responsible station of Secretary of State. His sovereign’s blade had already ‘laid knighthood on his shoulder;’ and the admiration of the constituency, first of his native county, and subsequent-

* Hamilton.

† Sept. 29th, 1617.

ly of his 'alma mater,' advanced him to the honorable duties of the Parliament; and a political career, gilded by the smiles of an indolent, profuse* and trusting king, lay in brilliant prospect before him. But the brightest track of earthly glory, no less than the hidden walk of the humble and obscure, leads but along the verge of Eternity: and Calvert, as with swelling heart and nervous limb he scaled its dazzling heights, looked thoughtfully over the abyss! A mind like his, so far reaching and sincere, could not remain indifferent to the vital controversy that had shaken Europe to its centre, and still employed the ablest intellects of Christendom. The awful conviction burst into his soul, that Religion is the worship of God, in the mode that he has pointed out; and that diversity of creed involves diversity of Religion. He saw the professors of the tenets in which himself had been educated disagreeing among themselves, and he thought that He who had marched before the depositaries of his foreshadowing covenants, in the pillar of cloud and fire, would not have left his Church, in the fulness of time, to wander in doubt and uncertainty! Signally qualified by education for consulting the historians of the primitive Church, whose venerable records have, through neglect of classical learning, become sealed volumes to most of us, he saw that great mysterious body, in every age and every land of Christendom, however remote from each other in point of time, or separated by distance, by difficulty of access, by diversity of language, manners, customs, laws, or interests, still linked together in the golden chain of religious unity, stretching up through the night of ages to the very days of the

apostles! Enabled by proximity to estimate with accuracy the conduct and motives of individuals, whom distance often robes in deceptive hues, he saw the most prominent supporters of "the new learning" in England, "waxed mighty and of power by the confiscation, spoil and ruin of the houses of noble and ancient men," and of those magnificent endowments of early piety which, dispensing with the school tax and the poor laws, supplied the cravings of the soul that hungered after knowledge, in the library of the convent, and distributed food to the beggar at the gate!

Initiated, by his connexion with the government, into that policy which was known abroad only by its effects, he saw a portion of his countrymen persecuted for their conscientious adherence to a faith which, planted in the 'sceptered isle,' perhaps by Paul, was found unchanged by Austin, when, at the command of the great Gregory, he went forth to convert the *Angle* to the *angel*, to reclaim from the wrath of God, through the blood of Jesus, its heathen conqueror—"deep blooming, strong, and yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon;" and which had remained unaltered by the violence of human will, or the caprice of human ingenuity, from the times of Ethelbert and Bertha, till its unyielding morality set bounds to the impetuous Henry. He saw them suffer for their adherence to a church, whose pontiffs had, for sixteen centuries, secure amid the rise and fall of earthly empire, extended over Christendom their benignant sway; in Jesus Christ begetting nations unto life, guarding the integrity of doctrine, regulating discipline, animating and controlling the clergy, edifying the body of the faithful, and indirectly, too, subserving the purposes of their wonderful mission, by upholding lawful authority, by restraining the encroachments of tyranny, by asserting the rights of the people, by mitigating the horrors of

* In 1620, James gave him a pension of £1,000 per annum, equal to five or six times that amount now—this he resigned on his conversion.

war, in the brief campaigns of feudal times, through 'the truce of God,' or averting its evils by their paternal mediation: at one period the political saviours of Europe, by arming Christendom against the Moslem invasion, more terrible than Attila's, and preventing, by the crusades, the submersion of Western liberty, under the bloody waves of Oriental conquest—at others repairing with liberal hand the ravages of the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun, by their munificent and unwearied patronage of science and the arts—that church whose saintly recluses, in the calm solitude of the cloister, or 'on the wild rocks of the desert sea,' amid austerities and devotions that called down the mercy of God on a sinful race, 'in iron barbarous times,' kept alive the lamp of learning, at the taper which lighted them to the midnight prayer—that church whose comprehensive and exhaustless charity, emulating in her holy orders, her blessed guilds and confraternities, the counsels of her Master, 'sold all and distributed to the poor,' penetrating every receptacle of misery, and every haunt of crime, to console, to succor, and reclaim; from the godlike sacrifice that redeemed the captive from the infidel, by going into voluntary slavery, to that less brilliant but not less saving mercy, which sought out the night-wandering wretches, whom destitution and despair impelled to crime in the streets of the metropolis, and invited them home to an honest supper and a guiltless bed—plunging, with the Bethlehemite, into realms of eternal night, in the mines of Mexico and Peru—or breasting the everlasting frost, amid the blinding snows of St. Bernard and St. Gothard; a charity which erected hospitals where the diseased body might find health or alleviation, and churches where the bread of life should be broken to the sick and languid soul; which multiplied books, before the age of print-

ing, with the restless pen of the attenuated monk, and founded readerships where the treasures of the sacred manuscript might be scattered broad-cast among the people—which built up cities of refuge where innocence might repose secure from the insults of feudal oppression, or the seductions of an insidious world, and sanctuaries to which repentant guilt might flee, to weep with Magdalen at the feet of her Saviour. Yes! he saw the Catholics of England and Ireland suffer for adhering to that 'venerable church, whose saints are sages, whose sages are apostles, whose apostles are martyrs, whose princes are the humble!'—that 'beautiful church, whose poetry is divine, whose music is angelical, whose painting is inspired, whose architecture is inimitable!'—the church of the Angelos, the Raffaeles, the Dantes, of Kepler, of Leonardo de Vinci, of Galileo, whose name has for two centuries been but another word for popular delusion, wherever the English language is spoken, and no where else—the church of Bacon, of Copernicus, of Columbus, of the myriads supreme in every department of human excellence, whose names I have not breath to tell, of the myriads more, 'whose names we know not, but whose works are superhuman in science, in usefulness, in beauty, and in majesty!'—The result of such reflections on this illustrious Englishman, was his open return to the communion of Bede and Alcuinus, of Bernard and Francis, of that master and model of the hidden life, whose all but inspired compend of celestial philosophy passes under the name of a Kempis, and of 'the crowds that followed them as they did Christ.'

Had we no other evidence of his magnanimity, this, which has gained him from a Protestant historian commendation of his "rare virtue," would abundantly suffice. It is no light thing to bow the pride of the intellect

and the will to even divine authority. It is hard to break the ties of early habits and associations. It is hard to turn in voluntary relegation from the beaten paths which lead to favor and emolument. It is harder to grieve over the estranged affection, that had been to us as vital air. But when to these, which so often attest the convert's sincerity, were added the fearful trials that awaited Calvert, there is nothing wanting to the transaction, to stamp it the most devoted heroism. For his disqualification for the service of his king, was not the only consequence of his fidelity to, what he believed, his duty to his God. The very act of his reconciliation, with the ancient church, had exposed him to the sanguinary penalties of treason. The institutions of Catholic Alfred—still our boast and security—existed no more for him. The charters wrung at Runnymede by Catholic courage from iron-handed despotism, or won, by the policy of an archbishop, from the fickle Henry, and maintained, through the fidelity of the spiritual lords to their patriotic engagements with the barons, no longer threw their ample shields around his person or his property. The delicacy of his family might be outraged, at any hour, by domiciliary visits from the lowest emissaries of the law, in search of those endearing memorials of a Saviour's dying love, that Catholic devotion delights to bear upon the person! His goods might be wasted, through extorted bribery for security from insult, or the barefaced pillage of official insolence secure of impunity. The statutes of recusancy might drain with insatiate avidity the last shilling from his exhausted purse; and, while those "great and goodly cities" of learning, which Catholic wisdom had planned, and Catholic charity endowed, the foundations of bishops, archbishops and chancellors,—of a Wickham, a Merton, a Stapleton, a Chichely, and their co-laborers

in the holy work of public education' were closed against his offspring, he was denied the wretched privilege of sending them abroad, to receive, without detriment to the belief in which he felt it his duty to train them up, those accomplishments to which their social rank entitled them."

[In the following beautiful strain, he describes their emotions on quitting their native land: and presents, by this picture, the spectacle of their unconquerable faith, which they preferred to all the delights and blessings of home:]

"With equal piety and taste, he denominates 'the Ark,' the stout ship that was to bear this faithful family, from the devastation of the ancient world, with the sacred traditions of primeval times, to the green bosom of a new earth. Her light consort is named 'the Dove,' and the voyagers prepare to leave their home. Their home! What a tale of sorrow is concentrated in that single word! a sensual utilitarianism had not then subdued the best feelings of the heart, and philosophized the expatriation of a family, down to the cold calculations of expediency that direct the migration of a commercial firm. Their country had trampled and spurned them, but it was reserved for modern times to hear, that 'to make us love our country, our country must be lovely.' Oh, no! such is not the language of truth and nature. We love our country, because it is our country, maugre the malice or misrule of man! God has, for wise purposes, implanted in our bosoms the principle of local attachment. We love; through the blest necessity of loving, ere we can well distinguish good from evil. Like the climbing plants, our affections must cling to something, and they twine around the objects of our early association, with a tenacity that no violence can ever tear away. They may wither through neglect; they may be blighted by unkindness; but the tender grasp of

their first luxuriance only stiffens in death. And the pilgrims of Maryland, what had they to leave ! They were mostly, as I have stated, of the well born of the land, honorable through long descent, and the constancy with which themselves had adhered to the faith of their fathers. They and their progenitors had sealed their devotion to it, not always, perhaps, in that physical martyrdom, which rouses manhood, which is sustained by the countenance and prayers of admiring and sympathizing friends, or the proud consciousness that its firmness animates some fainting brother ; no ! like those unheeded and unpitied martyrs, who bleed and burn in the secret cells of the heart, cut off from all earthly sources of sympathy and consolation, they had endured in poverty and distress, in contempt and obscurity : but still they failed not—

—“Unshaken, unseduced, unterrify’d
Their constancy they kept, their love,
their zeal ;

Nor number nor example with them
wrought,

To swerve from truth, or change their
constant mind.’

And dear to them was the fair land they were to leave, with all its hallowed associations, its old family recollections, its memorials of the friendship strong as death, that had suffered with them, or often, in spite of temptation or prejudice, in spite of laws that interdicted the rites of hospitality, thrown around them the sheltering mantle of Protestant protection ! Above all, it was England, with her white cliffs, her verdant meads, her ‘mossed trees that had outlived the eagle ;’ her ocean breezes vocal with the language of Chaucer and Spencer, of Dryden and Shakspeare, and ‘all-accomplished Surrey ;’ the ‘royal throne’ of Alfred, and the sainted Edward ; the nursing land of chivalry ; of a 3d Edward, of a Black Prince, of the men of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the Nevilles, the

Chandos, the Staffords, the Cliffords, the Spencers, the Talbots—the men who sought the shock of nations as they did the fierce pastime of the tourney ;—who bowed in confession, and knelt at mass, and received their incarnate God, sheathed in the armor that might coffin their corpses ere the sun went down ; England, rich in monuments of the free jurisprudence of her early Catholic times—the works of her Bractons, her Brittons, her Fortescues ; rich in the monuments of her old Catholic charity—her churches, before which modern imitation sits down abashed and despairing, her cities of colleges, whose scholars once were armies ; richer in the virtues of her saints, her Becketts, her Mores, her Fishers, and the countless array whose names though unhonored on earth, are registered in the book of life, and whose blood pleads louder to heaven than the prayers of her Sibthorpes and her Spencers, for the return to Christian unity of the beautiful land it has made holy !”

[Mr. Read next approaches the splendid theme—which defies the eloquence of all the orators of Plymouth—Religious Liberty, which was proclaimed by these sufferers, as it were in Christian retaliation for the intolerance which England had exercised against them at home.]

“I have intimated that the age of the pilgrims was not prolific of incident ; but there was one—the crowning glory of the Calverts and of Maryland—the unprecedented legislative declaration of religious liberty ! Yet was this no more than the deliberate affirmance of a principle from which their generous practice had never departed. If there be a question on which the spontaneous impulses of the heart, and unprompted dictates of the understanding, are distinct and clear, it is that which regards the right of one man to control the religious belief or practice of another.—Yet there is none, perhaps, on which

mankind have more habitually erred from justice and humanity. It seems to afford at least one apt illustration, of the brilliant but delusive apophthegm of Rousseau—"when man begins to reason he ceases to feel."—Our earliest impressions of Divine intercourse with our race, are derived from the records of a theocracy; in which the sovereign of the universe promulgated his will in no ambiguous terms, and vindicated his violated ordinances, as well by the temporal sword, as by supernatural dispensations. Hence men have often imagined a warrant from on high, to compel obedience to what themselves believed to be their Maker's will!—Again, there is a comprehensive class of cases, in which it is of highest obligation to urge our personal convictions on our offspring, by all the sanctions of parental influence and authority; and, by an easy but deceptive analogy, have rulers assumed the keeping of the consciences of those whom they were pleased to consider in a state of pupilage—a principle which has already been insidiously advanced, and sometimes avowed with blundering bigotry, in our own still free and happy country! Yet further, in the beautiful harmony that pervades the moral as well as physical creation, the precepts which determine the relations of the creature to his Author, are discovered, on the most profound investigation, to be in strictest accordance with his earthly well being; and from this, the depositaries of temporal power have inferred, that, by enforcing what they conceived to be the dictates of religion, they were but promoting the best interests of the state.

Now if to these, which may be recognized as conscientious motives, we add the pride, the ambition, the cupidity, the revenge, the countless evil impulses that prompt the zealot to choke the argument he cannot answer in the dying gasp of his throttled ad-

versary—to shut him out by exile—to degrade him by disfranchisement—to seal his lips by ignorance—to preoccupy by violence the open mind of youth; if we advert to the king craft, that in every age, and every land, has sought to subsidize the daughter of heaven to the service of earthly tyranny, can you wonder that, for sixteen centuries after our Lord proclaimed, that 'his kingdom was not of this world,' no solemn act of government was heard, declaring that men should not be molested for their religious belief, till the principle was proclaimed to an admiring universe, from the sacred spot where we now stand?

"It is true, my friends, that, throughout that weary lapse of time, conscience has struggled unremittingly for her rights. The apostles had repelled the injunction to silence, by the simple expostulation: 'We cannot but speak of the things that we have seen and heard.' A Tertullian had proclaimed: 'It is not of religion to constrain religion.' A council of Toledo had forbidden the use of violence to enforce belief, 'because,' say the venerable fathers in their mild decree, 'God shows mercy to whom he thinks fit, and hardens whom he chooses.' The church had defined her doctrines with precision, to meet the ever multiplying distinctions of the innovator, and denounced her spiritual censures against their presumption who should gainsay the decisions of that tribunal, which her Founder had indicated as 'the pillar and ground of truth;' but she felt, and has ever groaned under the calamities that ensue from her forced alliance with the state. She knew that it was not till human policy had borne it from its place in Shilo, that the ark of God was taken—though in captivity and contempt it could crush the pride of Dagon, and scourge its conquerors till themselves should clamor for its deliverance! She knew that

nine-tenths of the scandals that have wrecked so many souls, were the direct results of that insidious political control, which, under the specious pretext of protection, had clogged her discipline! Yet it was not till her children found themselves beyond the limits of regal prerogative, that they could spread the broad banner of religious liberty to the free winds of this Western world!

"Tell me not, in the beautiful fiction of the poet, of the pilgrims of Massachusetts:

'They left untouched what here they found,
Freedom to worship God!'

Tell me not of the liberal principles of Roger Williams, under whose rule of near half a century at Providence, the Rhode Island ordinance excluded the Catholic from the franchises of his own asylum from Puritan persecution! Tell me not of the charity of Penn, who could rebuke his officers for toleration of the Catholic worship! No, my friends! let us, at least on this auspicious day, at least on this sacred soil of old St. Mary's—where sectarian prejudice should expire like the serpent on the holy sod of Erin—give utterance to the sentiments of truth and justice, and avow that the professors of that ill understood faith, so much denounced for its supposed intolerance, were the first to practice what others only professed; and that, while the Puritan of the East was persecuting the Catholic, the Churchman, the Antinomian, the Baptist and the harmless Friend—who, if his principles forbade co-operation in certain public offices, never raised the hand of resistance to those who took the legal commutation, and whose chief offence appears to have been, that, despairing to find truth in arbitrary and conflicting expositions of the sacred text, he thought to slake his gasping heart in the direct affusions of the Holy Ghost; while Winthrop was record-

ing his discontent at the 'open setting up of 'Mass' in Maryland; and the Law-established Church, in Virginia, was wielding the scourge of universal proscription,—the Catholic of Maryland alone was found, to open wide his door to the sufferer of every persuasion, in the sentiment (and with a kindred fate to her's) which the sweetest, the all but inspired poet of antiquity, has ascribed to the injured Dido:

'Myself an exile in a world unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own!'

[On such an occasion, how could the orator omit referring, with becoming complacency, and patriotic exultation, to the distinguished and immortal names which live and shine in the history of Maryland. He pays them all a just and eloquent tribute—but especially that bright, particular one, who was left last on earth, after all the other signers of the Declaration of Independence had been gathered to the tomb.]

"It is time this protracted discourse should draw to a close. Mine is not a history, but a tribute to the virtues of the founders of Maryland. I am spared, therefore, the recital of very different transactions, when different principles from theirs obtained the ascendancy. Neither is it my more grateful task to follow your ancient State through her bright career of civil and military fame—the wisdom of her legislation—the ardent spirit of liberty that has ever characterized her people—her prompt and determined stand in resistance to British oppression—her soil unpolluted by the stamps—the deliberate, open, *undisguised* burning of the tea at Annapolis—her early call for a government based on the popular will, when the ties of affection to the parent state had been broken by unkindness—the firmness of her sons, marshalled by a Smallwood, a Williams, a Gist, a Howard, or a Smith, under every aspect of danger, and every form of privation, from the frozen plains of

Valley Forge, to the sweltry, high hills of Santee—while their bones were whitening every field of revolutionary glory, or her dashing Barney was guiding them to victory on the ocean! The talents—the learning—the patriotism—of her Chases, her Martins, her Dulanys, and Pinkneys—or the Wirts and Harpers whom adoption has made her own—these, and the thousand incidents that illustrate them, must be told in better terms than mine.

“But there was one, on whose lustrious character even I may venture, with friendship’s privilege, to dwell. I need not name that venerable model of the Christian, patriot, and gentleman, the relative of the first American archbishop, and his associate in the establishment and support of American liberty. I need not name the ardent youth, who, at a time when his religion disfranchised him in his native province, and the keenest arrow of his adversary—his own exclusion from the privileges he asserted for others—was snatched from his country’s quiver, engaged with all the energies of a vigorous and accomplished mind, in successful conflict with the legal dictator of his age, for the violated rights of that very country. I need not name the man who threw into the scale where the patriots of seventy-six staked ‘life and fortune and sacred honor,’ more brilliant earthly expectations than all perhaps beside him; and who lingered among us, an exemplar of their virtues, till the whole immortal band had passed away. He lived till the controversial title of ‘first citizen,’ by which the early gratitude of his admiring compatriots addressed him, was literally realized. Even he so much his junior, like whom

‘This earth that bears him dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman,’

the hero of Cowpens and Eutaw, who nourished with his blood the tree of

liberty that Carroll’s hand had helped to plant, and who upheld it, with strong arm and unwavering heart, when shaken rudest by the storm of war—the pride of the Maryland line had struck his tent, and gone forth on his march of eternity—and the surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence was without a peer.

‘He lived, till age his brow with snows
Had crowned—but, like the Syrian hill,
Amid the waste of life he rose,
And verdure clasped his bosom still.’

May I be pardoned for stating, on such an occasion as this, that it was my privilege to stand beside the dying philanthropist, but a few short hours before his pure and gentle spirit was summoned from its crumbling tenement of clay? A valuable legacy had been left to him, in trust for the benevolent purposes of the American Colonization Society; and, though his dissolution was momentarily expected, and held the community in the most painful and affectionate suspense, it was judged important, from the peculiar circumstances of the bequest, that he should, if possible, execute an assignment to that corporation. The papers were prepared, and with three other gentlemen, I hastened to his hospitable mansion. Never can I forget the scene to which we were admitted. There half reclining sat the venerable man, supported by his devoted children. One gently fanned the flickering flame of life, and the other softly wiped away the damps of death that were settling on his brow. The ‘windows of the soul’ had closed forever on a world of vanity; but ‘the daughters of music’ were still wakeful to the tones of friendship and affection; and memory stood faithful to her jewelled trust, as kindly and courteously he returned the pressure of my hand. I read the deed in tones subdued to the measure of his failing strength. For the last time he traced on paper the sa-

cred sign; and when asked by the notary, 'do you acknowledge this sir, for your act and deed?' he answered, 'yes, sir, for the benefit of that society!' Fitting termination of a life of usefulness and benevolence! May his virtues descend with his honored name!"

CATULLUS.

THE GARDEN GOD PROTECTS ANOTHER VILLA, AND GUARDS IT FROM THIEVES.

I, once an oak-tree shaped by rural hands,
 Protect this villa, and its marshy lands.
 Where rushes once and worthless figs were found,
 Now, by my care, luxuriant fruits abound.
 For, me the master of this cot adores,
 To me his child due supplication pours;
 (Each at my feet, their grateful offerings lay)
 That from their plain, I'd clear these weeds away.
 To me a wreath of various flow'rs they bring,
 The first-born blossoms of the laughing spring:
 The yellow violet, and the tender corn,
 The smiling poppy, yellow as the morn:
 The pallid gourd they lay before my shrine,
 And grapes thick clustered on the verdant vine.
 And (tell it not) full oft upon this plain,
 To me a ram, and bearded goat, are slain.*
 For which Priapus will protect from harm
 This little villa and this little farm.
 Beware, then, youth—your sacrilegious hand
 Must not seek rapine on this humble land.
 Yon farm is rich, its host a careless man,
 Go thither, go—and plunder what you can.

HE FACETIOUSLY CONSOLES FURIUS IN HIS POVERTY.

Thou hast no cheerful fire or bed,
 And scarce, my friend, an humble shed:
 No servant and no glittering gold,
 But poorly with thy parents old,

* A ram, or a goat, was not the usual victim offered to Priapus, but an ass.—Lest, therefore, this unusual offering should cause any sentiment of envy in the other gods, he artfully desires *you to keep it secret*. Vulpus imagines the reason why he wishes *you to keep it secret*, is, because on his feasts, obscene ceremonies were performed. But, had this really been the case, they certainly would have been publicly known; and, therefore, it would have been useless to say, *sed tacebitis*.

[Whose teeth, I'm sure, with ease might grind
 A rock, the hardest thou canst find.]
 Thou see'st retired, each cloudless day
 In peaceful quiet melt away.
 You cook your frugal meals, and fear
 No fires of rapine and of war.
 No deeds of blood, no poisoning foes,
 To which the wealth of towns expose.
 Are you not happy, then, and blest?
 No sweat is streaming from your breast.
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 Such blessings, friend, do not contemn,
 For many enjoy not even *them*!
 Beg no sestertia—let them rest:
 Without them you are more than blest.

TO FURIUS, WHO ASKED TO WHAT WIND HIS VILLA WAS EXPOSED.

My villa lies not to the west,
 Nor to the north, nor south, nor east;
 'Tis open to another wind*
 Of a more pestilential kind.

TO HIS SERVANT.

Come, boy, pour out a copious draught
 Of old Falernian, yet unquaffed.
 Yes, yes, Posthumia's drunken law†
 Bids you a brimful goblet draw.
 Begone ye streams that tarnish quite
 The lustre of the goblet bright;
 You shall not mix in bowls like mine:
 Begone—this is Thyonian wine.‡

TO VERANNUS AND FABULLUS, WHO FOLLOWED PISO INTO SPAIN,
 WITH NO PROFIT.

What, then! Verannus, wilt thou go?
 And thou, my fond Fabullus, too!

* This is a facetious manner of complaining of the heavy taxes which he had to pay for his villa; and that this is the object of Catullus, in these lines, is scarcely called in question by any critic.

† Posthumia was deemed the greatest drunkard of her age.

‡ Bacchus was called Thyoneus from Thyone his mother.

Will you with Piso still remain*
 Tho' all your hopes have proved in vain?
 What cold and hunger have ye borne,
 And what received you, in return?
 Alas! what *I* received before,
 With Memius, on Bythinia's shore.†
 Beware; leave not your native place,
 Or Rome shall name you with disgrace.

TO ALPHENUS.

Alphenus, heedless of thy fondest friend‡
 Can thy hard heart Catullus thus offend!
 Dost thou not blush, Alphenus, to betray,
 And thus deceive me in the face of day.
 When Fortune loved, *thou* too couldst feign to love:
 Such faithless deeds, the gods can ne'er approve.
 And who, since thou hast proved so base to me
 Will e'er repose his confidence in thee?
 I deemed thee faithful—for I was compelled:
 Thy words such glittering promises upheld.
 But now I know thee; and too late I find
 Thou art the sport of every changing wind.
 Tho' thou forget, the gods will not forget;
 And mark me, *Faith* will move thy bosom yet.§

* This seems to have been written to them when they intended to return to the service of Piso, or, at least, to continue in it, though they gained nothing but disgrace.

† Memius was prætor in Bythinia: Catullus seems not to have agrandized his fortune, by his expedition thither; and therefore wishes, by his own example, to persuade his two friends to remain at home. Catullus calls Piso, *Vappa*, which signifies literally, *sour wine*. Horace uses the same word, in opposition to *Avarus*.

‡ It seems Catullus had been the benefactor of Alphenus, who, as long as he was in good circumstances, remained his friend, but as soon as his fortune changed, Alphenus forsook him.

§ *Fides*. Her temple was near the capitol. The goddess of fidelity, friendship.

LETTER OF AN ITALIAN, &c.,

OR,

“*LETTRE D'UN ITALIEN A UN FRANCAIS, sur les doctrines de M. de Laménais : Paris : Lagny Freres. 1841.*”

BY VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

THE unfortunate defection of Laménais has been the subject of many writings, but none in our opinion so just, though severe, as the one we undertake to review. It appears that some Italians in Paris expressed their approbation of the doctrines of Laménais, pretending them to be the common sentiment in Italy ; and this groundless assertion gave motive to Gioberti's letter, which he therefore presents as from an Italian to a Frenchman.

We shall not follow the author in his frequent digressions to attack, in an indirect and sarcastic manner, the principles of the republican government, and to praise monarchy ; for this would bring at once our journal into the field of politics ; but we cannot but pity him when he tells us (page 56) that *he would rather live in Constantinople than in Richmond, Virginia*. The poor man has never been in either place, and is guided by his imagination. However, in matters of taste, he has a right to prefer his own.

Our observations will be in regard to Laménais and his system. As to Gioberti's new ideological doctrine, which he rather insinuates than explains in one of his digressions, we shall take it into consideration after perusing his work he refers to, namely, *Introduzione allo studio della Filosofia*. We must, however, candidly confess, that as far as it is explained in the letter we review, it appears to us an extraordinary and dangerous absurdity.

Had the friends of the author of the *Essai sur l'indifférence dans matier*

de Religion been more prudent in exaggerating his real talents, and less deceitful as to the fiction of those which he does not possess, he would never have written the “*Esquisse*,” but such is our corrupted nature, that flattery always finds its way to our hearts and chains it completely. The efforts to destroy, generally are the results of the love of fame ; for nothing brings more a man into notice than the destruction of long venerated objects. Hence we find that heresies have almost invariably been the offsprings of disappointed pride. When a proud man cannot be conspicuous enough in an ordinary way, he tries an extraordinary one ; and the easiest is to bring into doubt the most conspicuous and well established doctrines. The history of impiety presents a striking example of this truth in the case of Rousseau, when he resolved to write against the arts and sciences as injurious to mankind, only because the mischievous Duclos thought proper to advise him to defend the negative in the programme proposed by the Academy of Dijon—“*Whether the sciences are beneficial to society.*” It was enough to decide Rousseau to abandon the affirmative, which he was determined to sustain, and to become an enemy of learning, the simple observation made by Duclos, that all the other writers would certainly support the affirmative ; but as to the negative, its defender would positively call the attention for its singularity.

The case is very similar with La-

menais. He could not any longer call the attention in an *exclusive* manner, only by his eloquence, and therefore he resorted to other means, without taking much notice of their nature. The learned author of the letter which we are reviewing describes very well the character of Laménais, by saying that "he unfortunately belongs to a class of writers, which is very numerous in our days, who think that the art of writing can supply the want of science, and that a writer ought to think more of striking hardly, than of striking justly. This is the cause of wanderings of every kind; this is the cause of his incapacity of judging properly of men and of things, of distinguishing the realities from the chimeras, and the real plans from the fictions; this is the cause of his continual and wonderful changes, which have so often afflicted his admirers and his disciples."

The author agrees with us as to the resemblance of Laménais to Rousseau, which he expresses in the following terms: "His test for paradoxical ideas, which makes him resemble Rousseau in a singular manner, is not favorable to him in the opinion of sound minds. The men of *paradoxes* can easily call the attention of their age, attract the multitude, and acquire a fame more rapid than durable, which only has the appearance of true glory—they can produce an immense evil, and destroy *in grand*; but they are powerless, as to create. The cause of this feebleness, concealed under different appearance, is, that they have not the real power—the creating power—which can only be found in the truth."

We cannot praise too much the sound judgment which the author evinces in this passage. A paradox is nothing but a proof of ignorance, for a known truth cannot but be plain and decided. The paradoxical notions can never satisfy the mind, although they may keep it in constant operation,

with the view of satisfying curiosity. Leibnitz and Malebranche have left us melancholy specimens of the evils of paradoxes, when become a system; for there can be nothing so ridiculous and dangerous. Their brilliant talents, and profound knowledge of the sciences, produce but very little, at least comparatively, to what should be expected from them, in the real advancement of the sciences; for their writings are the most scientific.

The parallel between Rousseau and Laménais is continued by the writer in the most striking manner. He presents them both as turning the heads of females and young people; making vice attractive, while he pretends to preach virtue; and destroying faith, while he pretends to ground liberty. Unfortunately, experience proves that there is no severity in this remark; for we have seen persons of every description led away by the eloquence of Laménais, not less than formerly were many by that of Rousseau. It is, however, consoling to the lovers of truth, to observe that both have met with the same fate; that is, with applause for their talents, and contempt for their errors.

However, observes our author, Laménais possesses not that power that seizes the object altogether, and presents it with precision, and in all its colors. He has not the true richness of thoughts, and therefore he tries to be rich in images and figures of rhetoric, in order to conceal his real want of intellectual power. For this reason he will never form a true school, because, in the sphere of error, true force is wanted, and the sophism will never supply truth. A *melange* of true and false, of discovery and negation, thrown in the same mould by a powerful, but led-astay imagination, constitutes, as the author observes, the genius of an innovator and destroyer, which is the most terrible of all. I do not know any of the modern philosophers to whom this

can be better applied than to Spinoza, Kent, and Hegel; that is, to the *triumvirate* of the rational heterodoxy, produced by *cartesianism*.

I do not number Hume among these men who made ravages in the empire of intelligence, because he is, by far, too *negative*. A sceptic will never do any thing, for he will be unable to leave his errors after him—the ruins are not rebuilt. The most that a sceptic can do, is to prepare the way to a dogmatic error; that is, to an error mixed with truth, taken possession of all the beauties which are predominant, and this constitutes the essence of *positive* heterodoxy.—Such was the *role* of the English writer, Son of Locke, and grandson of Descartes; gave birth to Kant, a moderate sceptic, a demi-dogmatist, author of a marvellous system, by the confusion of different elements, from which has emanated the German Pantheism.* We perfectly agree with the author in this remark; and were it not because the nature of a review does not allow us to expatiate on the subject of the fanatical doctrine of Kant, we would devote some of our pages to prove the justice of the observation.*

Whatever may be the severity of the observations upon Laménais, it must be confessed that his doctrines, if not his mind, are somewhat in favor of Pantheism, although he proclaims to detest it. "This phenomenon," says Gioberti, "is not astonishing in an age when we find so many Pantheists against their will; and what is more curious, some Pantheists who refute Pantheism. Every body notwithstanding is afraid of this horrible system, and the greatest part of the philosophers profess it, either with proper knowledge, or against their will. Observe the efforts of

Cousin, to keep off from it; but he exerts himself in vain, for he must pass through it. I speak of his first works; because it is to be hoped, that a man of such great talent, and noble character, will have already altered the opinions of his youth. This phenomenon, which in the most absurd system presents the most ancient theory, and the most extensive, except the true orthodoxy, is originated from the necessity of falling into Pantheism, as soon as we refuse to hear the exterior divine word. . . .

We can properly say that Pantheism has been the only philosophical error in the world, and the parent of all heresies.

After the admirable work of Maret, "Essai sur le Pantheisme, dans les Sociétés Modernes," very little can be said on the subject; for he has evidently demonstrated that all these philosophical mysticisms which Germany sends forth, is nothing else but a real Pantheism, which, with the appearance of spirituality, brings God himself to be identified with the material world. No sooner do we deviate from those natural sources that guide mankind into the knowledge of nature, and those divine truths, only obtained by Revelation, we necessarily fall into materialism, which, being detestable, produces a horror; and a man tries to disguise his own sentiments to make them pleasing to himself by the admission of words which may sound as spiritualism, but are very far from corresponding to the real notion of the mind.

As to the system of Laménais, we may properly apply to it the well-known expression, *pessima est corruptio optimi*—that is, the corruption of the best is the worse. The *common consent*, or the voice of humanity in the *general consent* of all mankind, has been and shall be considered by all philosophers and divines as one of *motives*, or fundamental principles of certitude; but Laménais would have

* In our next we will present Kant and his system in the view they appear to us.

it to be the *only one*, thus corrupting and turning into poison the most salutary doctrine. He thinks that our senses cannot be a source of certitude, because *every one of them takes part in abusing us by vain illusions, and they convince each other of imposture*. Who would believe that such a man as Laménais would present with so much confidence an argument that every beginner in the study of logic can answer, for it is answered in all the elementary works? He should be the last in using such an argument, which certainly would destroy all his system, because we could also say that *every man takes part in abusing us by vain illusions, and they convince each other of imposture*, and therefore the common consent or common opinion of mankind cannot be a source of certitude. Although our senses are subject to error, whenever all of them, or at least those which can perceive the object, agree upon it, their combined testimony produces *evidence*, and their individual fallibility, far from diminishing, increases the value of the testimony, because the very difficulty in agreeing gives more power to the agreement when it takes place. We reason in the same manner as to the common consent, or universal testimony of mankind.

It is laughable, indeed, to read the emphatic sentences of Laménais, who, when pretending a great knowledge of ideology, speaks as Pyrrho would, and says, "What is it to feel? Who knows it? Am I certain that I feel? What proof have I of my sensation? . . . The *Yes* and *No* have their resemblance, and he who will demonstrate that the whole life is nothing but a dream, and an undefinable chimera, would certainly do more than the philosophers have yet done." We should think that Laménais was really sleeping, or in a state of somnambulism, when he wrote the above. We wish him perfect health, but should he suffer any pain,

his doctor could joke with him, and treat him just as Piron was treated, when it happened that he broke his leg, and the doctor, in order to show him how ridiculous was his system, told him, "Perhaps your leg is not broke; perhaps you have no pain; perhaps you have no leg; perhaps I am not here, and you do not talk to me." At last the patient told him, "Cure me, Doctor, and we will dispute afterwards!"

Laménais does not admit the sentiment of evidence as a rule of certitude, because we may find false tomorrow what we believe to be true to-day, "and we are not more sure of our sentiments than we are of our sensations, and our *being* escapes, and we cannot retain it. We think proper to say, 'I judge,' and to say, 'I am;' but we remain in our eternal impotence to demonstrate that we judge, and that we are—so much pressed are we on every side by the *nothing*." After reading these words, nothing can be said but that if there were mad-houses for philosophers, Laménais would be justly entitled to a place in any of them.

The general of the Jesuits issued an order in 1827, forbidding the members of that society to teach any of Laménais' errors; which he expressed, in a few words, as follows:

"1st. There is no other criterion of truth but the common consent.

2d. Only faith produces certitude.

3d. The existence of God is the first truth we certainly know.

4th. The existence of a contingent being cannot be inferred from the existence of the necessary Being, that is God: for it is incorrect reasoning to say 'I exist—hence God exists.'

5th. A limited intellect, by the very reason of being limited, is always and upon every subject exposed to error.

6th. There have prevailed false systems in the Christian schools, which

tend to atheism, and destruction of religion.

7th. A man, without the common consent, cannot be certain of his existence, and of his thoughts."

In 1832, thirteen Bishops of France extracted fifty-six propositions from the works of Laménais, equally objectionable, and requested the condemnation of them from the Holy See; and in 1834 his Holiness, Gregory XVI., in his Enclyetic concerning the work of Laménais, entitled "*The words of a Believer*," expressly reprovcs and condemns his system. Therefore a formula of oath has been issued, to be taken by every individual in Italy, before his ordination, admitting and obeying the Enclyetic of Gregory XVI., and reproving this new system of philosophy.—See *Institutiones Philosophical*, auctore J. B. Bouvier : p. 198.

We close this review with an obvious and simple observation, which in our opinion shows the justice of Gioberti's criticism, and the incorrectness of the system of Laménais.—The *common consent* cannot be our rule unless we know it. But how do we know it? Surely by *hearing* or *reading*. Hence, that knowledge comes from the senses. If no knowledge acquired from the senses can be *evidently true*, as Laménais asserts, where is then the value of the *common consent* of men? If we cannot be evidently sure that we hear, and that we read, what is the use of hearing or reading. One truth never destroys another, and therefore the true philosophy teaches that from the testimony of the senses we can come to the knowledge of truth, and also from the common consent, and some other sources.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER VI.

Poiche l'alto decreto in ciel si scrisse,
Che in croce un Dio l'alma spirasse un giorno
Tremò natura * * * ZANPIERI.

FORTUNATELY for Elizabeth, not a word was introduced at dinner concerning religion. The Colonel was full of anecdote, and had passed through scenes of extraordinary interest, on which he loved to converse and comment. Few men possessed more of genuine patriotism, than animated his bosom in days of contest and danger. He had distinguished himself on more than one occasion,

when rushing to battle by the side of the immortal Father of his country, the sage and patriot of Vernon.—There was but one thing wanting to perfect him, and that was faith, of which he had not the least idea : and any thing like religious disputation, he not only avoided, but, to use his own language, detested.

After dinner, Mrs. Preston proposed to the visitors and her daughters, to take a ride. The Colonel excused himself on account of some business, which could not conveniently be deferred. The rest cheerfully accepted the invitation. Elizabeth, in order to

have an opportunity of continuing her disquisitions, proposed to Mr. Clermont to ride on horseback, "and Paulina," she remarked, "will accompany us."

"I am exceedingly fond of the horse, dear Miss," he returned, "and Paulina is well skilled in horsemanship."

Mrs. Preston, Caroline, Emilie, and Constantia, agreed to take the carriage. In a short time the horses were at the door, and the carriage ready, and they started off with speed. The road which they chose, was among the most beautiful that can be seen. Stretching with a circuitous sweep, along the winding borders of the bay, lined on either side by spreading trees—the willow, the sycamore, the poplar—sometimes clustering together with their twining branches, sometimes opening towards the waters a delightful vista, through which the eye may range over a beautiful prospect—catching, one while, a view of the majestic ship, ploughing, "like a thing in life," the subject brine, and leaving behind a track of foam, eddying on the troubled surface. Another while, the little schooner, scudding on her side, like a water-fowl, drinking in, as it were, the dashing spray, and exulting in her speed. Sometimes the gull is seen skimming over the waves, and dipping his wings in the waters—screaming in triumph, as he mounts with the wind and pounces on his pinions—at other times, the rolling porpoise rises from the abyss, spouting out a cataract, and dashing in mighty sport through the waters. For the distance of about two miles, such was the description of the road they were then pursuing. It then suddenly takes off into the country, and loses entirely the prospect of the bay.

The carriage rattled along with great velocity, and had got out of sight of Mr. Clermont and the ladies on horseback, who rode forward with a more tardy pace, deeply engaged in their religious investigations.

"Since your conversation with mamma before dinner, Mr. Clermont, I have written a few lines to Virginia Wolburn, which I wish you to read," observed Elizabeth.

"You perceived," replied Charles, "how, after having nothing to reply to my arguments, your mother persisted in the determination of opposing the Catholic doctrines, at any rate."

"I saw it with deep regret, dear Mr. Clermont: mamma's heart is pure and unprejudiced in all things with this one exception—she cannot endure Catholicism."

"It has often been my fate to be acquainted with ladies in whom was blended every gentle and tender affection and sympathy for their fellow-beings—but, by a strange anomaly, bitter and intolerant against the members of our church. I will read your letter to Miss Virginia with great delight, and you honor me much by submitting it to me."

"Dear Virginia,

"I steal a moment, from my domestic affairs, to inform you that Mr. Clermont and his sisters are at the Hall, and that, conformably with your advice, I have entered on a serious examination of the principal topics connected with religion. Mamma has not yet begun to suspect me, though it was with difficulty that I could restrain myself this morning, when she fell into an argument on the subject. I am more and more convinced, that Unitarianism has no ground to repose on, and that there can be no medium between it and the Catholic Church. Admit the Divinity of Christ, and I am without a doubt that Protestantism must give way. For I see plainly that the Catholic Church was established by CHRIST; and since he gave his solemn promise, that the gates of hell should not prevail against her, it could never have stood in need of the intervention of Protestantism. My dear Virginia, I have a thousand

things to say, but I must take another opportunity to do so. Pray for me, that I may have grace to overcome all the difficulties which I anticipate.

ELIZABETH PRESTON.*

"I highly approve of your sentiments, Miss Elizabeth," said Charles, presenting the letter. "Paulina, I am sure you are pleased with it."

"Extremely delighted," said Paulina, "that Elizabeth has discovered the truth, and is not afraid to acknowledge it."

"Your remark, that there can be no medium between Unitarianism and Catholicity, is perfectly correct," added Charles, "and I have heard many Unitarians make the same acknowledgment."

"I think I heard the Reverend Mr. Alton, their minister, make the same concession," said Elizabeth; "but mamma strenuously contends that the Catholics are wrong, *at any rate*."

"And Caroline has frequently affirmed, that she *cannot see how any reasonable person can embrace Catholicity*,"* added Paulina.

"She does not reflect," said Charles, "that some of the most reasonable and best educated among Protestants and Unitarians have, after mature investigation, and jealous inquiry, joined the holy Catholic Church; and most fervently do I pray that it will not be long before another will be added to that number."

Elizabeth wept, and for a time was silent. "I am confident," she then said, "that when my change is made public, it will be said of me, too, that *I have lost my reason*. But I heed not—Mr. Clermont, let us continue the subject where we left off this morning. I will do my duty."

* This remark was actually made by an otherwise very sensible and refined lady. Well educated Catholics, in reply, beg leave to state, that they cannot see how any *sensible* person could make such an observation.

"We examined the doctrine of the Trinity," said Charles; "we will now consider the great question—the divinity of Christ."

"You have your author with you, Charles, I hope," said Paulina.

"Rest satisfied, Paulina, that I would not leave him behind."

"You have ventured to the field," she added, smiling; "do not forget your arms."

About a mile from the road, on the farm of Col. Preston, there was a beautiful elevation of ground, which was hemmed in with a deep and towering forest—a limpid stream purled at its feet, and gurgled over a gravelly bed, gently winding about it, until it gradually stole away among the underwood, and descended into a neighboring creek. The situation of this place was so rural, so quiet, so retired, that the Colonel had erected on it a handsome summer-house, to which he occasionally repaired to read in solitude, converse with the muses, or to enjoy the loveliness and freshness of the vernal evenings. To this spot, Elizabeth proposed they should ride, and there, undisturbed and at leisure, prosecute the important topic now under consideration. On reaching it, they dismounted and took their seats in the summer-house, which was covered with vines and wild flowers.

"There wild flowers, in the vernal sun, Mixed with the vine their beauteous leaves."

"Let us here, in this calm retreat, resume the divinity of Christ, Mr. Clermont," said Elizabeth. "I should wish to be informed what was revealed to the Jews on this fundamental topic."

"My author is quite satisfactory on this point;" and opening his book, he read thus:—"Many particulars relating to Christ were revealed to the people of God. First, that he was to be born of the seed of Abraham. Secondly, that he was to be of the family of David. Thirdly, that he

was to be born of a virgin. Fourthly, that he was to be born in Bethlehem. Fifthly, the time of his birth is specified. Sixthly, that he was to preach the gospel of salvation and peace. Seventhly, that he was to work miracles. Eighthly, that he was to redeem mankind, and to die for their redemption. Ninthly, that he was to descend to hell, and to rise on the third day. Tenthly, that he was to ascend into heaven. Eleventhly, that he was to sit at the right hand of God. Twelfthly, that he was to send the Holy Ghost; and finally, that he is to judge the living and the dead; and all and each of these predictions have been literally accomplished in Christ, as the Messiah and son of God, so perfectly, that it would appear that the prophets were relating what had already occurred, and not predicting what was to come to pass after so many succeeding ages."

"Elizabeth would like to hear the texts cited at large, Charles; would you not, Elizabeth?" asked Paulina.

"If it be convenient for Mr. Clermont to cite them, it would afford me much satisfaction."

"They are given at length in the notes by my author, and it will be a pleasure for me to read them to you."

"Then, Charles, who foretold that Christ was to be of the seed of Abraham?"

"We find in the book of Genesis* the following passage," replied Charles. "And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven, the second time, and said: By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy son, thine only son; that in blessing, I will bless thee, and in multiplying, I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore, and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies: and

in thy seed shall ALL THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH BE BLESSED."

"This is intelligible to every capacity; it needs no comment. I will now quote the passage, showing that Christ was to be of the family of David."

"This fact is evidently marked by the prophet Jeremiah:† 'Behold the days come,' exclaims that prophet, 'that I will RAISE UNTO DAVID a righteous branch, and king shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice on the earth. In his days, Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is the name whereby he shall be called, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.'"

"He is to be called our LORD," added Charles, with an emphasis; "consequently he is to be divine, and we are not at liberty to doubt it."

"Our Unitarian friends pass very lightly over these prophecies, Miss Preston," continued Charles, "and dwell altogether on those parts of the Scripture that speak of his humanity."

"It is strange—astonishing," sighed Elizabeth, "that they will not reason. But you stated in the third place that he was to be born of a virgin.—Be kind enough to cite the text, Mr. Clermont."

"It is taken from Isaiah," returned Charles:‡ 'Therefore, the Lord himself will give you a sign: behold a VIRGIN SHALL CONCEIVE, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.' "We know how beautifully Pope has sung of the birth of Christ, in 'his Pollio. He calls upon the nymphs of Solyma to proclaim the prediction of Isaiah:

"A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son."

"The place of his birth, obscure as it is, was pointed out by the prophet Micheas, in these unequivocal terms:§

† Chap. 21, verses 5 and 6.

‡ Chap. 7, verse 14.

§ Chap. 5, verse 2.

* Chap. 22, verses 15, 16, 17, 18.

'But thou BETHLEHEM-Ephrata, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of THEE shall He come forth unto me, that is to be the Ruler in Israel, whose going forth is from the days of eternity.'"

"How strikingly is not the Divinity of that Ruler portrayed," observed Paulina.

"Certainly there can be no subterfuge here, it would appear to me," said Elizabeth—"the Ruler is to go forth from Bethlehem, and that Ruler is from ETERNITY. Who is from eternity but God?"

"I am at a loss to know how our Unitarian friends can surmount this difficulty," said Charles, "but they will explain it away, no doubt, with their wonted subterfuge. Nevertheless, though they may shut their eyes to the light, still will that light continue to beam undimmed upon the unprejudiced mind. The epoch of his birth was distinctly noted in Genesis, by Daniel, and by Aggæus. I will read the passages:

"From Genesis:* 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah....until Shiloh come: and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.'

"From Daniel:† 'Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, and upon thy holy city, to finish the transgression, and to make an end of sins, and to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting righteousness....know, therefore, and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem unto the MESSIAH the PRINCE, shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks....and after threescore and two weeks, shall the Messiah be cut off, but not for himself....'"

"Alas!" sighed Elizabeth, "it was not for himself that he died—it was for ungrateful man!"

"And after all his sufferings," ad-

ded Charles, "thousands refuse to acknowledge him, as he really was, millions do not profit by his atonement, and millions are ashamed of his Cross."

"He has, however, his true followers, who believe in him, and serve him in spirit and in truth—and oh! that I may be one of them!" said Elizabeth, with intense feeling and earnestness.

"Almighty God has chosen you, dear Elizabeth," said Paulina; but tears bursting from her eyes, prevented her from concluding the sentence. Charles, perceiving how deeply she was affected, hastened to produce the text from Aggæus:† "And I will shake the nations, and the DESIRE OF NATIONS SHALL COME, and I will fill his house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts."

"The subversion of Paganism," said Elizabeth, "was a glory which none but a Divine Being could have procured of his own power."

"You are correct, Elizabeth," said Paulina, "the establishment of the Christian religion on the ruins of the prejudices, follies and deities of idolatry, proves the Divinity of Christ."

"He has substituted himself," added Charles, "in the place of the false gods; but, if he be not God, he has only changed the object of the world's idolatry, and covered with a deeper and more formidable gloom the face of the earth."

"This appears to me," said Elizabeth, "perfectly conclusive and unanswerable—since he has been adored as God by almost all the nations of the world."

"Yes, every knee must bend at his mere name," said Charles, "according to the language of St. Paul; 'at the name of Jesus, every knee shall bend on earth, in heaven, and in hell!' But if he be not God, then shall every knee be bent in idolatry; for, to bend the knee *in adoration* to a creature, is

* Chap. 49, verse 10.

† Chap. 9, verse 24, 25, 26.

† Chap. 2, verse 7.

doing that which Paganism performed, and to destroy which, the second person of the Trinity assumed the nature of man. Of course, if Jesus is not Divine, he has led his followers into the darkest idolatry—and his birth, instead of giving glory to God, as the angel proclaimed it would, has derogated, in an essential degree, from his glory, and infringed his attributes: and in this case, the Almighty could not have given any demonstration of regard for Christ, nor any token of approbation towards him. He could not have arrayed Mount Thabor in light and awe, and proclaimed from the midst of the splendors that enveloped its hallowed brow: ‘this is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.’”

“Your argument is new to me, Mr. Clermont,” said Elizabeth, “and very striking. For there can be no doubt, that Christ did give himself out as the Son of God, and as equal to the Father; and consequently, if he had not been the Son of God, or equal to the Father, he would have been an imposter.”

“We must come to that conclusion at last,” insisted Charles; “everything shows that he was either Divine or an imposter; and you will be more intimately convinced that there is no alternative, the further we proceed in our proofs.”

“You observed, Charles, that it was foretold that Christ was to preach the gospel of salvation and peace,” said Paulina; “what prophet has predicted this?”

“The prophet Isaiah.”

“Favor us with the quotation.”

“In his sixty-first chapter, speaking in the name of the expected Messiah, whose office is announced, Isaiah exclaims: ‘The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the meek; he hath sent me to bind the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive.....’”

Euphrasia must have had this passage in view, when she wrote these lines,” said Paulina:

“The light of salvation, enkindled in Heaven,
Throws its lustre around thro’ this valley of life:
Oh! it cheers with that lustre the heart that’s forgiven,
And chases forever the darkness of strife.”

Peace, peace to the heart where that light hath arisen;
Like the day-beam of hope, or the peace-star of even,
Dispelling the shades of despair from life’s prison,
Or shedding the beautiful twilight of Heaven.”

“Very sweet, indeed, Paulina, are those lines of Euphrasia,” said Elizabeth. “Full of feeling and piety, and poetry.”

“There is a charm in good, religious poetry,” said Charles, “which, like music, melts the heart, and elevates the mind. Yes, if music dwell among the inmates of the heavenly spheres for ever, divine poetry, her sister, will be with her. You remember how beautifully the Royal Prophet invites mankind to sing the praises of God, on the harp and other instruments: ‘Praise him with the sound of the trumpet,’ exclaims David; * ‘praise him with the psaltery and harp: praise him with the timbrel and dance; praise him with stringed instruments and organs; praise him with the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals.’”

* Ps. 50—3, 4, 5.

O R A T I O N ,

DELIVERED ON THE FOURTH JULY, IN THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
AT ANNAPOLIS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE FISE, D. D.
Then Chaplain to the Senate of U. S.

———"Non hæc sine numine Divum
Eveniunt, * * * * *
Inde genus durum sumus, experiensque
laborum,
Et documenta damus, qua simus origine
nati."

OVID. METAPH. LIB. I. 414.

MY FELLOW-CITIZENS :

Perfectly alive to the distinction which the committee of arrangements have been pleased to bestow on me, and surrounded with scenes with which the most hallowed associations are connected, I rise on this solemn occasion, to comply with their unanimous request. It is the first time that I have ever been called upon to address my fellow-citizens on such an occasion ; and I, at first, hesitated, whether or not I should accept their invitation on the present : but a sense of gratitude—apart from any other consideration—not the hope of answering the high expectations which they were pleased to anticipate from any attempt of mine, has induced me to acquiesce in their emphatic invitation. Indeed, the subject has been so often and so variously treated—all the philosophy, political science, historic information and eloquence, of the ablest statesmen, orators and diplomatists, have been so entirely exhausted on the topic which the return of this glorious day brings forth, that I know not what remains to be said, that can at all be worthy the attention of this numerous assembly.

The city, in which I am called upon to address you, has within itself every thing to awaken, without the aid of oratory, the most intense attention. If the very walls of the Roman senate house could speak, (as Tully affirmed, in one of his most powerful orations), certainly the walls of this state house, whose dome rises in majesty over the hills and the waters—this edifice, in which the father of his country resigned his office, and from which he retired like the Roman ploughman into the shades of his farm—this venerable edifice, that once embraced within its walls the saviour of these colonies, and the immortal men who were his associates in the mighty cause of FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE ; this hoary edifice, I say, must speak language to the mind, to which words cannot give utterance.

This city, the birth-place of the "last of the signers," where he lived in the brilliant simplicity of a philosopher, and a patriot, whose antique mansion, which once opened its doors in elegant hospitality and splendid welcome, still stands, looking down on the limpid waters, a memorial of by-gone times—a monument to posterity. This city—Annapolis the beautiful, the true—in silent eloquence, addresses your hearts with a spell, which my words cannot convey to your ears. Annapolis,

* * * * my own native place,
With her white spires high peering o'er
the trees,

Sitting upon the waters with a grace
And loveliness that cannot fail to please
The stranger, as the zephyrs waft him
near

The beauteous village.

We have then assembled here to commemorate the anniversary of that momentous day, on which the representatives of our forefathers, in congress assembled, declared these colonies free and independent, and affixed their names to the celebrated instrument of our independence. If it was customary for the Roman youths, male and female, to join in the song of the *carmen sæculare*—if their mingled voices pealed the joyous strain which the genius of Horace has immortalized, with what national enthusiasm should we not meet on this festive day, to celebrate that mighty event which gave birth to a free people, created a new nation, established a government of the most flourishing and glorious character, and solved, to the entire conviction of the world, the problem, whether or not a pure and unmixed republic could be established among an oppressed and persecuted people. Yes! that problem has had its full solution: the colonies over which the yoke of tyranny had been thrown, whose hands, though young and robust had been manacled in slavery, arose in their strength, indignantly trampled that yoke to the ground and burst in their might and vigor from the galling fetters. With the simple sling in his hand, the genius of liberty stood forth in the field against the arms of the Goliath of oppression; and the pebble which he aimed, stretched the giant, with all his panoply and armour, upon the plain. The enemies of freedom beheld the catastrophe with awe and apprehension—the country, from whose despotism the colonies had achieved their rescue and independence, awoke from her deep lethargy, sounded the

tocsin of war, and vowed to sweep, like a hurricane, over the plains and mountains of our country. But on every plain, liberty had erected her altar; on every hill, firm as the oak that clasped their roots on its summits, liberty had built her fortress; the sons of the forest rushed to arms; the children of the fields converted their ploughshares into swords, the shrine of independence was surrounded by a thousand Hamilcars led by their fathers to vow perpetual opposition to the injustice and cruelty of the mother country. In the language of the poet of the seasons:

“Heroes then arose,
Who scorning coward self, for others
lived,
Toiled for their ease and for their safety bled.”

Yes, they lived for their posterity, toiled for their posterity, bled for their posterity. For us they lived, for us they toiled, for us they bled. We, at this day, are enjoying the blessings which they won, and which their wisdom and prudence have transmitted to us. And what did they not endure, to what miseries did they not subject themselves, to what a fate did they not become exposed, in order to accomplish their magnanimous designs, to rescue a nation from bondage, and to give liberty and happiness to their children's-children! Who, in recurring to those days of disaster, who, that is in the least conversant with the history of our revolution, who, though he be as hardy as the warrior Ulysses, could smother his astonishment, suppress his enthusiasm:

“Quis talia fando
Mymidonum Dolopumve, aut duri miles
Ulyssæi
Temperet a lacrymis.”

It is not my intention—it has been more vividly and powerfully done, on similar occasions—to rehearse the dangers, sufferings and privations, to which our generous forefathers submitted, in order to insure for us the

priceless boon which we now inherit. *Theirs* was the labor, *ours* the enjoyment—they planted the tree of liberty, watered it with their sweat, defended it with their lives; we are reposing under its shade, and feasting on its fruit. Washington, like Moses, struck asunder the chains of bondage; the patriots of the revolution, followed him through the desert; under the guidance of Heaven, the land of promise was opened to their view; we are sitting under the fig-tree, and partaking of the milk and honey. What should be our admiration of those devoted, those disinterested, those noble men, who either died on the field of glory, at the foot of their country's shrine, or else, by their manly resistance to the dominion of England, exposed themselves, if unsuccessful, to the most ignominious destiny. But it was their country they were defending; her privileges they were vindicating; her majesty they were avenging: they were prepared for the worst—they felt the *dulce* and *decorum* of dying, in her sacred cause—and appealing to the world, and to that eternal Being who holds in his hands the fate of empires, for the purity, sincerity and sanctity of their motives, they threw off all connexion with the mother country, and formed a republic of the freest character, for themselves, and for their posterity. How grateful to God should we not also be, for that manifest protection which he has extended to our country? spreading over her hills the wings of his providence, and covering her vales with the ægis of his power.—Smiling down in mercy, through gloom and adversity; supporting our cause in the hour of despondency and danger; filling our fields with abundance; causing prosperity to smile in every quarter. Like the captive daughter of Sion, on the borders of the dark rivers of Egypt, the genius of America was once in slavery: the yoke was upon her neck; the fetters

were on her hands; and she sat in sorrow and lamentation in the land of captivity. On the willow, her harp, unstrung and tuneless, was suspended in darkness and in silence: but that yoke has been removed; those fetters are broken asunder; her harp is strung anew, and all its notes are given to song and gladness. Our country, from the most enslaved and degraded, became, through the valor, wisdom and patriotism, of her generous sons, the most free and glorious, among the nations of the earth.

If ever there was a just cause for a people to rise against their rulers, to struggle against oppression, and to assume a stand of defiance, in the field and in their councils, the colonies had that cause.—The fierce spirit of tyranny breathed through all the legislation of Great Britain, towards our country. Her grievances were numerous, disgraceful, insufferable. I shall not stop to enumerate them; they were admitted by the greatest statesmen in the British Cabinet, they were described by the eloquence of the greatest orators in the British Senate. The mighty mind of Chatham beheld them as they existed, and anticipated the result of them. With the thunders of his eloquence he shook the walls of that Senate, and the stoutest hearts of the ministry. "Illegal violences," he said, "were committed in America. The resistance to an arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen: it was obvious from the nature of things and of mankind. The spirit which resisted taxation in America," he continued, "is the same which formerly opposed, and with success opposed, loans and ship money in England—the same spirit which called all England on her legs, and by the bill of rights, vindicated the British constitution." And was it to be supposed that our forefathers, in the simplicity of whose lives was found the simplicity of virtue, the integrity and courage of free-

dom ; "those true genuine sons of the earth," as they were styled by Lord Chatham, would do otherwise than resist, and could be otherwise than invincible ? They were not ordinary men ; they did not, with blind fanaticism, rush forward, without well considering what they were risking, and what they were undertaking—without being fully convinced of the magnitude, peril, and importance of the object for which they contended, and maturely prepared for the disastrous consequences which would have followed a failure and a defeat. But that object was a sacred one—it was one that gives elevation, loftiness, daring to the heart ; energy, power, perseverance to the soul ; their object was to give freedom, and with freedom independence, and dignity, and safety to their country : to secure for their children peace, happiness, prosperity : to light up their domestic hearths with the Promethean fires of comfort, founded on the principles of equality ; and on the ruins of the idols of slavery and oppression, to erect the temple of Liberty and Independence.

Yes, the result has proved what was admitted by the Earl of Chatham, that the men who engaged in this noble, this hallowed cause, were stamped with extraordinary characteristics, adorned with extraordinary virtues, and not inferior to the most famous personages in ancient times. "When your Lordships look at the papers transmitted from America," exclaimed Lord Chatham, "when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause : for myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world—that for solidity and reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of different circumstan-

ces, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia." What an eulogy this of the first representatives of our colonies, of the fathers of American liberty ! What a panegyric from one whom England boasts of, as the Demosthenes of her Senate ! What a picture of the character, purpose, and wisdom of those rare men, who assembled to consult for the welfare, and vindicate the rights, of their country ! Any eloquence of modern eulogy must fall far short of that pronounced by the loftiest aristocrat, and most tremendous orator of the British nation, in favor of the handful of devoted patriots who drew up that splendid instrument which was read—and so gracefully read—this day, and which, as a state paper, as a diplomatic composition, can vie with any production that had before, or has since, emanated from the united wisdom and virtue of any ancient or modern nation. Of those extraordinary personages who signed that glorious instrument, and whose names are now held up to the world as lights and ornaments, shedding brilliancy on the firmament of fame, and glory on the horizon of immortality, one was born, the other adopted, in the city in which we are now commemorating their virtues—and their voices, which now have been stilled by the grave, once resounded through the halls of this edifice ! Carroll and Chase ! sons of Annapolis ! the genius of this place, sitting under the bowers that shade the beauteous Severn, strings her harp to your praise !—Shades of those venerable men, of those benefactors of the human race, smile down from your spheres of bliss and glory, on your country and your town ! May the one flourish forever under the influence of that Independence which you so efficaciously contributed to achieve ; and may the other, while she is ever grateful for your services, mindful of your actions,

proud of your memories, be, as she has always been, distinguished for her patriotism, hospitality, and liberality. Yes, fair city of the Severn, mayest thou, in the language of Virgil—

“Simul Heroum laudes, et facta parentis
Jam legere, et quæ sit poteris cognoscere
virtus.”

And who were the warriors, who, at the call of their country, buckled on their armour, put themselves at the head of their fellow-citizens, and went forth to battle against the most warlike and potent nation in Europe?—Who were they who raised among our woods the standard of ancient Rome, and called back into life the eagles of liberty? Were they trained to the arts of warfare; disciplined, from their boyhood, in some military school; taught to wield the sword, and grasp the spear, and grapple with the foe? Were they veterans in the field of battle—acquainted with danger, and accustomed to heat and cold, to hunger and thirst? No—those brave men were not soldiers by profession—they had, most of them, pursued the quiet walks of life, happy in their paternal fields, loving to till the ground, and delighting in the retirement and simplicity of rural pursuits. The tranquillity of their vales had never been ruffled by the din of war; the noise of the drum, and the peal of the cannon, had never thundered over their sequestered retreats. Even he who headed the armies of freedom, quitted the ploughshare for the sword of battle! It was no lust of military fame, no hope of spoil and booty, that spurred them to the field—it was their country's wrongs that nerved their arms, her voice appealing to their patriotism, that roused them to action, and to deeds of noble daring. It was freedom that glowed in their bosoms, that beat in their veins, that throbbed in their hearts. It was, in the strain of Thompson—
“Devotion to the public—glorious flame!
Celestial ardor—”

Without arms, ammunition, or navy, they had to contend with veterans abounding with all the implements of war, acquainted with all its tactics, skilled in all its arts, and familiarized with all its perils—whose ships darkened the waters of every clime, and whose maritime power had wrenched from the world the trident of old ocean. But the mighty soul of the patriot, to use the forcible language of Judge Breckenridge,* “drank in the danger, and like the eagle on the mountain-top, collected magnanimity from the very prospect of the height from which he meant to soar:” And may I not add, from that height the bird of Jove hurled down his thunders on the king of beasts, and pounced upon his mighty prey.

I shall not attempt to enter into the details of the war; to enumerate the circumstances and progress of five campaigns—their pitched battles, skirmishes, and valorous achievements—I shall not describe the bravery and success with which every inch of ground was disputed—how heroes met foot to foot, point to point, sword to sword, breast to breast—how every tract of region was marked with the vestiges of war, and reddened with the blood of freemen; how, nobly fighting in their country's cause, many of the best and bravest fell upon the plain, in the arms of liberty and glory. Shall I mention the names of those heroes? They shall be emblazoned on the pillars of fame,—on columns more perennial than bronze—and shall be encircled with the same halo which adorns those of Epaminondas, Miltiades Pausanias, and the worthies of Greece and Rome. Posterity shall point to them as to models of patriotism, examples of devotedness to the public weal, as martyrs to their country's good. Their praises shall tremble on the poet's lyre, and their fame, “like the vestal

* Oration delivered July 5, 1779.

lamp," shall be lighted up, never more to be extinguished. Gallant and distinguished as Warren, prudent and intrepid as Macpherson, bold and resolute as Haslet and Mercer; devoted and persevering as Herkimer and Wooster, will be proverbial among the children of America. Thousands of others have earned unfading laurels, reaped a harvest of immortality, on the field of battle:

"Thousands the tribute of our praise
Demand; but who can count the stars
of heaven,
Who speak their influence on this lower world!"

Notwithstanding the great talents of our countrymen, which the emergencies of the times called forth and excited; notwithstanding their devotedness, determination and patriotism, our cause would have been doubtful, had it not been supported by the power and virtue of foreign volunteers. Immortal thanks and gratitude are due to the illustrious but unfortunate monarch, the martyred Louis XVI., who, by his timely assistance, taught our fathers not to despair, and joined them in alliance on terms of perfect equality; furnished them with money and military stores, and efficaciously contributed to put a period to the revolutionary struggle.

And what shall I say of the far-famed individuals who quitted their country and their families, entered into our armies, and fought our battles, and won our victories! What eulogy can do justice to the gallant Lafayette, whose toils did not cease with the war, but whose endeavors to establish our interest, in commercial and political arrangements yield not to the splendor of his achievements during the contest. That aged companion of Washington, after an interval of nearly half a century, has continued the steady friend of our country and our institutions, he has revisited our shores—has had a favorable opportunity of judging of the effects of

our independence, and the blessings of liberty—and the welcome, the enthusiastic gratulations, the triumphal arches, the trophies of honor, the expressions of respect, the universal jubilee of the entire republic, have borne witness to the gratitude which we cherish for him, and the veneration in which his name is held.

In conjunction with Lafayette, the memories of other foreign heroes burst upon our view: shall time ever obscure the lustre that brightens the names of Rochambeau, and Chastellux; of D'Estaigne, De Grasse, or De Barras and Kosciusco—Kosciusco! who fought from the Hudson to the Potomac, from the Atlantic to the Lakes of Canada—Kosciusco! who, in the language of Von Neimcewiser, who delivered his eulogium at Warsaw, "patiently endured incredible fatigue, acquired immortal renown—and, what is infinitely more valuable in his estimation, ensured the gratitude of a liberated nation. The American flag waved over the forts of the United States, and the great work of liberation was finished, before he would consent to return to his native Poland"—and

"Freedom shrieked when Kosciusco died!"

It is a special privilege for me to have it in my power, this day, to strew my handful of flowers over the urns, and add my leaf of glory to the chaplets, of such god-like men. No matter from what quarter of the world they might have come, or in what clime they might have been cradled; no matter what language they might have spoken, or what religion they might have professed. But double is that privilege, and most consoling to my bosom the circumstance, when I reflect, that the nations which gave birth to those immortal benefactors of America, those pure and lofty lovers of liberty and republicanism, were Roman Catholic. France, at that era, saw upon her throne the worthy

descendant of Louis XIV., the religious successor of Charlemagne and Louis IX. Enthusiastic in his attachment to his creed, and yet the avowed patron of American independence—the powerful co-operator in setting *our* country free, and, at length, a martyr to the principles of his church, the conviction of his conscience—the victim—whom posterity shall ever be proud to venerate—to fanaticism and anarchy.

Poland, the birth-place of Kosciusko, from immemorial ages, the land of Catholicism, and the home of the spirit of freedom. Her name is synonymous with patriotism and magnanimity, and glory and misfortune. Impatient of slavery, she writhes under oppression: born for liberty, she is yoked to the car of despotism.—She has arisen in her indignation, and with a spirit that cannot brook the yoke, and a soul that bursts from its manacles, and a heart that breaks under tyranny, has attempted to be free! But her effort was crushed by the wrath of Russia: the hosts of serfs and Cossacks swarmed over her plains, like the locusts over Egypt. The Leviathan of the North, has devoured the hopes of Polish liberty.—The most gallant nation is in chains, she whose arm was ever extended to befriend the cause of freedom, has been seen to fall, without the prospect of resurrection, into the grave of oppression.

“ Her fathers were among the brave and free,

And good as free, and virtuous as brave:

Spirit of Sobieski, rise!—to thee

Poland appeals! rise from thine honored grave!

And as the pennons of thy country wave
O'er her bright spears and lances, point again

To glory's pillar reared on Choczim's plain.

Sons of brave Poland! turn your eyes to where

Your Sobieski paused to send to heaven

For his dear country and her sons this prayer:

‘To thee be liberty forever given!’”

The conduct of France and Poland, in our regard, ought to silence forever the voice of prejudice, which, even at the present day, proclaims the Roman Catholic religion hostile to the genius of republican institutions. And I rejoice that so auspicious an occasion presents itself in which, I may adduce, in refutation of such groundless assertions, the *actions* of Catholic countries and Catholic individuals. Among the signers of the American independence, Carroll was a Catholic—and not in theory, merely, but a rigid, practical, devoted member, of the Catholic church. In his old age, he looked back with the calmest complacency on the part which he took during the revolution, and as he sank into the grave, he was supported by the consolation of religion, and cheered to the end by the recollection of his youthful efforts to disenthral his country. One of the commissioners appointed by the first congress, to treat with the Canadians, was the Rev. John Carroll, a Roman Catholic priest, and afterwards first Archbishop of Baltimore. He did not deem it incompatible with his character, repugnant to his religious principles, to unite with Chase, Franklin, and Charles Carroll, in the cause of liberty—not, indeed, to rouse the Canadians to rebellion, but to persuade them to remain neutral during the contest and the struggle. I mention these facts, not in the spirit of sectarian triumph, but as a refutation of the assertion which is so frequently made, and by some may, perhaps, be believed, that the nature of our religion precludes the love of liberty—that our dependence on a foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, subjects us to foreign domination.

Was it not stated—I regret to be obliged to speak of myself individual-

ly, but the subject and the occasion will be my apology—was it not circulated through the press, as an argument against my election to the chaplaincy of the senate, that I am a subject of the Pope ; that I had made an oath of allegiance to him as a temporal lord, and that certain honors had been conferred on me—which excluded me from the birthrights of my country. Shall I contradict all these assertions. Is it necessary before such an assembly, for me to declare, that I know of no temporal connexion existing between myself and the Pope, I acknowledge no allegiance to his temporal power—I am no subject of his dominions—I have sworn no fealty to his throne—but I am, as all American Catholics glory to be, independent of all foreign temporal authority—devoted to freedom, to unqualified toleration, to republican institutions. America is our country ; her laws are our safeguard ; her constitution our Magna Charta ; her tribunals our appeal ; her chief magistrate our national head—to all which we are subject and obedient, in accordance with the injunction of our religion, which commands us to give honor where honor is due—to be subject to the powers that are—and to give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. Yes, my country, while one spark of freedom's fire still lingers in the world, we shall be found ready, eager, anxious to kindle into a blaze the lurking scintillation. We shall be the ardent friends of liberty properly understood—liberty such as flourishes in our happy realms—liberty the best boon of heaven, when not abused—liberty founded upon virtue and religion :

“Unblest by virtue, government and league

Become a circling junto of the great
To rob the law—

What are without it, senates, save a face

Of consultation deep and reason free,

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While the determined heart and voice
are sold.

What boasted freedom but a sounding
name !

And what election, but a market vile
Of slaves self-bartered.”

And is it not to secure such liberty for his country that O'Connell is now struggling ? And if there is a people on earth, that deserves to be free, is it not the ardent, generous, persevering people of Ireland. How long has that island not been lashed by the scourge of tyranny, even as the tempest lashes her craggy shores. The lament of her harp, the thrilling, mournful anthem of her bards, resound through her verdant vales, and are wafted by the winds, across the ocean-waves. In the midst of her waters, she sits solitary all the day long, looking forward, with fearful emotion, for a better fate. One powerful stroke has been given, by the Liberator's hand, to sever her fetters in twain ; but the decisive one is still withheld, that will rescue her from her fatal union with the unrelenting Isle, and leave her an independent nation, with her own laws, constitution, parliament, and religion. It is a remarkable fact, which should not be forgotten, amid the prejudices of the present age, that there never existed a people more staunchly, immovably, fearlessly devoted to the Catholic religion, or more aspiring after their rights, more yearning after their own liberty, and more ready to assist in the cause of general freedom. Oh ! may their most sanguine wishes be accomplished ; their unyielding exertions be rewarded ; their untiring perseverance be crowned with success : and may posterity, when pointing their children's attention to the great and the good in the temple of Fame, be able to say : behold in that niche, which is nearest to the bust of Washington, the statue of O'Connell, who not only abolished the penal laws but made of Ireland a separate king-

dom, and gave her that lofty station which she so fully deserves to hold among the nations of the earth.

As for us, my fellow-citizens, when we look around, and behold the elevation to which we have attained as a free government; our country teeming with a numerous, thriving, and enterprising population; emigration from all parts of the world pouring in on our shores, and sweeping its tide to the foot of the Rocky Mountains; civilization penetrating into the deepest recesses of our forests; education spreading abroad its refining influence; religion diffusing her heaven-born blessings, giving glory to God, and peace to men; manufactures flourishing; industry felling the trees in the wilderness, and making the plains to teem with abundance; commerce crowding the deep with our ships and produce, uniting these shores with those beyond the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans; internal improvements facilitating our correspondence and communication—canals wafting their waters through the roughest regions, and railroads smoothing down the mountains, and stretching from the Chesapeake bay to the far Ohio—when we contemplate all these signal blessings, these ennobling privileges—when we see our flag floating in the winds of every clime, streaming down upon every sea—acknowledged, respected, fear-

ed—toleration of all religious denominations—full and unqualified liberty of conscience—the admitted right to worship at our altars, according to our convictions, without being shackled by any penal law, degraded by any civil disqualification, as was the case before the revolution—what should be our gratitude to the “Giver of every good gift;” how should our hearts expand in praise and thanksgiving for his especial favors and benedictions, and how cautious should we all be, by our good works and religious dispositions, to deserve a continuance of his mercy and providential care. As long as we correspond with the beneficent designs of heaven—as long as we view the interposition of our Omnipotent Father, in our liberation from our primitive condition, his arm will be extended over us. America shall be free—shall be independent! The prediction of the poet shall be perfectly realized:

“Fly time, oh, lash thy fiery steeds
away,
Roll, rapid wheels, and bring the smiling
day,
When these blest states, another prom-
ised land,
Chosen out and fostered, by the Al-
mighty hand,
Supreme shall rise—their crowded
shores shall be
The fixed abodes of Empire and of
Liberty!”

I have spoken,

HISTORICAL DESTINY OF WOMEN.

[Under this head, a short but not uninteresting, Lecture was delivered before the Frederick Literary Association, by ENOCH LOUIS LOWE. Without entering into a particular critique or analysis of his

subject, we will merely express the pleasure we always experience when we see the blending of a pure and unaffected religious spirit—such as Catholicism inspires—with topics in themselves of a

character profane. We mean *profane*, in contradistinction merely with a professedly religious subject ; for, certainly, there is much that is sacred, nay, most divine, contained in the destiny of woman, whether we regard her as fulfilling the high functions of society as mother, wife, or sister ; or whether we contemplate her made perfect in the person of that "blessed amongst women," who was destined to crush the serpent's head, and give birth—a virgin mother—to the long-desired Redeemer of our fallen race. As a specimen of our author's style and matter, we subjoin the concluding pages of his lecture :]

"One of the most beautiful traits that characterized the chivalric age, was a profound reverence for Woman—whence sprung results of infinite importance to the well-being of society. To such as are familiar with the histories of those good old times, it will not appear strange when I assert that, despite the martial spirit, which then ruled supremely the hearts of men, and tinged all the relations of life, a refinement of feeling, and a greatness of soul pervaded the nations of Europe, which may be more easily scoffed at now-a-days, than imitated ! The annals of the xiii. xiv. xv. and xvi. centuries are replete with instances of loftiest honor and magnanimity. Much is to be attributed to the influence of Woman. She was, next to Religion, the perennial fount of poetic inspiration, and of heroic enthusiasm. Beneath her lattice, the gentle greetings of the Troubadour were heard, by moonlight—and, as the plaintive melody of his harp floated on the midnight air, she caught from the sad story of his wanderings the words most dear to lady's heart—for, in the stirring bustle of the camp, or in the heat of mortal conflict, the *gage d'amour*, more potent than oriental talisman, had been preserved unsullied by the dust of craven flight. The steel-clad conqueror of paynim foes laid his proud trophies at her feet—and, as she smiled approval of his val-

or and devotion, arose, with kindling eye, to enter the lists, and break a lance with rival lovers in the mock combat of the tournament. Kings and mighty Emperors bowed to the dominion of her beauty and her virtue ; and cavaliers of high courtesy attended her steps, with keen wit to honor, and keener swords to defend.

Upon the united thrones of Castile and Arragon sits the Pride of Europe. Pure as the lily, and beautiful as the roseate hues of morn, Isabella rules the destinies and reigns in the hearts of the high-minded sons of Iberia !—Around her are gathered the loveliest of the dark-eyed maidens of the South, and many a gallant youth, of ambitious hopes, and dauntless bravery. Here are the stern signiors, very models of Spanish chivalry ! and there, the stalwart knights of old England, allured by bright smiles, and the syren voice of fame, to tempt the Moorish scimitar. Upon the hill-top and in the valley, burn the huge watch-fires ;—for, the 'larum of war hath been rung from every tower, and the enthusiastic multitude roll on their deepening tide towards the rich plains of the Vega ! To-day, the Christian Queen fulfils the beatitudes of the New Law—she clothes the naked ; gives drink to the thirsty ; whispers solace to the disconsolate ; and bids "God-rest" the departing spirit. To-morrow, glowing with zeal and lofty patriotism, she smites the Moslem in the strong-hold of his power, and plants the ensign of Salvation upon the ramparts of the Alhambra ! The munificent patroness of the discoverer of a new world ; the intrepid heroine ; the sage ruler of her people in the hour of trial ; the philanthropist, and benefactress of mankind ; the devoted friend ; the mild and loving wife—Isabella presents to our view a fair model of a Christian woman ; and proves more urgently than cold argument could do, the moral of my subject ; to wit, that to Religion, Woman is indebted for her ex-

altation. Under its benign influence she has attained, and will retain, her position—without it, she would, of very necessity, be hurled back into the abyss of heathen debasement, and rank with the degraded inmate of the Turkish harem, or the abject creature who wanders over the prairies of the West, and obeys, in servile humility, the harsh behests of her savage lord.

As the reign of Augustus may be considered the epoch of reaction in the destiny of Woman, so the age of chivalry is marked as being the acme of her influence in the social state.—Henceforth we find her gliding gently into the quiet and lovely retirement of domestic life, honored and revered by man. She may no longer preside at the tourney, and crown the victor; but her cheerful smile sheds happiness around the evening hearth; and her generous hand is ever open to distress.

If the fierce cry of battle sounds in her ear, and her country is invaded by the mercenaries of a foreign despot, she is ready, like the noble matrons of our revolution, to make every sacrifice, share every hardship, incur every danger in the holy cause of liberty. With holier devotion than that of the Spartan mother, she makes an offering of her only son at the shrine of Freedom; girds on the avenging sword, and bids him return a conqueror, or find a hero's grave. The bloody field of action loses its terrors. With tender charity and firm resolve, she stoops over the fallen soldier, binds up his bleeding wounds, bathes his throbbing temple, and cools his parched lip with water from the passing stream.

And when "grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," and the battle shock hath passed away; and, again, peace smiles serenely, you trace her steps in the path of arduous duty.

She leaves the scenes of her early life—she hath trampled upon the world and its vain allurements—the breath

of adulation and the smile of lovers passed her by, as the idle wind, which she heeded not: for she hath resolved, in the depths of her heart, to abandon the pleasures of life, and to waste her beauty and her youthful energies in the severest avocations of charity. The gray-haired father had blest his daughter, and the weeping mother hath clasped her, for the last time, it may be, to her throbbing bosom, and pressed upon her lips the parting kiss. Turning her meek and glowing face to heaven, she consummates the self-sacrifice; and tearing herself forever from the home of her childhood, embarks upon a sea of troubles, of trials, and of manifold suffering.

And now, the timid orphan meets her on the way, with tearful eye and joyous heart; for, sore is its bereavement, and welcome is the new protector! and, finding that its young affections are returned, and that now it hath a resting-place, lisps, once more, under sweet delusion, the name of Mother! With maternal solicitude, it is instructed in virtue and all usefulness; and thus prepared for the various departments of social life.

But, see her softly moving through the *hospital*, where disease and human wretchedness mock the vain boasts of poor mortality! There, on his lowly couch, lies the sad victim of insanity—his eye with fierceness rolls, and his muttering lips would fain utter the wild fantasies of his disordered brain—a mild look, a gentle word, a kindness from the heart—and the maniac is subdued by the power of the Christian woman!

See that withered semblance of a human being! phantom-like, it looks forth, with ghastly stare, from the bed of sickness! Night hath succeeded day, and day night; still, ever faithful to her post, the devoted nurse is there, to catch the last wish of the expiring sufferer. And now, she hath inhaled the subtle poison—it courses her veins with electrical speed—the

rose fades from her cheek ; the brightness of her eye is dimmed by the gathering film of death ; and lo ! in the midst of her labors, she is called away, a *Martyr to Charity* ! Oh ! what tongue can utter the eulogium of such devotion ! Woman—woman—great is thy destiny ! truly hast thou been ennobled by the divine power of Religion ! And, when contemplating the immeasurable good achieved for humanity by thy efforts, we are forced to exclaim, with Chateaubriand, “Such deeds are beyond the praises of men ; we meet them with the silent tear of admiration.”

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY, (Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.)

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

FOR MANY MARTYRS.*

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia, etc.

I.

Come, brethren, chant the martyrs' joys and fame,
Which by their merits they have nobly won :
With ardent minds their glorious deeds proclaim—
Heroic conquerors, excelled by none.

II.

For these are they whom the vain world abhorred,
Which void of fruit and flowers they dared despise,
To follow thee, their Saviour and their Lord,
O gracious Jesus, Sovereign of the skies.

III.

These, for thy sake, beneath their feet could tread
The fury, threats, and cruelty of men :
To their undaunted courage yields the dread
But harmless rack, which tortures them in vain.

IV.

Like sheep they fall beneath the bloody steel,
Without a murmur, silent in their pains ;
The conscious sense of innocence they feel
Their resignation patiently sustains.

V.

What tongue, what language can the bliss portray,
Which for thy martyrs thou hast stored above !
The blood they shed for thee is washed away,
And splendid wreaths around their brows are wove.

* At Vespers—out of the Paschal time.

VI.

Thee, mighty God, supremely Great and One,
 Forgive our sins, efface our guilt, we pray :
 Oh ! give us peace, that all, when life is done,
 May sing thy glory in Eternal day.

HYMN FOR A CONFESSOR.*

Iste Confessor, etc.

I.

This blest confessor of the Lord,
 Whose praises through the world extend,
 Deserved, upon this hallowed day,
 Heaven's blissful regions to ascend.

II.

Who, pious, prudent, humble, chaste,
 A sober life and sinless led,
 Until the spirit, which once warmed
 His mortal body, upwards fled.

III.

Oft, through his prayers, with merit fraught,
 Did he with health and strength repair
 The sick and shattered limbs of men,
 That once diseased and broken were.

IV.

Wherefore, we swell his chorus now,
 To celebrate his palms and praise,
 That, by his intercession, we
 May be assisted all our days.

V.

To him be honor, glory, power,
 Who shines on Heaven's eternal throne,
 Who rules and governs from on high
 This world—the mighty THREE and ONE.

FOR A CONFESSOR, NON-PONTIFF.†

Jesu corona celsior, etc.

I.

Jesus, the loftiest crown,
 And Truth most high,
 Who to thy servant that confessed thee here,
 Givest a wreath of immortality,

* At Vespers.

† At Lauds.

II.

Grant to thy suppliant throng,
Through his request,
The full remission of our countless sins,
And burst the chains by which we are oppress.

III.

In the due course of time,
The day hath shone,
On which thy saint, departing from this earth,
Winged his blest flight up to the starry throne.

IV.

All the vain joys of earth,
And luxuries,
He deemed too sordid for his lofty soul,
And now he feasts exulting in the skies.

V.

Thee, Christ, most gracious king,
He dared to own,
And the inexorable Prince of Night,
With all his artful wiles, he trampled down.

VI.

For virtue famed and faith,
He firmly stood ;
While in the flesh he fasted—but in Heaven
He banquets now upon celestial food.

VII.

To Father and to Son,
All glory be,
And to the Holy Paraclete the same,
Now and forever—to Eternity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THOUGHTS ON THE CHURCH.

BY A CONVERT.

Not until men shall discover the absolute necessity of reforming themselves, in accordance with the dictates of gospel authority, instead of reforming that which the wisdom of spiritual authority has already perfected, and that long before unborn generations could behold the light; they would then better understand the justice as

founded in superior wisdom, to be the emanation of a superior agent, and not the fruit of short-sighted mortals. We sincerely hope the time is not far distant, when the mists of error will be dispelled from the land, and the acts of divine wisdom be recognized; and that the knowledge of his presence in his church, whereof he is the

pillar and ground of truth, will be made manifest. For there is no other authority on earth besides the church, to which we are referred, as the infallible means of the souls security. It is the rock which has caused many to stumble. The attempt at legislating on, or remodelling the sacred institutions of Christianity whose origin is beyond the reach of human wisdom or control, must necessarily affect, as it has always affected, the safety and peace of mankind, whenever and wherever such attempts were carried into execution. Pretences for infringing on the established order of church government, may be justified upon grounds of human expediency, but they cannot be supported by scriptural authority; for, wherever the wisdom of the creature is set in opposition to the wisdom of the Creator, there will be eternal contention, strife, and hatred, which in the usual way of human tergiversation, and doubt through weakness, gives birth to sectarianism, socinianism, or infidelity. It is quite notorious that sectarian pre-eminence can hardly be maintained in state government, without disturbing the peace of the rest; for, in such a state of things, the claim of equal rights is arbitrarily merged in the interest of the dominant party. Since, then, unjust means must be resorted to, to uphold tottering systems of human device, it cannot be but that such frail systems must at last give way to the force of superior wisdom.

If all Christians would be satisfied with believing that the church of Christ whose name she bears—as himself has declared to be “all days with his church, &c.,—we must feel bound as a matter of faith to hold that she is infallible. For if we refuse to recognise her in that character, then all spiritual authority is a mere chimera. It is, indeed, not in the character of mortals, that we recognise any distinct mark of divine authority; there-

fore we must content ourselves with believing on the authority of Christ that the councils of the church are virtually guided and directed by the agency of his spirit, which he breathed on its ministering members collectively, to one of whom he committed the especial charge of pastoral government. If these things be not taken as unquestionable evidence of divine authority, then it is evident that the voice of the shepherd is no longer understood among us. However, believing Christ to be really present, corporeally as well as spiritually, with his church, it is no small consolation to know that the power of binding and loosing penitent sinners, is vested in that church. In the word of Christ, we have an irrevocable pledge, and he cannot deceive the soul that is willing to come to him. What man is there, then, that would not cheerfully embrace the gracious boon of a merciful Redeemer, rather than go out of this world in a doubtful state? Objections are perpetually started against the Lord's wholesome counsel; for the difficulty of humbling human pride is not easily overcome. It is the great mystery on which are hinged both fear and hope; and, above all, our great repugnance to mortify the pride of Satan, whose sway directs the counsels of the votaries of ambitious strivings for his own glory, in opposition to the wisdom of God, requires the application of powerful caustics to our own hearts, against which it is needless to shut our eyes.

Can it be supposed that any body, or society of congregated Christians, can assume, upon any plea whatsoever, a new title declaratory of an independent church, in direct violation of the covenant of God's law, which holds the “unity of the spirit in the bond of peace” to be primary in all things, and without which, that society which departs from this principle, is without a basis? There is but “one

body and one spirit. One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all. That for the edifying of the body of Christ, we all meet in the unity of faith. That henceforth, we be no more children driven to and fro, and tossed about with every wind of doctrine, by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive. But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in him who is the head, even Christ.

This is a true picture, faithfully describing the body of Christ's church. Can it then, be believed, that the receding from the church is founded in wisdom or prudence? Does Scripture allow any plea in justification of any breach or schism in the church? Does a conduct, so obviously contrary to doctrine, not betray a singularity of design, and a presumption of a claim to superior virtue and piety? If, on the contrary, they had before their eyes the charity of the gospel, (which thinks no evil) endeavoring to reclaim the wayward from their evil ways, by kindness founded in brotherly love, instead of levelling the poisoned shafts of slander and foul detraction against the church, as if that church gave countenance to vice, they would do that which is right, and thus give the glory to God, and not hatch the eggs of discord which ambition nourishes in the breasts of all factious spirits in this world. It may, moreover, be asked, how it comes that the prince of discord who exercises unbounded sway in the counsels of those that have abstracted themselves from the body of the church, durst not come near the holy mountain, lest its flames consume him. But then this monarch of hell has a more direct way of troubling the peace of mankind, by bringing the political machinery strengthened by the arm of flesh, into play. This is what the sages of heroic wisdom have invaria-

bly sought to wield exclusively in their own hands, as the more effectual arguments in favor of exclusive rights to trample upon the equal rights of their fellow-creatures who draw their breath from the same source with their oppressors, but who would on no account whatsoever, suffer their conscience to be chained to the wheels of the gods of this world.

The chief cause attending the ill-success of proselytising from Catholicity to Protestantism, only proves the fallacious attempt to do by forced policy what the conscientious Christian must necessarily resist and condemn. Religion is to a Catholic the staff of life, on which his soul reposes to his last breath. He cannot barter away what he has vowed to his God, for any worldly consideration whatsoever. There is nothing more cruel and outrageous to his feelings than that of subjecting him, on account of his religious fidelity to the church, to the torment of political thralldom as a means to coerce him to a change which his soul must decidedly reject. That soul which, in deepest humility, approaches the altar whereof none but such as are within the pale of the sanctuary can partake. Yet, for that which to him is the bread of life, he is accused by the enemies of that church, of idolatry. But God, the God of justice and mercy, who knows the hearts of all, is his witness that this horrible accusation, as well as all other falsely alleged errors against the church, is as false as hell. Our inward man who is God's own, no human power can control; for we are not our own, either in or out of the flesh. How then can any earthly power presume to control what is immortal? Therefore, he whose understanding is swayed by temporal considerations in opposition to the fundamental precepts of religion, ought first to inquire at the tabernacle of Christ, whether what he is doing is acceptable to God, or not. A con-

firmed Christian staunchly believes his being a partaker of both the body and spirit in *Christ*, who, at the great day of universal change, will surely raise up *his own*. On the foundation of this vital principle of our faith, our hope is firmly settled. It can be not equally so with those who aim at nothing short of the gratification of self-indulgence, out of doors, where heathen morality denies the necessity of gospel virtue, and where gospel precept (apart from the obligations of that moral virtue which gilds the pride of its advocates) is treated with contumely and derision. And as humility is an abomination to the proud, so also the rich man abhors the poor. For speaking proud words of vanity, they allure by the desires of fleshly riotousness, those who for a little while escape such as converse in error: promising them liberty, whereas they themselves are the slaves of corruption.

What is man, or the life of a man, that he should suffer his soul to be warped by the fugitive clouds of hope and distraction in this short life, and then melt away like the mists before the winds and be lost in the ocean of eternity! But the word of God is *life eternal*, enduring for ever. Therefore, if the word which was made flesh, dwell in us, then are we sons of the living God in Christ Jesus.

The *only* true comfort we have in this world, is the cheering hope which revealed religion holds forth as the means of grace for the edification of our souls. As religion is "unity by love in Christ," so is peace the fruit of that unity. As the Father loveth us, so must we love one another: for we are one flesh with the Son, if it so be that the Father is in us. Whosoever is disregarding of his neighbor's peace, or beholds his woes with unconcern, hates his own flesh (for we are all parts of one another), and God is provoked. Selfish policy, which strives to exalt itself on the ruins of

our fellow-creatures, is derogatory to the dignity of a Christian. It cancels the bond of unity, by brotherly love. If there were no covenant-breaker whose hypocritical wailings draw the weak and unstable into their nets of perfumed heresy, the more social feelings and generous notion of Christian charity would then prevail over sophistry. Not the professors of this or that religion, but the doers thereof will be justified before God: for they that have the word, are one, as the apostles were one, with whom there was no schism, however distanced they were from each other, by their separate missions, in the wide world, to the end of their lives. As no worldly ambition was mixed up with their one and the same vocation, so neither could there be any schism in the church. They were in the world: but they were not of the world. Nor had mammon any share in their counsels. If all were as the apostle who profess the ministry of the church, by renouncing worldly attachments and interest, and thus devote their lives to the glory of God, the reign of the author of discord would then be at an end, and peace and concord would be the means of unfolding to our benighted minds, the thing called wisdom—the wisdom which the grace of the Spirit giveth to the servants of God.

Many are called, but few chosen. The Catholic Church holds that all mankind, as being children of the same Father, are called to partake of the fruit of grace through the merits of the Son. For this reason, she opens her bosom to all that will enter the one fold: nor are the gates of her temple ever shut against the weary pilgrim, the penitent sinner, or the afflicted; to all of whom she extends the hand of benevolence and consolation. She invokes all the Saints to accompany her in her prayer to the throne of mercy, and make intercession on behalf of the souls of both the living and the dead; and particularly

for those stray sheep whom the wolves in sheep-skin seek to draw from the river-side, as if on purpose to lessen the authority of Scripture, which one half of them do not believe; and not only so, but also to make the world believe that the Bible alone is sufficient to unfold to the unlearned, as well as to the learned, the entire word of God, according as the judgment of every one's own reason may dictate, or may choose to believe. This downward way of every one legislating for himself, has given birth to the numerous, strange and mongrel sects which render the religion of Christ contemptible in the eyes of Pagan nations and barbarians; and in like manner it has caused so much dissension amongst Christians, that it has been the means of greatly detracting from the sanctity of Religion, and nearly reducing it to the cold formality of a mere human institution in many places, amongst Christians themselves. Has, then, the hand of wisdom and mercy been

stretched forth in vain for the illumination of mankind, in order to raise them above the narrow sphere of the creature? Has not grace and mercy been sent down from above, to show us the glory of Heaven, which the Father hath promised to the children of his adoption? What man is there that does not naturally feel and is convinced in his intellectual mind, and above all, by the manifestation of the glorious morning-star whose bright shining light has quickly dissipated all manner of doubt, that the Creator has not made man for the mere negative existence of a dry branch, which must be cut down and burnt? This is a question which addresses itself to the heart, and keeps the mind alive to the important truth which Heaven has been pleased to communicate to the world. The light to which we are called, is not hid under a bushel, but is set upon the top of a high mountain, which cannot be mistaken or concealed.

UTILITY OF PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

What is God? what is man? what is nature? These three questions comprize in themselves alone the universality of human sciences, which have, at all times, occupied the attention of the world. Since nearly two thousand years, the solution of the first has been received from on high; an abyss the depths of which the eyes of a philosopher could not behold without becoming dizzy. The second and the third present themselves under two different views—the moral and intellectual man, and the animal man; nature in its origin, its destination, its whole, and nature considered in its parts under a material and sensible

point of view. Metaphysics have developed the first; and as often as they have had the good sense to enlighten it with the rays that emanate from the knowledge of God, they have pronounced on the other two questions decisions which time has confirmed.

A science hitherto little cultivated, and apparently of little utility for the moral perfection of man, Physics, jealous of its discoveries, instead of coming modestly to the aid of its fore-runner, attempts to confound it; and this is the reason why, after numberless labors, it has completely deceived the attention of those who regarded its works. By a thousand ways it is

calculated to guide the mind towards the sovereign Being ; and in its wise and conscientious hand, each atom of matter becomes a herald which proclaims the august attributes of the Creator and Preserver of the Universe. Thus, of itself, and in spite of the evil attempts of the impious, natural science is the sister, the auxiliary of true philosophy, and of all sciences the most proper to direct the mind and heart of man towards Him who has created him.

The scientific observation of nature affords us two advantages : it preserves us from the stupid indifference with which we too often contemplate the wonders that surround us, and fortifies us against pride, by causing us to compare our weakness and nothingness with the infinite wisdom of the Supreme Disposer of things.

No one, in effect, is better prepared for humility, than the Christian astronomer, who pursues science through the boundless fields of the empyreum. Those vast celestial globes, accomplishing their constant revolutions without variation—those innumerable stars sprinkled over the firmament, like grains of sand upon the sea-shore ; all those brilliant suns, the smallest of which receives, like our own, the homage of a host of planets—that immeasurable space, which the light, that to us appears instantaneous, requires years to travel through—are they not so many inconceivable prodigies ? Does not the thought of their Author present itself to the attentive observer with a pomp and majesty that command admiration and love ?

If, from these inaccessible heights, of which we can conceive no idea, we descend back upon our little planet, the observatory on which the Divine will has placed us to contemplate and love Him in his works, the scene, though contracted, will not present us less astonishing mysteries. The stem of the herb, a grain of sand, arrest

and confound our attention. The most ordinary phenomenon, which occurs every day, the growth of plants, is, at the same time, one of the most incomprehensible, and one which publishes most loudly the goodness of the Creator. Who will not perceive the fecundity of his word in that admirable succession of life and death, in which vegetation, hiding and disclosing, in turn, its riches, conducts by internal canals the nourishing juices, which escape, now in verdant foliage, then in flowers, brilliant and varied, and finally in succulent fruits. Who can explain how, rendered fruitful by death, the soil recovers new strength to produce and lavish on us its treasures ? Whence is derived, among the divers families of vegetables, that astonishing resemblance of form, color, and savor ?—a resemblance, however, which admits of so great a variety. Where do they find the model, the pallet, the pencil, the alembic, necessary for their wants ? How does it happen that, of a thousand different grains, each one develops itself on a narrow space of ground, with all the particularities of its species ?

We might pause a moment at the marvels of the microscopic world. One single drop of water is sufficient to captivate our attention for entire hours. There the mind sinks under the weight of incalculable divisibility. There are not a few animalcules, hidden in a drop of water, but myriads that swim and roll about in it precisely as in a sea ; and these animalcules have articulations, nerves, veins, and these veins have blood : here is a world existing in a drop of water !

But, without going out of ourselves, will we not be surrounded with mysteries ? In considering attentively the organization of each of our members, the structure, the functions, the object of our organs, with what sentiments should we not be penetrated towards him, whose wisdom and goodness have prepared all things in us

and about us, for our use and convenience? Our eye alone would furnish an exhaustless subject of meditation. Who is, then, the divine painter, who has known how to unite in so small a picture, so many and such vast objects? The shining vault of the heavens, the magnificence of the earth meet there with astonishment, and without confusion, with their resemblance and details. With what incredible littleness, must the parts of this great whole be designed, which is spread upon the pupil of the eye! and notwithstanding this imperceptibility, there are no omissions, no darkness, even when these millions of objects move and increase. The picture, always faithful, reproduces, in an instant, with incredible fidelity the most rapid changes.

Thus, in the course of physical studies, man sometimes appears to us as an imperceptible atom in the midst of colossal masses, sometimes as a mighty giant who tramples down, at every step, millions of living beings. What grandeur!—what misery!—What is man, suspended thus, between two infinities! And yet who is he who has known how to resolve so many and such incredible problems? Here religion is heard: O man! be humble. It is little to respect God and admire him, you must give him your heart; and do not forget to pay him the tribute of your gratitude and love. It was under the influence of these sentiments, that St. Augustine, in contemplating the wonders scattered over the universe, exclaimed: *God is great in the greatest things, in such a manner, as not to be less in the less-*

*er.** And these are the sentiments which the study of natural sciences tends to awaken and nourish in our hearts.

How profound was the humility of those great men who have studied nature. A Galileo, a Euler, and above all a Newton—who never pronounced the name of God except by accompanying it with the two epithets adopted by the ancient Romans: *THE BEST* and *GREATEST*.† Who does not know how Newton was transported with admiration and love, in the midst of his sublime meditations?—Often was he heard, prostrated before the Creator, giving vent in eloquent prayers, to the sentiments with which his heart was penetrated.

Let every student of physical science imitate this noble model.—Let us remember that science should *confirm* faith, and *proclaim* religion. The false wisdom of the eighteenth century, armed with some superficial scientific notions, pretended to destroy the edifice of religion. In order to *crush* the founder of the church, they presumed to wield the arms of cosmogony, geology, and natural history. But, when these sciences unfolded to the world their most secret archives, their calumny fell upon its authors. Let our students follow the example of those of Calcutta and of the Annals of Christian Philosophy: let them seek in their investigations nothing but what is truly great and solid—the glory of God, and their own moral perfection.

* *Deus ita magnus est in maximis, ut non sit minor in minimis.*

† *OPTIMUS, MAXIMUS.*

WE cannot but call the especial attention of our subscribers to the original music, with which our periodical is ornamented, by the two distinguished brothers, C. M. & W. A. King. The reputation of the latter gentleman, as a pianist, and practical musician, has gone over the whole country: and the former knows no superior in the science of harmony and composition. The hymn in our last number, has been pronounced by competent judges, to be a chef d'oeuvre, in point of noble simplicity, and scientific adaptation to the words. In the present, there is another, by C. M. King, for three voices, which will be found in no way inferior to the others, which he has already given to the public, through the pages of the Expositor. We take this opportunity of again returning our thanks to these gentlemen for the interest they evince in the success of our work, the object of which, is no other, than to spread abroad, through a becoming medium, the principles of Catholicity, and beautiful literature. ERRORS.

SACRED LYRICS.

NO. IV. HYMN FOR VIRGINS.

WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

CHARLES M. KING.

For three Trebles, or two Trebles and Tenor.

MODERATO.

Je - sus the vir - gin's crown, Whose Mother, whose Moth - er, whose

Je - sus the vir - gin's crown, Whose Mother, Moth - er,

Je - sus the vir - gin's crown, Whose Mother, Moth - er,

Moth - er, without stain, A Vir - gin, a Vir - gin, a Vir - gin did re -

Moth - er, without stain, A Vir - gin, a Vir - gin, a Vir - gin did re -

Moth - er, without stain, A Vir - gin, a Vir - gin, a Vir - gin did re -

main, A Vir - gin, a Vir - gin did re - main,

main, A Vir - gin, a Vir - gin did re - main,

main, A Vir - gin, a Vir - gin did re - main, Upon our

Sacred Lyrics.

Pro - pi-tiously look down, - - - Pro-

Pro - pi-tiously look down, - - - Up-on our vows - - -

vows - - - Pro-

pi-tiously look down - - - Up-on our vows - - -

- - - s Pro - pi - tious-

pi-tiously look down. - - - Pro - pi - tious-

pp. **ral. P.**

- - - look down, Pro - pi - tious - ly look down.

pp. **ral. P.**

ly look down, Pro - pi - tious - ly look down.

pp. **ral. P.**

ly look down, Pro - pi - tious - ly look down.

Whose path 'mongst lilies lies,
With Virgins girt around ;
By thee, their spouse, they're crowned,
Wreathed, as thy spouses, in the glorious skies.

3.
Still do they follow thee,
Whitherso'e'r thy way ;
Singing their virgin lay,
Filling the heavens with sweetest melody.

Thee suppliantly we implore
 That thou would'st deign to impart
 One boon to every heart,
 That we corruption's bonds may know no more.

5.
Praise, honour, glory, power,
To God the Father be,
And to the Son, and thee,
Most holy Paraclete, for ever more.

LINES.

BY NICHOLAS J. KEEFE.

I.

I feel like one whose hopes have fled,
Who treads the earth forsaken ;
Whose joys lie buried with the dead,
From which they'll ne'er awaken.
The scenes, which once seem'd all so bright,
Have like a vision faded ;
My early dreams have sunk in night,
And darkly are they shaded.

II.

I think of days now past and gone,
When pleasure seem'd abiding ;
When smiling hope allured me on,
And bade me trust her guiding.
I think of joys which I have known,
When earth reflected gladness ;
I love to trace them one by one—
They soothe my spirit's sadness.

III.

The memory of those joys is dear,
And comes like sunshine, cheering,
That gilds the ocean's bosom drear,
Amid the storm's careering.
Those joys are gone, and with them too,
Are gone those friends unbending,
Whose steady hearts were warm and true,
Whose love was unpretending.

IV.

Whose warm affection brighter shone,
When adverse gales impended ;
Unlike the hollow friends I've known,
Whose love in falsehood ended.
Who, when my path was clear and bright,
With ready smiles would meet me ;
But when appear'd misfortune's night,
How coldly did they greet me.

V.

How deeply does it sear the heart,
To find our trusting's slighted ;
To feel the poison of the dart,
Which comes from feelings blighted.
And doubly bitter is the cup,
In which our hopes have perish'd ;
When to our lips 'tis handed up,
By those our bosoms cherish'd.

VI.

Oh ! then, it is the anguish'd heart,
Sees nothing bright before it,
But only knows and feels the smart,
Which festers keenly o'er it.
But, we must school that heart to trust,
Where changeless truth is given ;
To lift its longings 'bove the dust,
And place them firm on Heaven.



Engraved by Rawdon Wright, Hatch & Paulding

THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL
CINCINNATI

LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1949.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND MODERN MYTHICISM

is necessary, particularly in dreamy Germany, to broach systems of philosophy under more refined and attractive forms; systems founded on imagination, poetry, spiritualism.

VOL. II.—NO. V.

bat against it—it will not deny it if it does worse. It treats it as a conquered province, with an insulting affectation of good-humor and kindness; it even protects it; but for the purpose of seizing on our dogmas and transform them into theorems.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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No. 5.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND MODERN MYTHICISM.

It is impossible for any one who pursues the march of ideas, not to observe in the labor of modern Rationalism, especially in Germany, a mode of tactics diametrically opposed to that of the last century. Voltairianism derived its arguments from Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian the apostate. The impious allurements were altogether pagan. The great secret of its success was, while it acknowledged the authenticity of the sacred books, to disparage their authors, to represent them under a grotesque form, and turn them into ridicule.—The miraculous parts of these books presented in its view, nothing but fraud or ignorance. But that daring cynicism, that brutal impiety, which strode along with towering front, and without circumlocution, without disguise, is no longer the fashion—cannot find favor in the present age. It is necessary, particularly in dreamy Germany, to broach systems of philosophy under more refined and attractive forms; systems founded on imagination, poetry, spiritualism.

However, if modern Rationalism has not followed, principally along the

Rhine, in the criticism of our holy books, the route which had been traced out for it, this does not proceed from its approaching, in any way, our belief; or, as certain minds might, at first, have imagined when the philosophy of Kant and Goethe replaced that of Voltaire, that it raised up the ruins caused by impiety. Far from it. Although we are aware that the disciples of that school do not hesitate to proclaim, like Polyeuctes, "We are Christians." But who will be the victim of this ambush? Who cannot see, that if Rationalism admits our dogmas, it is merely to embody them in its thousands of errors—to absorb them in its bosom, and to convert them into its own substance. To behold the audacity with which it invades our faith, is it not evident that they regard it as a portion of its inheritance? It is true it does not arm itself to combat against it—it will not deny it; but it does worse. It treats it as a conquered province, with an insulting affectation of good-humor and kindness; it even protects it; but for the purpose of seizing on our dogmas to transform them into theorems. Is

not this hypocritical reconciliation something similar to that of Nero, who said: "I embrace my rival, but to stifle him." Whatever philosophy may assert, whatever it does, its tendency is the same: it gravitates always towards the same end. The truth is, that it merely exchanges the blunted weapons of the last century, to carry the warfare to another field: and if it appears to march through a different route, it is only for the purpose of trampling upon the ruins of the same belief.

Thank God! we are too well acquainted with the tendency of the fine words of the Eclectics and Pantheists. Eloquently has M. Ed. Quinet observed: "Christ on the Calvary of modern theology, endures a more cruel passion than on that of Golgotha. Neither the Pharisees, nor the Scribes of Jerusalem, ever presented him a more bitter chalice than that which the doctors of our days fill up for him."* Again: "The metaphysics of Hegel, daily becoming the mistress of the age, is that which is most vaunted for its absolute conformity in doctrine, with positive religion. To believe it, it would appear nothing else than the catechism transfigured; the very identity of science with revelation, or rather, absolutely the Bible. As it gave itself forth as the last word of reason, it was natural that it should regard Christianity as the last word of faith. After explanations so frank, so clear, so satisfactory, what has been found at the bottom of this orthodoxy? A tradition, without a gospel; a dogma, without immortality; and a Christianity, without Christ."†

In effect, our books are the foundation of our faith—the corner-stone of our edifice—the principle of its solidity. If you destroy them, the whole

edifice must fall with them. But is not this the aim to which all the efforts of Rationalism tend in Germany? What becomes of the sacred Scriptures in their hands? They are changed into a collection of moral allegories, fragments of rhapsodies, or of an eternal epopea, of symbols, fictions, and an incoherent series of free poems and mythology. Let us examine the nature of this theory.

We must first remark that it derived its origin from the Pantheistic schools, and that its point of departure is nothing more nor less, than Rationalism. For how do these symbolists proceed? They transform into fact, some one of those thousand hypothesis which spring up in their brains like mushrooms after a shower, and then wish to palm it upon us as a law of the human mind. According to them, the first development of intelligence in its simplicity, is mythical. Go to the source of all religions, of all the most ancient histories, mythicism forms their basis, their essence. But this mythicism is not a positive fiction, or a premeditated imposture, but the reproduction of a fact or idea, which the genius, the symbolical language, the imagination of antiquity, have necessarily tinged with their colorings; they penetrate into the domains of history and philosophy; whence historical and philosophical mythicism. The former is the narration of real events, destined to convey a knowledge of the tendency of antiquity; to join and confound the divine with the human, the natural with the supernatural; the latter is a translation, always altered, of a thought, of a speculation, of an idea, from its primitive condition. But this is not the effect of a preconceived system, but the furtive work of tradition. With regard to the origin of philosophic mythicism, nothing is more simple. As abstract ideas and expressions do an injustice to the ancient sages, and as, on the other hand,

* Art. sur Strauss, *Revue des deux mondes*, Dec. 1838.

† Ibid.

they meant to be understood by the crowd, accessible only to sensible ideas, they had recourse to a figurative representation, which rendered their ideas more clear, and served as a development of their conceptions. Such, we are told, is the general theory of mythicism. Let us now see the proofs on which it is established.

We have seen, that the partisans of this system, in order to explain the presence of mythicism at the bottom of all religions and of ancient histories, have recourse to a spontaneous development of the human mind. Do you wish to know how they pretend to give to this supposition the certitude of a theorem of geometry? Represent to yourself the first men thrown upon the earth, it is not exactly known how, placed alone in presence of the material world, without any idea, without any knowledge inherent in their nature, but in possession of faculties more or less vast, which must necessarily develop themselves under the influences of external causes. How long a time would pass, before they would arrive at the consciousness of their personality? This is one of the *desiderata* of the system, or, if the solution of the problem is found, they have thought best to reserve it for the initiated. Then, all of a sudden, by an instantaneous illumination, the human intellect awakens, with the faculties proper to it, to an intellectual and moral life! Man, who, up to this moment, had paid no attention to the spectacle which the universe unfolded to his gaze, began to know himself and distinguish himself from all that was not himself. Nor is this all: on entering thus into the possession of life, he seized, without any concurrence of his will, without any mixture of reflection, the great elements which constitute him—the idea of the infinite, and finite, and of their relations. “He attained immediately, spontaneously, to all the great truths, and all the essential

truths.”* “The reason of his being, his end, his destinies, appear to him clearly in this primitive perception, and all these perceptions manifest themselves in a language harmonious and pure, the living mirror of his soul. Now, *this spontaneous action of reason in its greatest energy, is inspiration*, and the first product of inspiration, of spontaneity, is religion.”† It expresses itself in hymns and canticles; its language is poesy, and mythicism necessarily the form under which the privileged ones who possess this faculty in its high power, transmit to the crowd *the truths revealed by inspiration*.

What now, should be thought of this hypothesis? As for us, it appears that no system could embrace more impossibilities, or be more in opposition to facts, logic, and tradition. What is this pretended spontaneity which serves as a foundation of it! A revery, a gratuitous hypothesis, a fallacious protestation against the authority of history, a foolish attempt to substitute I know not what chimera to the divine act, the supernatural operation, to exterior revelation which illumined the cradle of humanity. The symbolists will endeavor in vain to stifle truth under the mass of hypothesis—and we will always arrive, by following the thread of ancient traditions, to an age when man in coming forth from the hands of his Creator, received immediately all lights and truths; to an age, when God, to make use of the expressions of the holy books, *bowing down the heights of the Heavens, descended himself on earth* to instruct his creature. Such has ever been the belief of human-kind. Now, what value, what force, can those arbitrary hypotheses have against this constant and universal tradition? But, independently of

* Cousin, *Cours d'histoire de la Philos.* p. 43.

† *Id.* ubi *supr.*

the unanimous consent of all nations, who place Eden at the commencement of all history, and preserve the memory of the primitive fall of man, reason alone is sufficient to demonstrate the absurdity of this theory.—Has it not been proved even to satiety, that had man been left in the condition in which he is represented in his origin, he never could have arisen from it! Is it not evident to any one who can understand the language of sound metaphysics, that the human mind is in an absolute impossibility of inventing thought, creating ideas and speech, producing society and religion; that an external excitement was necessary to give intellectual, as well as physical life.* Moreover, if God had created man with ideas and speech, if he has given fecundity to his thought, if he has revealed to him a religion, once in possession of these elements of spiritual life, must they not naturally have developed themselves? To what purpose, therefore, recur to the spontaneity of the human mind? “Ideas and expressions,” says Maret, “these are the conditions of their manifestations. How could the mythic form be contained in these necessary conditions? Is it not altogether a complication entirely useless? Let this necessity be proved. We are constrained to agree that the creation of mythicism is a very complicated operation—for it would accord to the first of our race extraordinary faculties, which are not analagous in the actual state of civilization. In effect, what power must not be supposed in the inventors of mythicism to be able to harmonize, to assort ideas and symbols, and cause them to be adopted by others. This would lead us into the supernatural, from which they had hoped to escape by the theory of mythicism. Let them not attempt to free themselves from their

difficulty by saying that mythicism is not the creation of a single man, but of a people, a nation, an age. This answer only renews the difficulty, and renders inexplicable the unity which is remarked and admired in history.”†

And what must be thought of the good faith of these inventors? Can we conceive that a man of sound mind can deceive himself so far as to adopt as realities the ravings of the imagination? And yet, these are the foundations on which the theory of the Mythics reposes. When, in order to deny the supernatural and divine order, they are reduced to these wretched assertions, they will end only in bringing upon their enterprize discredit and ridicule, and by strengthening the truth they were laboring to destroy.

Yet, while we declare this system impossible, and contrary to facts, when employed for the purpose of proving that the first developments of the human mind, and the ancient religions, are essentially mythical, we are far from denying the existence of Mythicism. We reject this system, taken in an absolute sense; but we willingly acknowledge it when confined to certain limits. It may put us in the way of reconstructing truths that have been corrupted in the Mythologies. As these are an alteration of primitive religion—and not primitive religion itself—it is clear that we may always discover at the bottom of them, traditions and facts—distorted, it is true, by time and the labor of men. But how different from this is the system of our modern symbolists? We need only remember what the *Iliad* becomes under the pen of Wolf, and Roman History in the hands of Niebuhr, to understand what would be the fate of books the most authentic, if condemned, with impunity, to this bed of Proustes.

The Rationalists have made our sa-

* Bonald, *Recherches philosoph.* L'abbé Maret. *Essai sur le panthéisme*, chap. 4

† Maret, *ubi supr.*, p. 410-411.

cred books the special object of their attacks—not one have they spared. But it is particularly on the ancient testament that they have made the experiment of their system: and there is not a fact which transcends the natural order, nor a solitary personage whose proportions surpass the ordinary proportions of humanity, but they have found means to convert into Mythicism. Read all their works, and you will find that, according to them, the picture of the creation, of the fall of man, of the deluge, of the confusion of tongues, as well as the principal circumstances of the lives of Moses and Samson, are mere mythological events, which merit just as much faith as the Metamorphoses of Ovid!

They can prescribe laws to direct you in the explanation of them. We have heard an eleve of the Schellings and Paulus, a salaried Professor of Prussia, M. Weeklein, profess to hold as prejudices, reveries, and fantasies, the menacing voice addressed to Cain after the murder of his brother, and the command given to God by Cyrus!—We have heard him teach publicly, that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were the dupes of illusion when they imagined they spoke to the Almighty—that God assisted Noah in building the Ark, as Diana aided Strophius; that he gave strength to Gideon and Samson, as Jupiter to the Trojans; that the departure of Enoch and Elias is equivalent in fable to the rape of Ganymede, etc., etc. Their audacity does not stop here. The books of the ancient Testament being once rejected, Mosaism once placed below Mahomedanism, nothing remained but to strip the Jehovah of the Jews of all his greatness and power. Hear the language of one of the precursors of Strauss: “The Jehovah of Moses was not at all that loving and affectionate being whom Abraham venerated: he was neither the author of the world, nor the Father of men. He was one of those Gods, the number of

whom no one can determine: a God towards whom every sensible heart remained closed, and from whom every thinking mind withdrew.”* Another makes him a mere household deity of the family of Abraham; but he was afterwards raised by David, Solomon, and the Prophets, to the dignity of the Creator of the world.† Vatke makes him languish obscurely, in a protracted state of childhood, among the Jews; grow and increase, and develop himself at Babylon during their exile, and become there an undefined compound of Hercules of Tyre and Chronos of Syria.‡ These are some of the fruits of this modern exegesis. If the error could not be detected in its principle, it would be sufficient merely to point to such consequences, in order to demonstrate its falsity and horrible impiety.

But still more copiously to elucidate the nature of this Mythicism, we will present the reader with a valuable extract from Jahn, the learned Professor of Archæology at Vienna, where his essays are fully appreciated:

“The principal reason,” he remarks, “on which the pretensions of the mythical interpretation of the ancient Testament is founded, are to be described in the ideas of Varro. He says that the ages of the world may be divided into obscure, mythical, and historical times. Among all nations, history is at first obscure and uncertain, then mythological or allegorical, and finally positively historical. And why, they ask, if this be the case with all other people, is it not the same with the Hebrews?”

The witnesses, who should most perfectly satisfy us with regard to the legitimacy of this mythical interpre-

* Luders, *Histoire inconographique des principaux peuples de l'ancien monde.*

† Janisch, *aperçu universel sur le développement de la race humaine.* Buchhloz, *Dissertation historico-politique sur Moïse et Jesus Christ.* Berlin, 1803.

‡ De Vatke, *Theologie Biblique*, p. 334.

tation of the Bible, are certainly the first Christians, who had been Pagans themselves, and among whom are numbered learned men and great philosophers. Now, they could not be ignorant of the principle of Varro.—They were acquainted with the mythology of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Persians, better than we are at the present day. From their youth, the new converts had been familiar with these products of the imagination. They had long honored them. They had an opportunity of studying and discovering all the subtleties of interpretation, by the aid of which, men had sought to sustain the credit of these monuments. Then, when these neophytes began to read the bible, is it probable that they would not have detected and brought out this mythicism, if any had existed? Yet, they view in the bible nothing but a pure and simple history. We must, therefore, following the opinion of these competent and ancient judges, acknowledge that there is a great difference between the mythology of the Pagans, and the nature of the Bible.

Were we to apply to that inspired volume the principle of Varro, we would not find in it those obscure or uncertain times, which precede the apparition of mythology. The Hebrew annals do not suppose them.—Thus these annals differ essentially from those of any other people. On the other hand, the most ancient legends of other nations begin with polytheism: they not only speak of alliances between the Gods and mortals, but they even narrate the crimes of the celestials, describe the wars among the immortals: they divinize the sun, moon, and stars; admit a crowd of demi-gods, genii, demons; and bestow apotheosis on every inventor of a useful art. If they present a chronology, it amounts to nothing, or is very gigantic. Their geography displays but a vast field peopled with chimeras—and thus do they give full scope

to the most extravagant imaginations.

But it is quite otherwise with the Biblical records. They commence by declaring that there is *ONE GOD*, Creator of all things, whose power is irresistible. He wills, and instantly all things are! In them we find no chimerical chaos of the other nations, no rebellious matter, no Ahriman the genius of evil. Here the sun, moon, stars, far from being Gods, are made for the use of man, diffusing light, and measuring the course of time. All great inventions are made by men, who remain mere men. Chronology proceeds in a natural sense, and geography does not rush beyond the boundaries of the earth. There are no transformations, no metamorphoses; nothing, in a word, that so clearly indicates, in the books of the most ancient people, the traces of imagination and mythicism. But this knowledge of the Creator, without any mixture of superstition, could not be derived except through divine revelation.

Among almost all people, mythology is exercised in the night of years, when the imagination did not dread facts, and it became extinguished as soon as history dawned. The Hebrew monuments, on the contrary, are less filled with prodigious things in ancient times, than in more modern. If the writer had desired to give us a heap of dubious legends, fictions, mythologies, he would surely have placed them far back in the gloom of the past, instead of exposing himself to be contradicted by placing them at a period when positive history possessed a thousand means of combating and destroying them.*

Let us then sum up the results of our observations:

I. The first Christians, reared in Paganism, familiar with the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman mythologies, re-

* Jahn, *Biblisch Archaeol.* Erst. Theil, Vorrede, l. 28.

cognized nothing mythical, but pure history, in the Bible.

II. The annals of the Hebrews do not suppose, like those of other nations, the obscure and uncertain times which preceded the apparition of mythology.

III. The knowledge of God the Creator, which was preserved pure and unadulterated among the Jews alone, could only be derived from a divine revelation : it has not its source in polytheism.

IV. What strikes us in the ancient Testament is, that so few prodigies are related of the most ancient, and so

many of the more recent, times : the contrary is observed among other people.

V. The nature of the Biblical traditions preserved them without alteration, down to the times when they were collected together by Moses.

Thus do we hope to have proved satisfactorily, to every dispassionate reader, (and we owe the substance of this article to a distinguished French writer, V. Cauvigny,) that the system of Rationalists, as it now develops itself, especially in Germany, is without foundation, and leads to infidelity and polytheism.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS CHRIST.*

BY L'ABBE COMBALOT.

Christianity is, at the present time, attacked in two fundamental points—both in its method of teaching, and in the logical foundations of its doctrines. Men will not recognize either the authority of the Church which teaches, or the Divinity of Jesus Christ, the head of all Christian virtue. They will not acknowledge the authority of the Church, because they find it too humiliating for human reason. They reject the Divinity of Jesus Christ, either as incompatible with philosophic pride, which denies all the mysteries it cannot explain, or because, if Jesus were recognized as a God, all the other revealed dogmas must inevitably be admitted. But he who trusts in his reason only for the discovery of all truth, and who rejects, at the same time, the mysterious chain by which

God and humanity unite themselves in the Word made flesh, is forced to admit either that reason is infallible, or to deny the existence of God, with whom he sees no more necessary intercourse, or to declare himself God, or a modification of God. One of these consequences must follow, if the authority of the Church is rejected : either the apotheosis of reason, or the denial of the existence of Christ, if his divinity is rejected, or Pantheism more or less complete, or the denial of God himself. We only glance very rapidly at the result of modern philosophy. We contend that atheism and pantheism must be the consequence of the denial of the divinity of Jesus Christ. Now if these two errors, the denial of the authority of the Church, and of the divinity of Jesus Christ, have such a striking coincidence in their consequences, it is easy to comprehend how much more striking will be the agreement between

* Translated from the *Annales de Philosophie Chretienne*, for the Catholic Expositor.

the two opposed truths. In fact, the authority of the church being founded on the mission of Jesus Christ, in whose name she speaks; and on the other hand, the divinity of Jesus Christ being the interior medium of grace by which the Word enters the intelligence of created man, while the exterior word of the church strikes his ears, it must be said that the authority of the church and the divinity of Christ lose themselves, in the eyes of the Christian enlightened by faith, in one and the same mystery of Love, in the mission which the Father gave to the uncreated word, to restore light and peace to the world plunged in error and guilt: "Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis." But as, at the present time, more than ever, human thought seeks in its own powers to discover the law of reason, and its agreements with God, it is of extreme importance to show that this reason, darkened by sin, must be enlightened by an exterior and permanent revelation; and that the union with God, which was broken by the same cause, cannot be formed anew but by a man-God—but by JESUS CHRIST. The divinity of Christ and the authority of the church must be established; and, uniting in one, sustain themselves mutually; so that one dogma cannot be shaken without demolishing the other. These reflections explain why M. Abbe Combalot wished to present both the question of the church and that of the incarnation at the same time: for while errors, for the most part, have only to be confronted with each other to be destroyed, so particular truths need only be compared with each other in order to be traced to the first source of all truth, which is God. And it is one of the most consoling spectacles for the Christian to see each dogma manifested by faith, as fast as they approach one another, uniting in the centre of divine light, like the beams

of the sun, which, descending in different directions, lose themselves in one and the same source of light. In the third book against the Academicians, St. Augustine writes: "No one doubts that we are constrained, in the order of knowledge, by authority and reason: and, for my part, I am resolved never to turn away from the authority of Christ; for I find nothing so exalted but is taught by this authority. We must search, by the efforts of reason; and such is my disposition, that I desire to seize all truth, not only by faith, but by intelligence."

These words explain the thought of Mr. Combalot: he wishes, from the very foundation of faith, to spring into the infinite developments which the contemplation of the Catholic dogmas presents. He begins by stating the different orders of knowledge to which an intelligent creature can arise; the powers of which man was deprived by original sin; the necessity of a master to instruct us. This master, who is Jesus Christ, spoke to us during his mortal life, and continues so to do by the voice of the CHURCH: so that the church is but Christ continuing to instruct men. Wherefore, if Christ is God, the voice of the church is that of God; and it follows, if Jesus Christ is not God, all belief is taken from the church.

Men do not reflect on the double character which the Church presents in the order of her doctrines; and it is for this reason that she is accused of being guilty of a *vicious circle*. She addresses herself to the incredulous as a witness of the supernatural facts which prove the divinity of Christ; and she says, either Jesus is God or nothing, is certain in human history: for this dogma rests on a series of facts which cannot be shaken, without shaking all human certitude. The divinity of the Saviour, established on the inevitable necessity of affirming something that has taken place, the church attaches to it the first link of

the long chain of traditions which extends down eighteen centuries ; and as Christ said to the heads of this church, " He that heareth you, heareth me," it is incontestable, that in listening to the voice of the heads of the church who succeed one another in the lapse of time, we will hear the echo of the voice of God proceeding from the depths of eternity, to instruct all generations.

But let us observe an extraordinary fact : the church, the depositary of the title of the divinity of Christ, offers divine facts to establish this dogma. For all truth must be shown by an analogous order of proofs ; and it is here that we must admire the harmony which subsists between the dogma of the divinity of Christ and of the proofs which establish it. What do we mean when we affirm that Jesus Christ is God, if not that the Divine is united to the human nature, in a closer manner than the soul to the body ? To contest this fact, we must prove that God holds a relation with man—he has the right to require the exercise of his reason by titles more irrefragable than those put forth by man, to be believed by his fellow man. These titles are miracles—miracles are the credentials of God ; for his envoys, by miracles, prove the relation of God with men, in a divine and human manner—divine, since it emanates from God ; human, since it speaks to man. On this account, the miracles of the ancient Testament announced Christ, accustoming men to the possibility of seeing God in communion with misery, under the veil of humanity.

If the miracles of the old law have been the forerunners of the preaching of Christ, the existence of the church is the continuation of it—one, universal, perpetual, holy. In vain are heresies formed—detached branches severed from the trunk, like to a sapling, which, as it falls, strikes against a rock, and carries with it into the abyss

some loose fragments, while the rock remains firm and solid. So the house of God is sometimes shaken by the generations that pass with time, but *it does not pass* ; but always spreads abroad the light of ALL TRUTH, and the sweet perfume of ALL VIRTUES. The church, the spouse of the man-God, is in some degree identified with its founder, who is one with its members, as God is one in his triple personality. She is universal because God is so—holy because God is holy.

The divinity of Christ is established on the testimony of facts, and the authority of the church is supported by the authority of God. Faith has placed us in accordance with the mediator—God and man. If we exercise our reason on a point, *quod*, says Saint Augustine, *subtilissima ratione persequendum est*, we will find that we are standing in a new world. God, his nature, the Trinity, the operations of the adorable persons, the creation, the origin of man, his fall, his reparation, his glorification—this is what Christ has made known to us, and what reason, aided by faith, contemplates on the earth, through a veil, obscure, though transparent, which will be removed only at the end of years.

Let us never forget that the incarnate word of God acts on man. He speaks with the authority of God ; he reveals the science of God, as far as should be known ; and he subjugates human knowledge by the power of the church. It is our obedience which he wishes ; and it is necessary that, being separated from God, we should return to him in spirit, by our obedience. Obedience of spirit is faith ; and it is in this sense that St. Augustine declares that Christ is the monarch of it : *imperator fidei*. He commands once : and when that is done, he pours his light upon the spirit that pants after knowledge, and introduces a train of ideas too lofty to be attained by the power of human fancy.

But why, it is objected, bring such matters up among philosophic discussions? Why? we must avoid, then, all Catholic controversies; and, though assailed by the attacks of numberless enemies, we must remain hushed in eternal silence. Such was not the idea of the fathers of the primitive church: they left not a single charge, alleged by the Pagans, unanswered. They met with authority and logic the heretics who wished to break the bond of faith. Such is not the sentiment that Bossuet manifested, in his polemical works against Protestants. For ourselves, we entertain the con-

viction, that if discussions do not convert, they strengthen the faith of believers. After all, Mr. Combalot's book is less a controversial work than an expose of the dogmas of the church. It is not when the world asks, "What is truth?" that we should shrink from the task of showing its full light. It is not when modern sophists, mimicking those of ancient Greece, attempt to pity the folly of the cross, that we must blush at the gospel: for the gospel is God speaking to men. It is the preaching of Christ continued through the ministry, and by the authority of the CHURCH.

C. G.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

CHARGE OF THE BISHOP OF OXFORD REVIEWED.

Never since its establishment, has the Church of England been so shaken to its centre. Linked, by act of parliament, with the very existence of the English constitution, rolling in unbounded affluence, it had almost fancied itself, in the pride of imaginary security, the *Catholic* church. But that which had hitherto been its support, now becomes the cause of its decay. Its high functionaries wielded too much power in the control of its immense revenues and extensive influence—it proved, in fact, the overgrown offspring of legislation. What were the consequences? Instead of advancing, the established church has long stood still—was now fast losing ground; its precepts and discipline, seldom enforced, were scarcely considered worthy of regard; its members fell into an apathy that was totally indifferent to its interests, and this, too, while the human intellect was making stupendous exertions to improve in every thing that can be-

nefit mankind. When suddenly, at the very seat of its learning, there appears a cloud, small, indeed, at first, but steadily and rapidly advancing, till, gathering its mighty strength, it hurls its anathema against Protestantism itself. A reaction *must* take place. Dr. Pusey and his associates lead the van—they commence the arduous undertaking of again *reforming* the English church, or rather, of bringing her back to the good old days of ancient Catholicism; their productions appear in a series of papers, which they appropriately enough style, *Tracts for the Times*; they meet with a determined and malignant opposition; number after number appears, each leading a step further; they are accused of *heresy*—the crisis arrives, and the Bishop of Oxford, thinking perhaps, that the *Times* are not suited for the *Tracts*, in the very heart of enlightened England, silences the voice of the press.

And yet the principles which the

Tracts proclaimed, are not now for the first time heard; they are not new, far from it; they have long been cherished with a fond veneration, by the holy Catholic church, and handed down, from generation to generation, even to the present day. The doctrines of Oxford, such of them, at least, as differ from Protestantism, properly so called, are merely a recurrence to old principles; and if we consider the character of the men that have so boldly and fearlessly advanced them—their well-known reputation for ability and deep research, it affords us another and a conclusive proof of their divine truth. Such are the principles of Oxford—such their extraordinary rise and progress.

It was on the occasion of his visitation, after the suppression of the Tracts, that the Bishop of Oxford delivered the charge, which we presume to review.

Written in a spirit of calmness and studied moderation, with an appearance too, of impartiality, clothed in all the dignity of its author's office, it is well calculated to effect the object for which it was evidently intended. Pursuing that "middle course" which has always been the characteristic of the Church of England and of its divines, it studiously endeavors to reconcile opinions the most discordant, and while without condemning the principles of the Puseyites, it would guard against their *tendency*, it cautiously attempts to pacify and keep within its own bosom the Calvinistic expounders of its famous thirty-nine articles. This might appear unobjectionable, but the learned bishop, after all this show of candor and love of peace, openly disdains to mediate with "Rome" and shudders at the thought of peace and union with "her errors and superstitions." This it is that gives character at once to his sincerity and moderation, to his dignified mildness and charitable intentions.—We might well expect the worthy suc-

cessor of John Knox to prate about "errors" and "superstitions," "insidious" and "anti-Christian character of Rome;" his stupidity would excite a sense of compassion, or his wilful misrepresentations, supreme contempt; when, however, we hear the Bishop of Oxford retailing these exploded calumnies and falsehoods, we must impute it, we will not say to the man, but to the cause.

The first thing that strikes us in this able and curious document, is the caution with which the learned bishop proceeds; he seems to have an insuperable dread of attacking the matter in hand. Thus, in no less than six passages, in the very commencement of his charge, he fails not to warn us that he is not condemning the doctrines themselves; oh! no—he merely speaks of their *existence*, as an undeniable matter of fact, then of the manner of their growth, which he admits to be very extraordinary, but he hazards not the remark that they deserved the chilling reception they have met with, he only states an admitted fact! Then, too, he speaks in very high terms of the doctrines themselves, praises the qualities, which he virtually admits to be wanting in the established religion—but utterly condemns, as offensive to Christian charity, the harsh and degrading epithets that have been cast with no unsparing hand upon the able professors of Oxford. And here the eye is arrested by as singular a piece of inconsistency as even a Protestant divine was ever guilty of; for we have already seen that he forgets his scruples and hesitates not to employ terms equally malignant against the Church of Rome—truly his tender conscience is a great misfortune.

But to proceed. After all this preparation, conducted, it must be confessed, with adroit tact and deep policy, we are next presented with some remarks upon the nature, or rather, the *tendency* of the Oxford divinity.

Here we learn that the solicitude of the pastor was awakened, not from any apprehension for the teacher, but for the disciple.—Naturally enough, we presume, if the Tracts did contain any thing objectionable, but attracted no attention, and gained no followers, they would certainly prove harmless; hence the paternal care of the bishop was very justly alarmed. Here, too, we learn, that although the bishop cannot persuade himself that any but the plain meaning is the true interpretation of the articles of his church, still, if within certain limits, they may be *contorted* so as not to force persons of a Calvinistic bias to leave the church; so, on the other hand, they may be *stretched* so as not to force persons of an opposite bias *into communion with Rome*. In these few last words is contained the whole secret of the bishop's uneasiness. But we must not be too severe. Notwithstanding this comprehensive mode of interpretation, by which the articles may be made to mean, in his own language, *any thing or nothing*, the ninetieth tract seems principally to have transgressed, and this it was that proved the immediate cause of their discontinuance.

We, who are aware of the vain attempts of those, who have separated from the church, to conceal the wound of their schism, will be not a little amused at this *increasing sense of its guilt* which has been the happy result of the Tracts for the Times; but it undoubtedly bears too great a resemblance to the ingenuity of the thief, when hotly pursued, himself joining in the hue and cry to escape detection. If, however, this pious dread of the *guilt of schism*, be really sincere, we would suggest to those, who are influenced by it, that a little knowledge of history would materially contribute to their return to the faith of their forefathers.

We might offer many remarks and suggestions on almost every sentence,

but this course would only increase the extent of this review, already lengthened beyond our intention.—The charge will doubtless be very generally read, and private reflection may easily supply whatever our space and time oblige us to omit.

The bishop evidently thinks the revival of obsolete practices, the use of vestments and manuals of private devotion, extracted from the breviary, savor too much of popery; hence we may naturally expect their condemnation; but the chief ground of his pastoral anxiety is the danger of depriving the *young* and ardent mind, of a thing so definite and tangible as the prayer-book.

Again, the bishop's sensibility is highly excited at the audacity of those who dare even attack the reformers; posterity, he thinks, are their debtors to an incalculable amount, although "the church did suffer in that great convulsion in some not unimportant respects; that there was much fearful crime, much iniquitous sacrilege, much done that had better been left undone." Pray what have they gained? We are not even informed. Immediately following, however, we have the whole cause of this surprising delicacy. Far from denying that the strictures on the reformation and the reformers, were just and merited, he only insists that they have "a direct tendency to produce that frame of mind, which under-estimates the intolerable evils and errors of the Romish system . . . conceals its *guilt*," adding, at the same time, that the *self-willed*, the *half-educated* are thus inclined to seek, in communion with the Catholic church, the unity which their own religion cannot give and the support of a guide which claims to be infallible. This paragraph deserves attention, for of all others it serves most fully to develop the true cause of all this anxiety, to disclose the secret spring of the late movement with regard to the Oxford Tracts.

We will not stop to offer any further comments on the danger which we find here again alluded to, in very strong terms, "of a secession from our ranks to those of Rome;" to us, it does not appear very astonishing; nor to mention the names of those highly respected and well-known individuals, whose defection has of late caused so much surprise on the one hand, and heartfelt joy on the other—especially as the few *sad* cases that have fallen under the very eyes of the bishop himself, have not changed his opinion with regard to the faithfulness of his reverend brethren. But we do not think these honored men, who so nobly sacrificed every thing for their honest convictions, ever belonged to the Calvinistic school; strong minds they may, and certainly do, possess; but we were inclined to infer, that it was only the *self-willed and half-educated*, who embraced "the errors of Rome."

Meantime, we must not be ungrateful, and we desire here to record the deep sense of gratitude, with which we appreciate the admission, however ill-intentioned, that our church has

not altered one jot or tittle from her ancient character—this is our pride and our boast—our faith is unchanged—unchangeable. Were it otherwise, instead of representing our creed "not as it is, but as we wish it to be," what could be easier than to remodel it so as to suit even the fastidious bishop himself?

But we must bid this lengthy charge adieu. We commend its attentive perusal to every Catholic; in it he will find much for congratulation that his is the belief that knows no alteration; the same that the faithful have cherished in every age and clime more than life or earthly honor; its principles like those of truth and justice, are as immovable as the rock on which they are founded; other opinions have passed away; thrones and dynasties, once great and powerful, are now almost forgotten; yet amid all this wreck of perishable things, our faith, pure and holy, coming down to us with the grave and venerable sanctity that antiquity bestows, stands the monument of the divine wisdom of its Author—eternal—immutable. G.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER VII.

Dov' e, Signor, la tua grandezza antica
E l'animato di luce e l'aureo trono?

TOMMASEO.

"My author stated in the seventh place," said Charles, "that it was foretold that Christ should work mir-

acles. This we find in Isaiah: *
'Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilder.

* Chap. 35, verses 5, 6.

ness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.' "

"How admirably has this prediction been accomplished in Jesus Christ!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Read the Evangelists, and Jesus is every where represented working the most extraordinary wonders, of his own power," continued Charles. "St. Matthew expressly states, that He went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom: and *healing all manner of sickness, and every infirmity among the people...* and they brought to him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and such as were possessed by devils, and lunatics, and those that had the palsy, and *he healed them.** He cleansed the leper; † healed the Centurion's servant; ‡ cured the woman troubled with an issue of blood; § raised to life the daughter of Jairus; || gave sight to the blind; || called Lazarus from his grave, after having been three days dead; ¶ and performed innumerable other prodigies, related in different parts of the Gospels."

"We cannot refuse to believe these prodigies performed by Christ," remarked Elizabeth; "but did he communicate the power of working miracles to his disciples?"

"He certainly did," replied Charles, "and that, too, for an unlimited time."

"Will you please to cite the words of our Redeemer, Mr. Clermont?"

Charles cheerfully acquiesced, and read the following passage:

"And going, he thus addressed them, 'Preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven is at hand. *Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils.*'** And we would remark,

that since it is granted, on all hands, that the commission to preach was not limited to the Apostles, but was to continue for ever, in their successors, so no reasoning man can hesitate to admit that the power of working miracles is to continue, likewise, with their successors."

"Then, it is not true, that miracles have ceased," said Elizabeth.

"Not more so than the preaching of the Gospel has ceased," returned Charles.

"I wonder how men can presume to limit the power of God," said Paulina. "He who could work so many, and such unprecedented wonders through his Apostles, is equally able to work the same through other instruments, in every age."

"Not only able," added Charles, "but he promised to do so—and in every century, since the times of the Apostles, miracles have been wrought, which converted nations, and gave the sanction of the Omnipotent to the doctrines taught by the church. It is self-evident, as long as there are people to be converted, so long must the means of converting and convincing them be continued in the church, and the first are miracles."

"We may observe, however, Miss Preston," he added, "that while every Catholic is obliged to believe in the existence of the power of miracles in the church, we are not bound to admit any particular fact as miraculous, only as far as we may be induced, by a strict examination of the circumstances, witnesses, &c. &c. From which you see how false and groundless, then, is the assertion of Protestants and Unitarians, that the Catholic cannot exert his reason, or have recourse to criticism, but must blindly and slavishly submit to the decision of others. Moreover, the Catholic is not a Catholic, precisely because he is born such—but it is his duty to reason on the grounds why he believes in that church—he should investigate whether it was

* Chap. 4, verses 23, 24.

† Matthew, chap. 8, verse 3.

‡ Verse 13.

§ Matthew, chap. 9, verses 22, 25.

|| Verses 29, 30.

¶ John, chap. 11.

** Matthew, chap. 10, verse 8.

established by Christ ; whether it was so established, that it could never fail or err : of course, whether it be *infalible* : if he convinces himself of these important points, (and he cannot but do it if he examine the subject conscientiously,) then his reason will rest satisfied as to the particular doctrines taught by the Church ; because, if the Church cannot err, then he is not uneasy about his condition, if he submit, with humility and simplicity, to her authority."

"I am glad that you have touched on this subject, Mr. Clermont," said Elizabeth ; "a few hints of this kind, *en passant*, serve to throw considerable light on my mind, and to impart satisfaction to my conscience."

"Your future disquisitions, Elizabeth," said Paulina, "will lead you into all the details of faith—at present, you are confining yourself, in great measure, to the fundamental topic. But we must beware not to digress too far from our main question. Then tell us, Charles, what was the next prediction concerning Christ?"

"That he was to redeem mankind, and to die for their salvation. This great event was foretold by Isaiah, if I remember right. Yes, by Isaiah, and likewise by Daniel. I will read the passages. In the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, we read that he was to be despised and rejected of men ; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.* Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.† But he was wounded for our transgressions ; he was bruised for our iniquities."‡

"Alas ! how little do we think of the sufferings of our Saviour," exclaimed Paulina. "You recollect, Charles, the lines of a pious poet :

"Who can believe what power to crime was given !

Lo, on the cross the holy one of Heaven,

His hands and feet transfigured ; his limbs all o'er

Bruised and deformed, his head defiled with gore.

The hands of Adam in his guiltless blood, And those of Pilate were alike imbrued."

"The words of Daniel," said Charles, "I quoted above, 'and after threescore and two weeks shall the Messiah be cut off,' § &c."

"Does Daniel speak of his descent into hell, and his resurrection on the third day, Charles," asked Paulina.

"No, dear Paulina," he returned.

"These two great events were foretold by the royal prophet, and prefigured by Jonas. 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hell,' cries out David in the name of the Messiah, 'nor wilt thou give thy holy one to see corruption.'|| 'And Jonas was three days and three nights in the fish's belly.'"

"Our Saviour himself proposed Jonas as an example of himself, you remember, Elizabeth, when the incredulous people demanded a sign from Heaven," observed Paulina.

"His resurrection from the dead he foretold in the most explicit terms," said Charles. "I will destroy the temple, and in three days will rebuild it : and the evangelist remarks that he spoke of the temple of his body ; and this fact should be sufficient to prove his divinity to his worst enemies, in the opinion of any reasoning mind. For it appears evident, that to rise from death, of his own power, was a greater exertion of omnipotence than to create the world ; and that he did rise, no doubt can be entertained by any one styling himself Christian. Even the Unitarian admits that he arose. His frequent apparitions prove that fact beyond the possibility of a doubt ; and I am singularly surprized that our good Unitarian friends, admitting this extraordinary fact, do not exclaim with Thomas—

* Verse 3.

† Verse 4.

‡ Verse 5.

§ Chapter 9, verse 26.

|| Psalm 15, 10.

¶ Jonas, chap. 2, verse 1.

'My Lord and my God.' His resurrection was followed by his ascension into Heaven."

"By whom was that glorious triumph predicted, Mr. Clermont?" asked Elizabeth.

"By the Psalmist," he returned.—"Thou hast ascended into Heaven,' sings the Royal Prophet, 'thou hast led captivity captive.'"^{*}

"Nothing could be plainer," said Elizabeth.

"The Psalmist likewise declares that he has taken his seat at the right hand of God, does he not, Charles?" asked Paulina.

"In the most express terms. 'The Lord hath said unto my Lord, sit thou down at my right hand.'[†] It was from the right hand of his Father that he was to send the holy spirit. He made this promise, and by fulfilling it, accomplished the prophecy of Isaiah and of Joel, and conveyed to the Christian a positive idea of the Trinity. 'I will ask the *Father*,' did he say, 'and He will send the *Holy Ghost* the comforter.' I say *positive*, for the three persons are distinctly marked, I, (the son)—the Father—and the Holy spirit. 'I will pour my spirit upon thy seed,' exclaims Isaiah, in his forty-fourth chapter. And Jonas: 'And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh,'[‡] &c."

"Oh, that I may be worthy to receive that spirit!" sighed Elizabeth.

"You will be made worthy, my dear Elizabeth," exclaimed Paulina, taking her hands affectionately.

"My author stated, in the last place, added Charles, "that it was foretold that Christ is to judge the living and the dead. This prophecy was made by David: and it manifestly follows, that he must consequently be the Lord of the living and the dead—therefore

is he divine—for, to judge mankind, he must be acquainted with all the secret thoughts, ideas, aspirations, desires of the human heart. A mere man cannot have this knowledge, and the act of pronouncing an *eternal* sentence, is an act of supreme dominion, which God alone possesses, and which could not be exercised, of right, by a creature. You remember the terms in which the Redeemer himself spoke to the High Priest of his last coming. 'Then shall you see the Son of Man coming with his angels in great glory, to judge the world.'"

"What an awful and terrific spectacle!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Inconceivably awful; for, in the language of Scripture, men shall wither away with dread and expectation of the things that are to come! Then shall he send forth his angels, and they shall separate the good from the bad, the sheep from the goats!"

"It chills the current of the blood to meditate on this subject," said Elizabeth; "to see friend eternally separated from friend—brother separated from—;" her voice failed, and tears burst in streams from her eyes.

"We have one reflection to console us, my dear Elizabeth," said Paulina; "it is, that God is infinitely just and wise—and that he will dispose of the good in such a manner, that they will not be affected by the destiny of the bad."

"On that solemn day," said Charles, "the virtues of the humble, obscure man, shall be rewarded, and the vices of the proud and splendid sinner be punished. From his lowly grave shall the pious peasant arise to glory, while, from the gorgeous mausoleum, the sinful potentate shall arise, to misery and eternal humiliation."

"O my God! grant us mercy, on that tremendous day," exclaimed Elizabeth, throwing her arms and her eyes to heaven.

^{*} Psalm 67, 19.

[†] Psalm 109, verse 1.

[‡] Chap. 11, verse 2.

^{*} Matth. 24, verse 30.

"Lord Roscommon has beautifully translated the *dies iræ* : and, when approaching to his last moment, he is said to have recited, with all the compunction and sincerity of a dying man, these two lines :

"My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end."

"This fact convinces me that at the hour of death, man must be penetrated with fear and dread. During life, while the world is full of light and pleasure, the heart is easily drawn from its author ; but, like the waters, which after flowing far away from their source, at length return to it, so the heart, after all its aberrations, when life is verging to its close, naturally seeks to return to its God."

Before concluding his observations with Elizabeth, Charles put into her hands the following essay, which had been written by one of his friends :—

'The Unitarian asks the question : How can God reveal to reason what is unintelligible to reason ! Would not this seem to imply a strange absurdity.

'My answer is this : If God cannot do so, then you must, at once, deny the very possibility on the part of God, of communicating himself to men : you must adopt the impious paradox, that it is out of the power of God to make known to men any thing that has a relation to his divine nature, and to his ineffable perfections : for God is essentially infinite and incomprehensible, and, of course, essentially unintelligible, not only to human reason, but to all created understandings. Now, of the whole unhal- lowed host of ancient and modern in- fidels, there was scarcely any one that would dare to venture such lengths.

'Still our Unitarian friends are far from being converted, and appear to be determined not to believe myste- ries, because they conceive it derog- atory to the dignity of a rational being to believe what they cannot conceive.

'Is it then true, is it correct to as- sert, that the belief of mysteries is de- grading to the dignity of a rational being ? To any one under this im- pression, I would simply reply : You cannot believe what you cannot com- prehend ; then, believe nothing at all ; nothing of what you see, nothing of what is within you ; believe not your very existence ; and, to complete your Unitarian creed, believe not the very existence of the God who made you, for of all this you understand nothing.

'I say, first, that you understand nothing of what you see ; this world, which you inhabit, and of which you are a component part, is incessantly exposed to your view ; it exists ; you can no more doubt of its existence than of your own : still I maintain that you cannot comprehend how it exists—for, permit me to ask you, is it very intelligible to your reason, how the world, being not as yet in existence, and being as yet nothing both as to matter and to form, issued into exist- ence, at the very first nod of its om- nipotent Maker ? Do you conceive how, in one instant, and by one act of his divine will, God made the heav- ens, the earth, the seas, with all that they contain ? No, you have no idea of the creative power, and the infinite efficacy of the will of God. It is not given to a created understanding to conceive the necessary relation that exists between the eternal act, by which God decreed that the world should exist in time, and its actual existence : you cannot comprehend how, in virtue of these words, 'Let there be light,' the light was : and as you cannot conceive this, you must, of course, deny the very existence of the world, of the light, and other creatures. You conceive not how the world exists : let us see now if you have a better conception of the laws by which it is governed.

'The world, says the Scripture,*

* Ecclesiastes, chap. 3, verse 11.

which God made, as it were, in sport, is a problem which he has set up to men. This problem has never as yet been solved, nor will it ever be. Each philosopher took it into his head to build a world of his own, but all these worlds tumbled down like so many edifices erected on sand. Will you succeed better in withdrawing the sacred veil from the unsearchable conduct of God in the government of this universe? Alas! how should we be able to comprehend the world, weak mortals as we are, since the least and most insignificant of the objects that compose it, far exceeds our intelligence? Pray, what are those beams which enlighten us? What that air which we breathe? What the earth which supports us? These are so many mysteries, to you, to me, and to all mankind. Here is a drop of water, a grain of sand, a blade of grass: you see that I do not mean to embarrass you, and that I seize, as it were by chance, whatever falls under my hand: tell me, what is that drop of water, that grain of sand, that blade of grass? Make me comprehend, if you can, its intrinsic nature, and all its properties: enable me to say, I comprehend this drop of water, this grain of sand, this slender herb.—

Would you have an age to work and to reflect upon these mighty objects? Would you have two ages? Would you have a thousand? Agreed—you shall have them, and still I defy you to succeed; and I bid the same defiance to the whole body of the philosophical school. It is then true, that you conceive nothing of what you behold with your eyes; what then will it be, if I force you to confess, that you do not conceive even yourself, nor any thing of what is within you?

‘Are you prepared to inform me, how your body was framed in the womb of your mother? How your soul entered into your body? How these two beings, so disproportionate in their nature, so seemingly opposed

to each other, could unite so closely as to constitute one and the same whole? What is your soul? Where is it? How does it subsist? By what sort of tie is it united to the body?—Is that tie spiritual, or corporeal; and, in either case, how can it affect either of the two substances? How can your soul command your hand or foot, which, being of their own nature, without sense or feeling, cannot understand its orders? How does your soul put in motion the nerves and muscles, which it knows not? How did your tongue, a mere lump of flesh, learn the astonishing art of beating the air to such advantage, as to form the most rapturous concerts, and to convey, by the distinct articulation of its sounds, your most secret thoughts to my mind? You possess the faculty of thinking: what is thought? At one time you feel pleasure, and at another pain. What is pleasure, what is pain? Your eye sees colors: why does your eye see? What are the colors which it sees? What do you know of all this? Why, no more than what the most stupid know; that is to say, nothing, nothing at all. And still you exist, and you never doubted of the existence of what surrounds you: therefore, not to comprehend, is not always a reason not to believe.—What! the world is a mystery to you: every creature that composes it, is a mystery to you: You are yourself a mystery to yourself, and you pretend to comprehend that supreme and eternal majesty that made the world, and that drew you out of nothing?

‘Could you explain to me, how one and the same moisture of the earth, insipid as it is tasteless, and without any smell or color whatever, can bring forth such an infinite variety of plants, of herbs, of flowers and fruits, as various and different in their shape, size, colors, taste and smell, as the faces of men are from each other? Can you explain, how the same simple and apparently insignificant cause can pro-

duce such an enchanting and variegated scenery, as your garden or your verdant meadow exhibits? It is a mystery to you and to me, and yet neither of us doubts the fact.

‘Lastly, have you sagacity enough to inform me by what magic art it happens, that by opening your eyes, the immense expanse of the skies is suddenly depicted, in most distinct and lively colors, in the retina of your eye, which is not larger than the head of a pin? To form that admirable miniature in your optic nerve, and to embrace, as it were, the immensity of the heavens in so imperceptible a space, it is necessary that, from every sensible point of the firmament, a ray should come to strike the retina: Well, is it very easy for you to conceive how such an infinity of rays, parting at once, from all the points of the heavens, can meet in so small a focus, without being thrown into confusion, and retrace in one instant in your eye, a landscape as distinct as delightful, of the majesty of the heavens? Reason can admire this wonder, but never comprehend it: still you believe it, and in doing so, you follow the very dictate of your reason—it is therefore reasonable, at times, to believe even what we cannot conceive.

‘By this time, we might with reason expect to find our Unitarian friend more inclined to give up the principle under consideration, since he cannot but see to what strange straits it reduces him. But, as this principle is the pivot on which the whole system turns, he cannot prevail upon himself to relinquish it.

‘If so, then, willing or unwilling, he must needs launch out into downright atheism, and say with the impious, *there is no God*.* He shudders at the idea of denying that God, who made him: but still reason will force him to admit this horrid consequence,

as long as he insists on the unhallowed principle: for, is there any thing more unintelligible, more incomprehensible, more above all created understanding, than God? Is not incomprehensibility the most prominent attribute not only of God himself, but also of all his works? Can the Unitarian comprehend a Being, that has neither beginning nor end, and that lives throughout all eternity? Can he conceive how, by the omnipotent act of his will, he can create myriads of worlds, and annihilate them with as much facility as he called them forth from nought? Can he conceive how a being can be, at once, infinitely free, and still be essentially immutable and unchangeable? How a being can be present in all places, whole and entire, and co-exist whole and entire, in every point of space, and yet be infinitely simple and essentially indivisible? If he could comprehend this, he would be God himself, because he would possess an infinite intellect: he, therefore, cannot comprehend God, and yet there is a God.’

CHAPTER VIII.

L'opra e sì bella, che nel suo splendore
Tutto si perde il debil guardo mio:
Ne in ciel, ne in terra immaginator poso
Cosa più degna d'immortale onore.

ERCOLANI.

To Elizabeth and her companions, the subject of religion had become deeply and soothingly interesting.—Charles Clermont was no fanatic. Elegant in his manners, and refined by the most polished education, his acquaintance was reputed an honor and an advantage, by the sages and patriots of the times. But he was devoted to religion—tender in his piety, an example to his friends, and an ornament to his family. It was not his custom to obtrude the most distant allusions to controversy, on any circle

* Psalm xxx. v. i.

or society : but when interrogated, he replied with urbanity, and when any of the tenets of the Catholic Church were misrepresented, he never failed to mark the misrepresentation, and explain the mistake. To the study of literature, he was passionately devoted ; but he varied those pursuits, by mingling with them the study of religion. And, indeed, if man neglect the latter, of what real avail will be the former ? Is it not vain ? is it not empty ? is it not evanescent ? will not the torch of human science be extinguished by death ? whereas, that of religion will burn brightly and steadily over the gloom of the sepulchre.

"We have seen the predictions of the prophets, Miss Preston," resumed Charles, "regarding the great and important events of the life, ministry, death, and resurrection of the Redeemer ; and in reading the Evangelists, we discover how perfectly all have been accomplished. The task and pleasure of comparing those prophecies with the fulfilment, will demand and repay your private examination."

"I shall not fail to amuse and instruct myself by comparing them, dear Sir," replied Elizabeth.

"It should be the duty of every good Catholic," he continued, "frequently to read, and meditate on the life of Christ, as related by the Evangelists—"

"Then it is not true," interrupted Elizabeth, "that the Catholic Church forbids the reading of the Scriptures."

"My dear Elizabeth," said Paulina, "we are aware that we are accused of this by our adversaries ; not only by the trivial romancer, but even by the gravest Protestant Divines. But be assured—we will tell you nothing but the strictest truth—be assured, that it is a groundless charge."

"Oh ! how disingenuously men who should know better act in this particular !" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"Our tenets are shamefully disfig-

ured, misrepresented—I might also say,—caricatured, by the ignorance, prejudice, and malevolence, of interested and misguided men," said Charles ; "and though I am desirous to be as charitable and liberal as possible, really I cannot restrain my indignation, when I perceive, after all that is said and written to instruct the public, those men will still return to the old work of misrepresentation."

"Dear Mr. Clermont, I shall not forget your advice—I shall diligently peruse the sacred Scriptures, and ground myself, from them, in the principles of the holy religion which I am embracing."

"The more you read of them, Elizabeth, the brighter will the truth flash upon your mind," said Paulina.

"When we read them with docility and obedience to that church, which, during so many ages, was the sole depository of the holy volume," said Charles, "and whose solitary monks, in the calm retreat of their monasteries, spent their lives in transcribing it, for the use and blessing of posterity. Venerable men ! they have deserved more of the world, for preserving the word of God, than the most grateful sentiments of the heart can express !"

"And yet, how have they been abused, Elizabeth ;" remarked Paulina.

Many other observations on this subject were made, by Charles and the ladies, when Paulina, perceiving that the evening was rapidly declining, requested her brother to hasten the considerations, which, he had remarked, he desired to make before they returned to the Hall. The question had been proposed, whether the prophets had *positively* foretold, that Christ was to be DIVINE. Mr. Clermont replied, that there are passages in the prophetic books, which undoubtedly attribute to the Messiah the characters of a God. Thus, for instance, he quoted the Psalm : "Thou art my

Son, this day have I begotten thee ;” *
“and lest,” he observed, “any doubt should remain of the proper meaning of these words, St. Paul has cited them unequivocally, in confirmation of the Divinity of Christ.”

“In what part of his writings does St. Paul cite the passage, Mr. Clermont ?” asked Elizabeth.

“In his epistle to the Hebrews, dear Miss, chapter first, verses 4, 5, and 6. ‘For being made so much better than the angels, as he hath inherited a more excellent name than they. For, to which of the angels hath he said, at any time : *Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee ?*’ and again, ‘*I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son ?*’ and again, when he bringeth in the first-begotten, in the world, he saith : ‘*and let all the angels of God adore him.*’ ”

“If the angels *adored* him, he must have been God,” said Elizabeth.

“Certainly he must,” replied Charles ; “for though the word *adore* is frequently used in the Scripture, for merely *reverencing*, still, in this place, its signification is defined by other terms which could not be applied to any but to God—‘His going forth is from the beginning !’ exclaimed the prophet Micheas ; ‘*from the days of eternity* :’ † That is, he whom the angels are to *adore*, is from *eternity*—of course he is God.”

“The consequence is undeniable,” said Paulina.

“In his thirty-fifth chapter,” continued Charles, “Isaias distinctly states, in speaking of the Messiah, that GOD HIMSELF will come, and save us.” ‡

“But is it certain that he speaks of Christ, Mr. Clermont ?” asked Elizabeth.

“The context will prove that he does, beyond a doubt.” He then read

the whole of the chapter in question, which treats of the consolation, joy, security, and perpetual felicity of those who shall believe in Christ. “The same august and awful appellation is given to the Messiah, by the prophet Baruch,” added he, “in the third chapter : ‘This is our God,’ he exclaims, ‘and no other shall be reputed against him ?’ * That he alludes to Christ, is manifest from the last verse of the same chapter : ‘he hath been seen on earth, and hath conversed with men.’ ”

“These passages should, it seems to me, convince the most prejudiced Unitarian,” observed Elizabeth.

“It is to be feared that he does not take the pains to examine them, Elizabeth,” said Paulina, “otherwise—”

“The Unitarian,” interrupted Charles, “dwells entirely on the texts of the Bible, which refer to his human nature, and, unable to *understand* how the human may be united with the divine, he would fain rest satisfied that he is a mere man. ‘He comes into his own, and his own know him not.’ If we look through the Scriptures, we shall find that, from the epithets and attributes applied to him by the inspired writers, he must be divine—he must be God, made man.”

“If your author has collected those epithets, &c., Charles, we should thank you to read them,” said Paulina.

“It would afford me much instruction and pleasure to hear them, Mr. Clermont,” said Elizabeth.

“It would be too long to produce them all this evening, as the sun is now rapidly verging down the horizon,” said Charles ; “some, however, are before me, which are as follows : He is styled,

“God, by Isaias, and by Baruch, as we have already seen.

IMMANUEL, that is, *God with us*, by Isaias. † ‘Therefore, the Lord him-

* Ps. 2, verse 7.

† Mich. chap. 5, verse 2.

‡ Verse 4.

* Verse 36.

† Chap. 7, verse 14.

self shall give you a sign: behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name IMMANUEL.'

THE LORD OF DAVID, in the Psalms;* 'The Lord hath said unto my Lord, set thou down at my right hand!'

THE LORD OUR LAW-GIVER, OUR KING, OUR JUDGE, by Isaiah;† 'For the Lord is our Judge; the Lord is our law-giver; the Lord is our King; He will save us!'

THE CHRIST, by Daniel;‡ 'and after threescore and two weeks, Christ shall be cast off.'

THE SAVIOUR and DEFENDER, by Isaiah;‡ 'and it shall be a sign and a witness unto the Lord of Hosts...for they shall cry unto the Lord, because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a SAVIOUR....and he shall deliver them.'

THE REDEEMER, by Isaiah;§ 'And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression, saith the Lord.'

THE PROPHET, in Deuteronomy;|| 'The Lord thy God will raise up to thee a prophet, from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken.'

THE HOLY OF HOLIES, by Daniel;¶ ***** 'To seal up vision and prophecy, and to anoint the Holy of Holies!'

THE DESIRED OF ALL NATIONS, by Aggæus;** 'And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come, and I will fill his house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

THE EXPECTATION OF NATIONS, in Genesis;†† 'Unto him shall the gathering of the people be!'

THE MESSENGER, by Malachy;‡‡ 'Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me, and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant!'

THE LAMB, by Isaiah;§§ 'He was oppressed and he was afflicted, and he opened not his mouth, he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter...'

THE STAR OF JACOB, in Numbers;||| 'I shall see him, but not now; I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a STAR OUT OF JACOB, &c.'

THE LIGHT OF NATIONS, by Isaiah;¶¶ 'The people that walked in darkness, have seen a great LIGHT; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.'

THE LIGHT OF JERUSALEM, by the same;*** 'Arise, shine, Jerusalem, for the LIGHT is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.'

PRIEST FOREVER, by David;††† These are some of the titles applied in the ancient Testament, to our Saviour," said Charles; "many others might be adduced; but to an ingenuous and docile mind, like yours, Miss Elizabeth, these will appear more than sufficient."

"I wish I could deserve your compliments, Mr. Clermont," she replied, "yet I think I can conscientiously affirm that my intentions in giving you so much trouble, are sincere, and my object, that of arriving at truth."

"They could be no other, indeed, Elizabeth," said Paulina. "The world surely will not be able to accuse you of interested motives."

"I know not what the world may say, Paulina; it is, however, malicious enough to attribute my motives

* Chap. 33, verse 27.

† Chap. 9, verse 26.

‡ Chap. 19, verse 20.

§ Chap. 59, verse 20.

|| Chap. 18, verse 15.

¶ Chap. 9, verse 24.

** Chap. 2, verse 8.

†† Chap. 49, verse 10.

‡‡ Chap. 3, verse 1.

§§ Chap. 53, verse 7.

||| Chap. 24, verse 6.

¶¶ Chap. 9, verse 2.

*** Chap. 60, verse 1.

††† Chap. 109, verse 4.

to any thing but to disinterestedness and sincerity."

"Every one knows that you have nothing to expect from the change, Elizabeth, but the displeasure of your parents, and——"

"Oh!—the displeasure of my mamma—heaven grant that I may not experience it; but——" again she was not able to conclude her sentence—her heart was sensitive to an extreme—and she could not repress her emotions.

"God may, in his goodness, change the hearts of your dear mother and father, Elizabeth," said Paulina.

"Pray—pray that he will. Yet, I cannot forget the awful sentence of the Redeemer: 'He who loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

"You are aware of the dreadful opposition Virginia Wolburn experienced from her relations," said Charles, "and see how she has triumphed by her perseverance and resolution.—However, it is by no means proper that you should declare your change openly. The time may come, when you will be able to do so with less of apprehension than now agitates you. In the mean time, your heart is before its God; he sees its convictions; he is satisfied with your sincerity—he will reward you for your piety."

The sun had now taken its farewell

of the evening, and sunk, amid the glories of a vernal horizon, behind the mountains, leaving on the verge of the firmament a track of light, on which the eye can fix itself with a steady, rapturous gaze, and which, to the imaginative mind, seems like an avenue into heaven. Sun-set! oh the calm, the fresh, the magic hour! how soothing to the feeling heart, how congenial to the sympathetic soul! when the tinkling of the bells gives notice of the return of the sturdy cows, which, during the day, had wandered through the meadows, feeding on the luxuriant grass, or had reposed near the stream, ruminating, by the freshness of the waters—when the lowing of the herds echoes through the vales, and the birds sing their vesper-lay, bidding adieu to the light, and retire to their newly-built nests—when all creation is quiet and still, and all things invite the bosom to rest and repose itself, after the agitations and cares of the day.

O modest evening! oft let me appear
A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train;
List'ning to every wildly—warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet, thy dark-
ening plain!

Mr. Clermont prepared the horses, and, with the ladies, galloped off for the 'Indian Hall.'

THE DYING BOY.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

It must be sweet, in childhood, to give back
The spirit to its Maker; ere the heart
Has grown familiar with the paths of sin,
And sown, to garner up its bitter fruits.
I knew a boy, whose infant feet had trod
Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
And when the eighth came round, and called him out
To revel in its light, he turned away,
And sought his chamber, to lie down and die.
'Twas night; he summoned his accustomed friends.
And, in this wise, bestowed his last bequest.

CATULLUS.

CARMEN SECULARE* TO DIANA.

Diana let us sing,
Young maids and tender boys :
Young maids and tender boys,
Diana let us sing !

Great progeny of Jove,
Whom fair Latona bore
(Descended from above)
On Delia's olive shore.

Hail ! empress of the mountains,
Of woods and forests green !
Hail ! of the running fountains,
Goddess, protectress, queen !

Hail three-named maid ! in night
Stern Proserpine proclaimed !
In heaven, called Luna bright,
On earth, Diana named.

Thou goddess marching round
Thy annual career,
Commandst the fruitful ground
Its golden crops to bear.

Whatever name thou bearest†
Bright goddess of the bow,
To thee may Rome be dearest
Of all the states below.

TO EGNATIUS, WHO ALWAYS AFFECTED TO SHOW HIS WHITE TEETH.

Because Egnatius bears two polished rows
Of ivory teeth, he smiles where'er he goes.

* The Sybil had prescribed, that every hundred years, an hymn should be sung to Apollo and Diana, for the preservation of Rome. It was sung by twenty-seven boys and as many females: *ter novem pueri*, &c. Hor. l. i. Od. 21. "Dianam teneræ dicite virgines, &c.

† She was called by a great many names ; for she prayed to Jupiter for eternal virginity, and many names. Carm. Sæc. *Rite maturos*, &c.

If round the bar a crowd hangs weeping, while
 The lawyer pleads, Egnatius must smile !
 Or if the matron round the funeral pyre
 Laments her offspring, or the offspring's sire,
 Egnatius smiles ; he smiles where'er he goes ;
 Whate'er he does, his ivory teeth he shows,
 This is his custom, which with justice might
 Be deemed inelegant and impolite.
 I must advise him, then, although he come
 From Tibur, from the Sabines, or from Rome,
 From fat Etruria, or the Umbrian swine,*
 Or o'er the Po (if I may mention mine)†
 I cannot bear to see him always smile,
 For naught looks more ridiculous or vile.

TO M. T. CICERO,‡ HE THANKS HIM FOR HIS SUCCESS IN A CAUSE
 WHICH HE GAINED.

Most learned of the sons of Rome,
 That were, or are, or are to come !
 Catullus' warmest thanks receive
 Such as the least of bards can give :
 So far of bards is he the least,
 As those of patrons art the best.§

CATULLUS LEAVES BYTHINIA,|| WHERE HE REMAINED DURING THE WINTER.

Laughing spring with flow'rets crown'd
 Sheds her fragrant freshness round.
 Equinoctial tumult dies,
 While the peaceful zephyr sighs.
 Leave, Catullus, leave in haste,
 Leave this sullen Phrygian waste,
 Leave the hot Nicæan plain,
 Purer airs in Asia reign.¶

* The original is *porcus umber*, which means the Swinish Umbrian, so called on account of the lewdness and effeminacy of their morals. Many other writers give the Umbrians a similar epithet.

† *Trans-podanus* one from beyond the Po. Verona, the country of Catullus, lies over the Po

‡ This cause was pleaded for Catullus.

§ Cicero was called *amonum patronus*, which signified among the Romans, one who had acted like a father towards his clients, by directing, advising, and assisting them.

|| Catullus went to Bythinia on account of his brother's death.

¶ He means in the cities Ephesus, Smyrna, Colophon, Miletus ; whither he seems to have passed. Phrygia was unhealthy during summer.

Yes, my fancy longs to stray
 From severer thoughts away.
 Yes, my feet, too long confined,
 Long to wander, like the mind.
 Fare ye well, companions gay,
 From your circles I must stray :
 But, ere long, ye too, shall roam
 Like Catullus, from your home.

TO LICINIUS CALVUS,* WITH WHOM HE SPENT THE DAY IN COMPOSING VERSES.

Licinius, idly yesterday,
 We warbled many a little lay ;
 The honied verses flowed along,
 While both united in the song,
 And both, to temper every line,
 Drenched the full goblet, bright with wine ;
 And then Licinius so inspired,
 By thy facetious wit, and fired,
 No food, the evening could I take,
 And all the night I lay awake,
 Quite restless on my bed of pain,
 Expecting day to dawn again.
 That full of wit, and full of glee
 With my Licinius I might be.
 And now whilst welcome morning shines,
 To thee I write these jocund lines,
 Which may, Licinius, reveal,
 How lone, how sorrowful, I feel.
 And be not hardened : with the morn
 Forget not blithely to return ;
 Or if thou come not thou may'st fear
 The wrath of Nemesis is near.†

TO CAMERIUS, HE JOCOSELY COMPLAINS THAT HE COULD NOT FIND HIM.

We pray you, in what lurking place
 Camerius, do you hide your face ?
 We sought you on the Cœlian plain‡
 And in the circus, but in vain.
 We sought you on those sacred floors,
 Where Rome her mighty Jove adores.§

* Calvus was a famous poet and celebrated orator, to whom Catullus seems to have been particularly attached.

† Nemesis, the daughter of JUPITER, and NECESSITAS ; she was particularly supposed to be the goddess of punishment ; so, here, Catullus threatens his friend with her anger if he does not comply with his longing invitation.

‡ Ovid speaks of Campus Minor, or Cœlianus Campus. *Fast* 3.

§ The temple of Jupiter on the Capitol hill.

We sought you in that pleasant walk*
Where evening hours are spent in talk :
But oh ! to seek you more, would be
More than Herculean work for me.
Tell us, where do you hide by night ?
Tell us, commit the thing to light.
Be bold—do not refuse your friend :
For tho' old Pegasus should lend
His swiftness to my winged feet ;
And tho' I were the guard of Crete,†
Or had I Persian Lada's speed,‡
Or were I Rhesus' snowy steed,§
Or were I of the feathered kind,
Or swifter than the wings of wind,
Yet, did I seek you more, my breast
And all my limbs would sink oppress.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPINESS," ETC.

Forswear the bowl ;
For one rash moment sends you to the
shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to
come.

ARMSTRONG.

Take back the bowl—take back the
bowl—
Reserve it for polluted lips ;
I would not bow a stainless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse.

One evening last May, I left the
walks of Franklin square, and wandered
towards Fairmont, and continued
a silent path that follows the
graceful winding of the Schuylkill.

The pure air was stirred into a
gentle breeze, that caressed the blossoms,
and bore the sweetness of its

breath on its wings. On the clear
blue of the sky, there were a few
white clouds, that seemed to be flock-
ing to the crimsoning west, to catch
a robe of glory from the declining
sun. A beautiful coloring of yellow-
green rested on the sighing trees that
skirted their path and bathed their
long arms in the coolness of the river,
over the gently curling waters of
which, the swallow was darting with
rapidity, and the snow-winged barque
was gliding with grace and beauty.
The scene—the beauties of nature
smiling in all their original purity and
loveliness—was well fitted to unload
my spirit of the cares and perplexities
of the day, and raise it up to the com-
munion of higher and better things—

* The portico of Pompey. Ovid
speaks of this portico : *Tu modo Pom-
peia lentus spatiare sub umbra.*

† The Custos Cretium or Cretensium
was DÆDALUS the son of Micio. See
Juv. de Diis, &c.

‡ Ladas was the footman of Alexan-
der the Great : he ran so swiftly, it is
said, that he did not even leave the
print of his feet on the sand. Perseus,
son of Jupiter and Danaë.

§ Rhesus was King of Thrace, much
famed for the swiftness of his steeds.

to the blessed and redeeming contemplation of the Father of mercy and goodness.

Oh ! how the spirit mounteth up

At such a view and hour as this,
When earth takes back the bitter cup
That mingles poison with our bliss.

As I was wandering along, musing on nature's adjacent beauty, I saw, sitting beneath a shady tree, on the green grass by the river's brink, the form of an aged man. The playful air was sporting with the whiteness of his locks, that fell over his forehead, and at times, betrayed an haggard gaze. The features of his countenance bore the lingering traces of past sorrow, and the stamp of raging passion. His form, which was but badly clothed, was thin and wasted, and told of days of dissipation and nights of revelry and remorse.

I approached him, and we commenced conversation. His voice was broken and trembling ; I called his attention to the surrounding scenery ; he scarcely looked at it and in a melancholy tone, observed :

"There was a time when I could draw bliss and delight from nature—in the spring time of my existence—when the glow of innocence and youthful feelings were mine. When Hope, with her angel voice was singing to me of the brightness of the untrodden way of life.

"Hope, my young friend, is the great mainspring of virtue. It gives action to all animate existence. It is the bread which feeds ambition, the incentive to perseverance, the compeer to virtue, the shield to Christianity, and the only solace to death. If it is blighted, the pilgrimage of life is like a troubled sea—we float down its dark stream, like the lost mariner on the billowy track. Aided by its cheering beams, the immortal mind looks beyond time and anticipates the beauty of another and happier existence. The beauty of the rainbow vanishes in the storm, the meteor's flash is but

a moment, the glittering gems will one day go out ; the sun himself be extinguished, but the star of Hope shines beautiful forever. I have sickened of every thing. All things on earth were alike clothed in garments of gloom, and concealed in the draught of bitterness."

I gazed mutely upon him, and thought I observed the workings of bitter memory upon his mind. I requested him to give me a brief sketch of his life. He did not deny me, but said he would give the following outlines.

"The sunny days of my childhood were passed among the hills, and the green and lofty trees of a secluded spot, on the banks of that beautiful river, and grove—garlanded stream, called Neshamony. Ay ! till the ripper years of manhood were mine, I continued to reside amid the beauties which clustered amid that stream. It became to me as a

'Well of living water.'

Its sight became interwoven with the bliss of my existence, and its surrounding groves and flowers were as friends.

"My parents died when I had attained my twentieth year. My father was sober and kind. He said but little, and that was 'warm from the fount of feeling.' My mother was a woman of acute sensibility. She seemed to love me with a warmth not of earth. She was happy because she was a pious Catholic. She was cheerful, because she was happy. She lavished on me every kindness in her power, and endeavored to nurture principles of goodness in manhood, which she had engrafted on my mind during the hours of its youth, especially when preparing to receive the Sacraments of Confirmation and the Eucharist.

"The death of both of my dearly beloved parents was a stroke from which I could not soon recover. By degrees, the buoyancy and warmth of my youthful spirit enabled it to rise

above the weight of grief and sorrow, which for a while had borne it down. And once, again, the sunshine of mirth and cheerfulness was resting on my heart. I mingled in company with the minions of pleasure. I left my dear Catholic companions, whose soberness was like the twilight of a summer evening—whose smile was like the gleams of the morning on the rose. By attending to my religious duties, I reared for me a structure of bliss, which rested secure, which defied the battering surges of misfortune, and had I persevered, would have shielded me from the rack of time and affliction. But sorrowful to relate, after a few pious years of unsullied bliss in their company had winged swiftly away, by frequenting bad society, that blessed foundation to my happiness was exchanged for one of a dark and sandy nature, and the structure fell.

“Never were I and my friendship-pier, than in the discharge of religious duties. Thus I continued five years. In that bright period I scarcely knew an hour that was shaded with gloom. Whenever my mind was troubled, my spiritual director imparted consolation. I found delight and pleasure in every thing. My eyes revelled on the beauty of the works of God, and my heart basked in the sunshine of happiness.

“But in the beginning of the sixth year, I mingled in the company of infidels, gradually forsook my friends, and neglected my pious practices. I

was induced by my friends (for so they called themselves), occasionally to visit the grog shop, that dark nursery of vice. The visits became more and more frequent. The rest need hardly be told. The pains of memory—the stings of conscience are too great.”

Here, the old man was lost in thought and tears. He could not speak. He leaned his head on his withered hands and wept. After a few more minutes, he exclaimed,

“I continued some time intemperate, I then became temperate, but soon relapsed into my former habits. I soon wasted away my property, and have since been

‘Cast abandoned on the world’s wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.’”

Reader! how many such pictures there are in the book of life! How many, by frequenting the company of the wicked, fall victims to a hopeless *intemperance*! It is it that is the greatest snare in the pathway of man. It is it that sacrifices at its unhallowed shrine the holiest and most heavenly attributes of our nature. It is it that spreads discord and pestilence over the land. It is it that invades the gardens of life, blasting the fair flowers of peace, virtue, and happiness forever. It is it that covers its victims with the shadows of the dungeon’s gloom, or casts them, shelterless, on the

“Cold charities of the world.”

SOIREEES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK SIXTH CHAPTER I.

"I expressly yielded you the floor, my dear friend," said the Senator, "it is your privilege to commence."

"I do not resume it, because you are polite enough to accord it," replied the Count, "that would be a reason to refuse it; but merely that no void may be left in our entertainments. Permit me, therefore, to add some reflections to those which I presented yesterday, on so interesting a subject. It is precisely to war that I owe these ideas: but, that our dear Senator may not be alarmed, he may be assured that I have no wish to march upon his track. There is nothing so common as this language: *whether we pray or not, events have their course: men pray, and they are beaten, &c.* Now it seems to me essential to observe, that it is rigorously impossible to prove this proposition: *men have prayed in a just war, and that war has been unfortunate.* I pass over the legitimacy of war, which is an excessively equivocal question. I confine myself to prayer. How can you prove that they have prayed? It will not be said, that to this end it is merely necessary to ring the bells and open the churches. Nicole, a correct author of some good works, somewhere observes, *that the essence of prayer is desire.** That is not true; but what is certain"

"With your permission my dear

friend," interrupted the Senator, "the expression, *that is not true*, is rather strong. And with your permission again, I will inform you, that the same proposition is taken word for word, from the *Maxims of the Saints*, by Fenelon, who copied and consulted Nicole, very little, if I mistake not."

"Though both may have used it," continued the Count, "I would consider myself justifiable to think that both have been mistaken. I grant, however, that the first view favors this maxim, and that many ascetical writers, ancient as well as modern, have expressed themselves in this sense, without proposing to penetrate the question. But when we come to sound the human heart, and ask of it an exact account of its movements, we are strangely embarrassed; and Fenelon himself has felt it deeply: for, in more than one place in his spiritual works, he retracts, or restricts this general proposition. He affirms, without the least equivocation, *that we may force ourselves to love, force ourselves to desire, force ourselves to wish to love; that we may even pray without the efficient cause of this will; for the will depends upon us; but the sentiment does not;*† and a thousand other things of this kind. In a word, he expresses himself in

* Instructions sur la Decalogue, Tom. II. sect. 11., ch. 1. 11, art. III.

† Œuvres spirituelles de Fenelon.—Paris 1802, in 12mo, Tom. I. p. 94. IV. lettre au Pere Lami sur la priere, n. V. p. 497, 499, &c. &c.

one place, in a manner so energetic and original, that whoever has read the passage never can forget it. It is in one of his spiritual works where he says: *If God is not agreeable to you, tell him so ; tell him that you prefer the vilest amusements to his presence, that you are never so well as when far from him.* Say to him: 'behold my misery and my ingratitude ! Take my heart, because I know not how to give it to you ; have pity on me, in spite of myself.'

"Do you find here, gentlemen, the maxim of desire and love indispensable from prayer ? I have not at this moment, the precious book of Fénelon, within my reach ; but you may very easily make the necessary verifications. For the rest, if he has exaggerated here or there, it is understood : and we speak of him only to exalt the triumph of his immortal obedience. With his hand extended to instruct men, he may have an equal ; prostrated to condemn himself, he has none.

"But Nicole is another man, and I treat him with less ceremony : for that maxim which shocks me in his writings, belonged to the dangerous school of Port Royal, and to that fatal system which tends directly to discourage man and lead him insensibly to obduracy and despair, in waiting for grace and desire. Hence proceeds from those rebellious doctors every thing that displeases me, even what is good in them. *I mistrust the Greeks even in their presents.* What is desire ? Is it, as has often been said, *the love of absent good ?* But if it is thus, love, at least sensible love, not being at our disposal, man cannot pray before that love comes of itself ; otherwise, it would be necessary that the desire should precede the desire, which appears to me a very difficult thing. And, how could man, in supposing that there is no true prayer without desire, how could man, I say, bring himself to demand what his na-

ture often abhors, and what, nevertheless, his duty obliges him to ? The proposition of Nicole seems to me to be annihilated by the commandment, *to love our enemies.*"

"It seems to me," remarked the Senator, "that Locke has decided the question, by asserting that, *it is in our power to raise our desires in a due proportion to the value of the good proposed.*"*

"Do not put confidence in Locke," returned the Count, "for he has understood nothing profoundly. *Desire*, which is not at all defined, *is but the movement of the soul towards an object which attracts it.* This movement in the moral world is a fact as certain and palpable as magnetism, and more general than universal gravitation in the physical world. But man being continually agitated by two contrary forces, the examination of this terrible law ought to be the beginning of the study of every man. Locke, for having neglected it, has written fifty pages on liberty, without even knowing what he was speaking about.— This law being established as an incontestable fact, remark well, that if an object did not act, by its own nature, on man, it does not depend upon us to cause desire to exist, because we cannot cause strength to exist in an object, which it has not ; and if, on the contrary, this strength exists in the object, it does not depend upon us to destroy it, man having no power over the essence of exterior things, which are what they are without him, and independently of him. To what then, is the power of man reduced ? To exert itself around him and upon him, to weaken, to destroy, or, on the contrary, to render free and victorious the action whose influence he feels. In the former case, the simple resource is to remove himself, as one would remove a piece of iron from

* Essay on the Human Und., B. II. § 21, 46.

the active sphere of a loadstone, if we would withdraw him from the action of that power. Man may thus expose himself voluntarily and by the means afforded, to a contrary attraction ; or attach himself to something immovable ; or place between himself and the object, some nature capable of intercepting the action, as glass refuses to transmit the electrical action ; or, in fine, he may work upon himself, and render himself more or less subject to attraction, which, as you perceive, would be much more sure, and is certainly possible, but likewise very difficult. In the second case, he ought to act in a precisely opposite manner. He ought, according to his strength, approach the object, set aside or destroy all obstacles, and remember, above all, that, according to the narrations of all travellers, extreme cold can extinguish in the needle the *love of the pole*. Let man, therefore, keep himself *cool*.

"But in reasoning, even with the ideas, false or incorrect, of Locke, it will remain certain, that we *have the power to resist desire* ; a power without which there is no liberty.* Now, if man can resist desire, and even act contrary to desire, as prayer is an act of the will like every other act, he can pray without desire, and even contrary to desire. *Desire* is not will, but only a passion of the will : but, as the action which operates on it is not invincible, it follows that to pray really we must will it, but not necessarily *desire* it ; prayer being of its essence *but a movement of the will by the understanding*. What deceives us on this point, is, that we pray frequently for what we do not desire, and that the greater part of those holy men who have spoken of prayer from the time that man first knew how to pray, having almost extinguished in themselves the fatal law, did not experience any struggle between the will

and the desire : nevertheless, two forces acting in the same sense, are not less essentially distinct. Admire here, how two men, equally enlightened perhaps, though very unequal in talents and merits, arrived at the same exaggeration, after starting from principles totally different. Nicole, seeing nothing but grace in lawful desire leaves nothing to the will, in order to give all to that grace, which was withdrawn from himself as a chastisement for the greatest crime he could commit against it,—that of attributing to it more than it wishes : and Fenelon, whom it had penetrated, took prayer for desire, because in his celestial heart, desire never had abandoned prayer."

"Do you believe that we may desire the desire?" asked the Senator.

"Ah! as you have proposed the great question," returned the Count, "Fenelon, who was certainly a *man of desire*, seems to incline in favor of the affirmative, if, as I think I have read in his works, we *may desire to love, force ourselves to desire, and force ourselves to wish to love*. If some metaphysician, worthy the name, should treat this question fundamentally, I would propose as an epigraph, this passage from the Psalms : *I have coveted to desire thy commandments*.† In waiting for this dissertation I persist in saying : *It is not true*. Or, if this decision should appear too harsh, I will consent to affirm, *it is not sufficiently true*. But what you will not in the least dispute, (and what I was on the point of saying, when you interrupted me), is, *that the foundation of prayer is faith*. And this truth you perceive even in the temporal order. Do you think a prince would be disposed to lavish his favors upon men who would doubt his sovereignty, or blaspheme his bounty? But, if there can be no *prayer* without faith,

† Concupivi desiderare justificationes tuas, Ps. cxviii. 20.

* Ibid. chap. xxi. 5, 47.

there can be no *efficacious prayer* without purity. You understand that I do not mean to give the rigorous meaning to the word *purity*: what, alas! would become of us, if the guilty could not pray? But you understand likewise, in following the same comparison, that to outrage a Prince would be rather a bad way of imploring his favors. The guilty man has properly no right but to pray for himself. I have never assisted at any of these holy ceremonies, destined to avert the scourges of heaven or to solicit its mercies, without asking myself, with real terror: *In the midst of these pompous canticles and august rites, among the crowds of men gathered together, how many are there, who by their faith and works, have the right to pray, and the grounded hope of praying efficaciously? How many are there who really pray? One thinks of his affairs, another of his pleasures: a third is taken up with the music; the less guilty, perhaps, is he who jogs on without knowing where he is. Again, I ask, how many are there who pray, and how many who deserve to be heard?*"

"For myself," said the Chevalier, jokingly, "I am quite sure that in those solemn meetings, there was one individual who certainly did not pray. It was you, my dear Count; for your whole attention was taken up with philosophical reflections, instead of prayer."

"I am doomed to shiver under your *zallicisms*," responded the Count: "what a prodigious talent for pleasantry! You are never free from it, even in the gravest discussions: but so you are—you Frenchmen!"

"Believe me, my dear Count," returned the Chevalier, "we are worth a great many others, when we have not the fever: and be assured, too, that our pleasantry is necessary in the world. Reason is little penetrating by nature, and does not easily make day-light for itself: we must very often be *armed*, thus to speak, with the

redoubtable epigram. French wit pierces like a needle: what, for example, have you to reply to my *thrust of the needle*?"

"I am disposed for once to pardon your humor," rejoined the Count; "the more so, as I can turn it into an argument on the spot. If the fear of not praying well may prevent praying at all, what must we think of those who never pray—who hardly remember to have ever prayed—and who do not even believe in the efficacy of prayer? The more you examine the thing, the more you will be convinced that nothing is so difficult as to pour forth a good prayer."

"The necessary consequence of what you say is, that there is no composition more difficult than that of a written prayer, which is, and can only be, the faithful expression of interior prayer," remarked the Senator; "and to this sufficient attention is not paid."

"How then, Senator!—you have fallen upon one of the most essential points of true doctrine," rejoined the Count. "Nothing is truer than what you say; and though written prayer is but an image, from it we may judge of the original which is invisible.—The material monuments of prayer, such as men of all ages have left us, are no trifling treasure, even for philosophy: for we can establish on this basis three beautiful observations.

In the first place, all the nations of the world have prayed; but always in virtue of a true or supposed revelation—that is to say, in virtue of the ancient traditions. As soon as man relies on his reason alone, he ceases to pray: in which he has always confessed, without perceiving it, that, of himself, he knows not what he ought to ask for, nor how to pray, nor even precisely to whom to address himself.*

* Plato, having expressly avowed, in the most extraordinary page ever written by a human hand, that *man, when left to himself, knows not how to pray*, and hav-

In vain, then, does the Deist broach his beautiful theories of the existence and attributes of God. Without objecting to him (what, however, is incontestable) that he finds them only in his catechism, we will always have the right to say to him, with Joas: **YOU DO NOT PRAY.***

My second observation is, that all religions are more or less fruitful in prayer. But the third, and incomparably the most important, is this:

CAUSE YOUR HEARTS TO BE ATTENTIVE, AND READ ALL THESE PRAYERS: YOU WILL SEE TRUE RELIGION AS YOU BEHOLD THE SUN."

"I have made the same observation a thousand times," said the Senator, "whilst assisting at our beautiful liturgy. Such prayers could not have been produced but by truth, and in the bosom of truth."

"This is certainly my conviction," insisted the Count; "God has spoken to all men in some way or another; but it is only the privileged who are permitted to say, *he has not treated all nations alike* :† for God alone, according to the admirable expression of the Apostle, can *create in the heart of man a spirit that can cry out, FATHER*,‡ and David had felt this when he exclaimed: *It is he who has put into my mouth a new Canticle, a hymn worthy of God*.§ Now, if this spirit is not in the heart of man, how can he pray? or how can his impotent pen write what is not dictated by him who holds it? Read the hymns of Santeuil, which have been rather thoughtlessly, perhaps, introduced into the church of Paris: they make a certain noise on

ing even invoked *some celestial messenger to come down and teach men this great science*, it may well be said that he spoke in the name of all mankind.

* Athalie, 11, 7.

† Non fecit taliter omni nationi (Ps. cxlvii. 20.)

‡ Galat. iv. 6. Ps. xxxix. 4.

§ Omnis gloriæ filie regis ab intus (Ps. xlv. 14.)

the ear, but they *do not pray*, because *he was alone* when he composed them. The beauty of prayer has nothing in common with that of expression: for prayer is like the mysterious daughter of the great king: *all her beauty is from within*.|| It is something for which there is no name, but which is perfectly understood, and talent cannot imitate.

But, as nothing is more difficult than *to pray*, it is the height of temerity to dare say that we have prayed, and that we have not been heard. I would speak in a particular manner of nations; for this is a principal object in these questions. To escape an evil, to obtain a national good, it is just, beyond doubt, that a nation should *pray*. But what is a nation? and what conditions are necessary in a nation's *prayer*? Are there, in any region, men who have a right to pray—and do they hold this right from their interior dispositions, or from their rank in the midst of that nation, or from both circumstances united? We know but little of the secrets of the spiritual world, and how can we know them, since no one cares about them? Without intending to plunge into the depths of this subject, I stop at the general proposition: *that it will never be possible to prove that a nation has PRAYED without being heard*. The exceptions will prove nothing, even though they could be verified; and all would disappear before the mere observation that *no man can know, even when he prays perfectly well, that he does not ask for something pernicious to himself or to the general order*.—Let us, then, pray without relaxing—

|| The mere act of praying perfects man, because it brings us in the presence of God. How many good actions does not such an exercise inspire! how many crimes does it not prevent! Experience teaches us. The wise man is not only pleased in prayer, but delighted.

pray with all our strength, and with all the dispositions that can render legitimate this great act of an intelligent being. Above all, let us never forget that all true prayer is efficacious in some way or other. All supplications made to a Sovereign are not favorably received—nor can they be; for all are not reasonable. Still all contain a profession of faith, recognizing the power, bounty, and justice of the Sovereign, who cannot but feel pleased to see them flowing in upon him from all parts of the empire—and as it is impossible to supplicate a prince without, at the same time, performing an act of a faithful subject, so is it impossible to pray to God without evincing submission, confidence, and love—in such a manner, that there is in prayer, considered only in itself, a purifying virtue, of which the effect is infinitely more available for ourselves, than for that which we too often ask for in our ignorance. Every legitimate prayer, even when it should not be heard, does not ascend the less to the Supernal regions, whence it falls back upon us, after having undergone certain preparations, like the beneficent dew, which prepares us for another country. But when we ask merely that

God's will be done, that is to say, that all evil should disappear from the world, then only are we sure of not having prayed in vain. Blind and senseless as we are—instead of complaining of not being heard, let us rather tremble for having prayed not well, or for having prayed for evil.—The same power that commands us to pray, teaches us likewise how and with what dispositions we should pray. To violate the first command, is to reduce ourselves to the level of the brute, and even of the atheist: to violate the second, is to expose ourselves to the dreadful anathema of *seeing our prayer changed into crime*.*

Then let us not, by unwise fervor, dare Prescribe to Heaven its favors and its gifts:

But, let us pray for equitable prudence,
And true and charitable piety.

Let us implore its friendship, and its grace:

And should we sometimes venture to fatigue

By other prayers, its merciful indulgence,

Let us store up enough of zeal and virtue
To make us worthy to be then refused!"†

* *Fiat oratio eorum in crimen.* (Ps. cviii. 7.)

† J. B. Rousseau, *Epître à Rollin*, ii. 4.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

A MIDDLE PLACE.

BY A CONVERT.

The doctrine of purgatory may be fairly understood upon a patient examination of the following quotations from the Scriptures, without being biased by that deep-rooted prejudice

with which most Protestants are habitually brought up and nourished from their infancy, as the most effectual means of hating *every thing* that is nicknamed "Popery," because it is

held sacred by the Catholic Church, on the testimony of the most unquestionable authority of Scripture.

As "nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of Heaven," it is clearly evident, from certain Prophets and others, that such as are not doomed to eternal perdition, shall yet suffer "so as by fire." Let us then see what are the grounds upon which the doctrine of a middle state is chiefly founded :

Job, 14: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.—"But man, when he shall be dead, and stripped, and consumed, I pray you where his is ?"

Ibid, 19: 25, 26, 27.—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth; and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God."

Psalms 15: 9, 10.—"Therefore my heart hath been glad, and my tongue hath rejoiced: moreover my flesh also shall rest in hope. Because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (not of eternal destruction); nor wilt thou give thy holy one to see corruption."—(Christ, in the interval of his burial and resurrection, communicated to those who had already departed this life, but who died in grace, the glad tidings of hope, &c.)

Isaiah, 61: 1.—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me: he hath sent me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, and to preach a release to the captives, and deliverance to them that are shut up."

Zacharias, 9: 11, 12.—"Thou also by the blood of thy testament, hast sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein is no water."

St. Matt., 5: 26.—"Amen, I say to thee, thou shalt not go out from thence, till thou pay the last farthing."

1 Cor., 3: 13, 14, 15.—"Every man's work shall be manifest: for the day of the Lord shall declare it, because it shall be revealed in fire; and

the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work burn, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

Apoc. 6: 9, 10, 11.—"And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.—And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and revenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given to every one of them; and it was said to them they should rest for a little time, till their fellow servants, and their brethren, who are to be slain, even as they, should be filled up."

St. Luke, 18: 7.—"And will not God revenge his elect, who cry to him day and night? and will he have patience in their regard?"

St. Peter, 3: 19.—"In which also coming, he preached to those spirits that were in prison."

2 Machab. 12: 43, 44, 45, 46.—"And making a gathering, he sent twelve thousand drachmas of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead, thinking well and religiously concerning the resurrection; (for if he had not hoped that they that were slain should rise again, it would have seemed superfluous and vain to pray for the dead) and because he considered that they who had fallen asleep with godliness, had great grace laid up for them. It is therefore a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sin."

Therefore, if under the ancient regime, or in the days of the prophets, it was considered a holy and wholesome thought to devote a small portion of their time and their substance for the edification of their own souls, in behalf of the departed from this

life, there is no reason why *we* should not do likewise.

From the foregoing testimony, there is sufficient ground to believe the existence of a probationary state hereafter ; and that from their cries from their prison wherein is no water, we are justified to infer that their state is either less or more painful, from which they most ardently desire to be relieved. To the deep sighs and mournful wailings of those whom death has snatched away from hence, and amongst whom some of the dearest objects of our affection may be numbered, the Catholic Church responds, in accents of humble supplication, to the throne of mercy and compassion, in their behalf. And these acts of Christian charity, Protestants treat with scorn and derision ; because,

they say, the doom of death is sealed either one way or the other, and the seal cannot be broken. In this manner, they set aside a dogma which is repugnant to their avowed system of reform.

We fully agree that God will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, without the works of sinners ; but this does not do away with the intention of our prayer, as proceeding from the heart. The spirit of God is in this, as in all other instances, a faithful witness ; and though the prayers of such unworthy beings as we are, may not alter the decision of the Supreme Judge, whose mercy is far above all human conception, yet we have the consolation to know that God is pleased at all times whenever he is invoked in the name of Jesus.

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

BY THE SAME.

Penance is also treated with great derision by Protestants. Confession to a priest, they say, is an absurdity. The power of forgiving sins is only with God : so do we also believe. But we do believe that God, in his mercy, has thought proper to exercise it in this manner. For this we have the authority of Scripture. Confession to a fellow-creature is, indeed, an act of humiliation ; and so it ought to be ; and this will make us *the more* cautious in our future conduct. And do we not equally know that a fellow-creature is the work of God, whom God has made a member of his Christ ? To whom, then, do we humble ourselves, but to God in Christ, of whom

the minister is the appointed agent. Therefore, such a confession cannot be made, except by the operation of the Holy Spirit. For it has its beginning, by repentance, through the powerful aid of the same spirit. Flesh, under the influence of human pride, is of itself too weak. Except sinful man is moved by that more powerful agent, whom we invoke to strengthen us in the way to repentance, our resolution to make our reluctant hearts freely yield up the hidden venom of our soul's malady, would surely fail. Man is not his own. True : if all of us were to turn Protestants, we might easily get rid of this popish practice. But while we "papists" choose to re-

main unreformed, we sincerely trust our Protestant brethren will, after this explanation, be a little more indulgent in our weakness, than they usually are.

Being in duty bound to love our neighbor as ourselves, all the harm we wish them that are now against us, is, that they might adopt our practice of confession; and, moreover, do away with that odious title which nourishes in its abstract meaning, the minds of its professors (though not intentionally), with ideas of perpetual hostility against the Catholic religion. But as to reform, it must be admitted that it is a wholesome thing, provided it is done in the proper way. Let every one of us examine himself, beginning at the right end, namely, at the heart, and then see how far a strict conformity with the spirit of Scripture, can be traced there; and whether we have, or have not, sinned against our own flesh, that is, against the persons of our neighbor (for we are all but one flesh, all being born of the same Father who is in heaven) by slighting or hurting him in any way so as to give pain. Would this not, do you think, redound one day upon the offender? Surely, no one will doubt, but the balance of right and wrong, is only suspended for a while, but not forever. We are, indeed, called, but not coerced to do the will of him who beckons imploringly

and in the language of a tender parent, entreats us to fly to him on the wings of filial affection, on which terms, he will most graciously receive us. Considering then, that we are not called upon to judge our neighbor, but to build him up in virtue and justice, in kindness by brotherly love, in the love of God, to whom we are instructed to come by the way of the cross. For such is the basis of religion, on which we shall all meet together—ONE CHURCH, yea, the Church of Christ.

These are all popish ideas, some will say. But whether popish or not, they are the innate growth of a Christian heart, and will flourish, of themselves, though its blossoms may sometimes suffer from the blight of "the cunning craftiness of man." If it were that the Catholic religion could be extinguished in one night over all the world: such, however, is the force of truth, that at the next morning, it would again spring up in the midst of the Protestant world, with redoubled vigor. For though the tree be ever so much shaken by the violence of the tempests of heresy, the ramification of its roots is deep and widely spread; so much so, that no power whatsoever shall be able to prevail against it.—"Heaven and earth shall pass, but my word shall not pass," said the Lord.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

ESSAY ON THE DOCTRINE OF KANT.

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

The *invento-mania*, or inordinate desire of inventing, is one of the greatest evils in sciences as well as in religion, and much more dangerous

than the rest of human illusions, because it takes the place of, and pretends to be identified with, the most noble passion and distinguished fea-

ture of human nature, nay, the just desire of improvement. The modern or rather the present time of ideology, presents to us a melancholy example of this truth in the system of the progress or *ecole du Progres* which has fascinated so many, principally in France; and not long before it, in the philosophical dream of Kant, which has dulled and plunged into a profound sleep, a great multitude of brilliant talents, and corrupted a vast number of generous and virtuous hearts.

Ideology, in our opinion, is the science least susceptible of inventions, and, very unfortunately, it is the very one on which men generally love to invent, because their monstrous productions are not subject to physical inspection and fair trial, but all are involved in abstractions and surrounded by a mysterious cloud of a certain phraseology that constitutes always the principal part of the invention. Kant, therefore, introduced into the scientific world, his TRANSCENDENTAL philosophy, and his PURE reason, with several other terms (and only terms) of a similar nature, no less ridiculous than the *scholastic* language of the 13th century. Were it not for the errors originated from his doctrine, it would be the best to take no notice of the fancies of the romantic philosopher; but experience proves to us the necessity of cautioning the lovers of truth against them. We shall consider the *Kantism* in an ideological and in a religious view.

Kantism ideologically considered.—

At the very first step we must confess our embarrassment, and beg our readers to excuse us, should we not give a clear and correct idea of Kant's system, for we think that Kant never understood himself. Judging, however, from the explanations of his doctrines given by several authors, we may infer that according to this system, experience is not the source of truth, or its *criterion*, neither is to be found merely in the activity of the

mind or in our reason, in whatsoever manner it may be put in operation.—Therefore, both reason and experience must be supported by *another principle*; and to this sublime principle we must *transcend* or elevate ourselves, in order to consider the *pure reason*, divested of images of senses, and of fictions of reasonings. This eminent principle is composed of some *spiritual forms* which are found in our soul, and become clear in consequence of the action of our senses or the power of our reason. But what are these forms? We doubt that Kant ever knew it, or that any of his disciples has ever understood it—on our part, we confess our ignorance. Should we ask the *Kantists* whether these forms or this principle must be considered as the *innate* ideas of Descartes, they will answer *no*—*by no means*; for this would deprive the system of its novelty, and the inventor of his fame. Is this principle in God?—they will deny it, for fear of making rather too sensible the tendency of their system to Pantheism; for surely that principle, whatever it is, must be in the soul; and if it be in God, the soul must also be in God, and God in the soul, or they must be the same substance, for the divine nature admits no other substance in itself. Is this principle something different from the soul, and united to it? How then? Is it a substance? It's knowledge must be acquired by the soul either by sensation, by reasoning, or at least the *intimate sense*, or conscience. But Kant would have it that senses, experience, reasonings, conscience, and every thing similar, are of no great value to ascertain truth; and consequently they cannot prove the existence of that mysterious principle, or pure reason.

Perhaps some of our readers may think that we misconstrue the doctrine of Kant by saying that he does not establish experience as the *criterion* of truth; but we beg them to observe

hat although Kant openly says that all his system is grounded on *experience*, and this should be the guide as it is the origin of certitude, when we come to examine his doctrine, there is no doubt left that the experience, as used by Kant, is of a very different nature, and has a very different meaning. He divides it in *objective* and *subjective*, or rather he says that experience is composed of these two elements—the *objective*, which is in conformity with the object in nature, and the *subjective* in the intellect, which is the subject which receives or possesses this element. But these subjective elements are of no value unless in comparison with the objectives; and the objectives themselves cannot be realized by the senses, or by mere reasoning. Hence the experience is actually null, although often spoken of in Kant's writings, and all is left to the pure reason, which we may call the ideal, or rather the fiction.

Our dreaming philosopher does not consider the sensations, but the sensibility, which he distinguishes as if the latter were not merely an abstraction of the former, but as things of very different nature, although he could never point out the difference; and he teaches that we have no idea of the object in nature, but that we see all in our soul. Should this only mean that there is nothing in the bodies similar to our ideas, (for these are spiritual,) or that the nearest representations (if we can make use of the word) that the soul has of the objects, are the ideas, there will be no difficulty, for every philosopher would say and has said the same; but it appears that Kant teaches something different.—But what is that? He may know it, but we are sure he had not so clear idea of this subject as we have of his illusion. Consequently, he says that we can be sure of our sensation, but not of its object in nature, and that all is reduced to the *egoism* or knowledge we have of ourselves. Here is again the

doctrine of Malebranche, and if Kant does not say any thing else, his system has no claim to be called an invention, or a new doctrine in ideology. However, to say something new, he presents a great error by admitting the *scepticism* as to the *pure reason*, but not as to the *practical reason*, by which we all know what is necessary to the end we aim at, which is our happiness. Consequently he says we admit the existence of God, and of a future life. The professor of philosophy in the college of the Propagande, (whose text book accidentally came to our hands, and whose name we are ignorant of,) very properly says that Kantism can be defined a *transcendental idealism*, and a *real empirism*.

Kantism Religiously Examined.—If the *pure reason*, which is the true guide and standard of truth according to Kant, leads us to scepticism, how can the *practical reason*, while regulated by the pure reason, be sure of any thing?—how can we properly believe, and properly reflect? The defenders of such a system, many of whom are very far from perceiving its tendency, should reflect that faith is a mere name, if there will be no certitude whatever in the correspondence of the objects with the ideas, or with those forms admitted or invented by Kant; and, moreover, the existence of our very soul, as a substance endowed with the power of perceiving different objects, cannot be demonstrated, if there be no evidence that the objects do exist—for such a knowledge of our soul would be, perhaps, a proof of the contrary, namely, of a deception. The senses, according to Kant, will not teach the soul: reason is also incapable—who, then, will teach our intellect, and convince us that our existence is not a mere fiction. Even the idea of fiction, which supposes that of reality, would never be acquired. Where is then the certainty of religion? what is the

use of the preaching, when the *practical reason* tells us that man preaches the truth the *pure reason* would answer. "It is not evident, even, whether there is any such a man preaching, and whether the objects he speaks about are or are not existent." Where is then, we ask once more, where is then the religion?

In 1764, Kant called the attention by a small but pernicious work, entitled, *ONLY possible foundation to demonstrate the existence of God*. This foundation was, according to Kant, the *intimate sense*. He therefore disregarded every other demonstration, and left the believing in God to a mere fancy of saying, "My conscience tells me that there is a God." Very soon, he himself perceived the scandal that such a work had produced, and that his name suffered a great deal in consequence of it; and as the author of the *Memoires pour l'Histoire Ecclesiastic du 18me. siecle* observes, in future writings Kant himself contradicted and destroyed that principal thought, pretending only to explain it, so that it can be considered as refuted by its own author. He then wrote the criticism of the *pure reason*, and the *religion confined to the limits of simple reason*, which called the attention of Germany, more for the propensity of that nation to abstract and *mind-torturing* systems, than for a real merit of the works, unless by merit will be understood labor, difficulty, incomprehensibility, and affected novelty. Very unfortunately, several Universities adopted the new doctrine, which consequently began to be the subject of the day in the scientific world.

As to the doctrines themselves, or rather the applications made by Kant, in his extraordinary and visionary principles, it will be enough to transcribe his own words to refute them; for we hope that every impartial intellect will not but perceive their absurdity. "Morality," he says, "or an ideal of

virtue recognized by the pure reason, is the foundation of the true religion, and itself alone constitutes the idea of a universal religion, *out of which* there is nothing but error, or at least superfluities" (down with revealed religion)! "There is in a man a bad principle, which makes him bad by his own nature, although he is essentially good. These two principles will battle one against the other, till the empire of God will be established on earth (hence it is not established, and there is no church); and then the victory will be decided between good and bad. The image of this empire is the church, which ought not to admit but a moral worship, without prayers, offerings, sacrifices, or ceremonies (this is beautiful indeed). There are three radical bases of human nature—*animality*, which is the source of the natural virtues and of the vices, of rudeness and brutality: *humanity*, which gives birth to social virtues, and to the vices that approach man to the infernal beings; and *personality* (totally incomprehensible), which manifests to reason and to the heart the voice of conscience and of the divinity." He also says that "the good principle of humanity is an *ideal thing*: that this ideal thing is, in relation to its origin, the only son of God (this is impious, as far as it is comprehensible): that he is the Word, relative to the world created by him: that whatever may be the nature of the founder of Christianity, he is come to produce by his life and his death the *reality* of that *ideal* which we are permitted to imitate: that all men are called to form a civil society, having God as Law-giver: that the ideal of this society will be the visible church; that the believing in this *ideal* or invisible church, will be the *pure* faith of the *pure* religion of the pure reason. This faith will be divided into two; namely, the faith of the visible church, or ecclesiastical faith, deposited in a holy book; and the religious faith, inter-

preter of the former, and of its book—that the first is nothing but the introduction of the other among the people, and that when they will be identified, all men will enjoy on earth an endless happiness—that the pure reason takes no notice of history, facts, miracles, and proofs of revelation.”

There is no necessity for any further proof of the absurdity and impiety of Kant's system, than the above conclusions, drawn by himself from his principles. He does away with religion, except the uncertain and insufficient one, which he hopes will be established, and which he thinks proper to call *moral religion*. But even this, in our opinion, is totally inconsistent with his doctrine, which brings all certitude to the *subjective elements*, as he calls them, that is, to those intellectual principles or forms, which he supposes to exist in our souls.—How to know them? Experience, according to Kant's doctrine, does not lead us into the knowledge of truth, but by the direction, or as we may call it, the action of those elements. They are independent of experience, and this cannot teach us any thing about them, but, on the contrary, experience itself is known to us by said elements. Hence, we cannot learn that *moral religion* from *experience* and observation of the nature of the objects, in order to grant to each of them, what it requires, but all our learning on this point must be *subjective*, that is, existing in the *subject* of the forms or notions that are in the soul. It is then in our soul that we must see as in the divinity of the principles of the *pure* and true religion which must be entirely *subjective*. This will lead us either to Pantheism and consequently to the destruction of every religion, or to a state of uncertainty which is also inconsistent with every religious system.

We hope that our readers will not expect us to dwell on the subject of Pantheism, for its deformity is so evi-

dent that no man of sense unless deluded by philosophical pride, will ever give in to it, and as to the tendency of Kant's doctrine to this error, should he say, that we observe all in our soul like in the divinity, it will be obvious by considering that this could not be but by an emanation, which is the same as Pantheism. Let us confine our observations to the uncertainty of *such moral religion* according to the very principles of his system. Being always afraid to misunderstand him, for as we have already observed, there are reasons to believe that he never understood himself, we shall transcribe the explanation of some of his doctrines from the excellent work of the learned Galluppi. “The transcendental philosophy,” he says, “deprives the notion of the *absolute* of every *reality*. If the objective elements of our knowledge do not acquire any *objective value* but by the *sintesi*, by which are formed objects of the experience, how can there be, according to this philosophy, any *objective value* in the *absolute*, which does not enter into the *sintesis* of any sensible object? The elements which enter by *sintesis* in the formation of an object, can be separated by *analysis*; but if you prove to *analyze* any sensible object, you will never obtain as a result, the *absolute*, which, therefore, remains according to that philosophy, as a *simple idea* of our reason, *without any reality*.” (Galluppi. Elementi di Filosofia, v. 2, p. 168.) Consequently, the moral religion grounded on this transcendental philosophy, would be a *simple idea* of our reason without any reality, that is to say, that it would be no religion whatever. The very foundation of religion, which is the existence of the *absolute*, viz: God, cannot be demonstrated but as a mere idea; how, then, can the religion itself, be otherwise demonstrated?—Therefore, Galluppi observes, that Kant admits the existence of God, but for some other reasons and motives.

Can it be a clearer proof that he himself granted that his *pure reason*—his transcendental philosophy—in a word, his abstract and extraordinary system, cannot afford us a demonstration of the very foundation of his imaginary religion?

Sciences have derived very little benefit from systems, and religion has always suffered by them. Every system brings a certain plan and invention, which are the fruits of human reason, very seldom grounded on true observation. Even when so, there is a great risk in the application of principles, and when the human mind is determined to find a *fanciful* uniformity, it necessarily falls into an abyss of abstractions, and an imaginary nature takes the place of the magnificent work of the Omnipotent Creator. Often is the case, that a system is contrived upon some isolated, though correct observations, and nature is called afterwards to support it; so that a man takes the place of the Creator, while he only pretends to explain his works, and to follow the dictates of that light of reason granted to him as a token of his great destiny. In religion, there cannot be any system, for the divine work is planned by the Almighty himself; a truth, not to be investigated, but received either from the evidences of nature, or from revelation, and nothing is left to man but to believe after evident facts and dogmas, and to meditate upon the correspondence and extent of the truths already known, which constitutes the profound study of religion. Systems are its enemies; and the history of heresies evidently bears out the assertion. While Kant was only dreaming, he was only a dreamer, treated so by every one who was not led astray by philosophical and religious prejudice, against the generally received doctrine of induction from sensations; but as soon as he began to apply his dreams to religion, his doctrine became dangerous. He endeavored to

find his *pure reason* in the revealed word, and being unable to accomplish his plan, he thought very little of that which opposed it, viz: revelation.—Hence took origin, the fanciful civil and moral religion, which he hoped will exist, at a period he could not anticipate.

There is no system so capable of producing and increasing fanaticism; and lest the reader may think that we are influenced by any particular motive, we shall give our reason for so judging. Fanaticism is a state of excitement of human intellect, which renders it incapable of perceiving the object but on one side, and leads him either to *overvalue* the things or the means to obtain them, and to defend them with an imprudent zeal, that is frequently found on religious subjects, and, therefore, the name is taken from the false inspiration, which the worshipper of Fan pretends to receive in his temple or *Fanum*; in consequence of which they used to come out in a state of derangement and even fury. Therefore those doctrines which are upon objects of importance and of an abstract nature, are more calculated to produce this excitement, because the exertions of the mind are directed precisely to concentrate our thoughts to one order of things, and compass, if we can make use of this word, the operations of our intellect. Hence all our desires and pleasures, are referred to such objects, and we find an aversion to any other contrary to them. Such is the cause of the great study of Kantism, undertaken and followed by men whose talents would have easily perceived the deformities of the monster they fed, were it not for the influence of fanaticism which entered their mind softly, and chained it most strongly. Philosophy was then brought to religion, not as subservient but as leader; and in a short time, the dogmas of divine revelation were converted into mere emanations, we may call them so, of

the principles and forms of Kantism. The necessity of discovering was sufficiently proved, by the mere pleasure of indulging an unobserved fanaticism, and those who actually disfigured and even destroyed the most sacred objects thought to do the greatest service to philosophy and to religion. The opposition of this system to materialism, gained in its favor the suffrage of many pious persons, who were afflicted at the awful sight of the immorality which naturally follows that horrible doctrine, and we have every rea-

son to believe that many of the Kantists are such, more because they wish that doctrine to be true than because they perceive that it is true. Unfortunately, they did not observe but one side of the object, and therefore they earnestly and conscientiously embrace it as a heavenly gift, and as an inspiration to do away with materialism. But, ah! they ran after an appearance of truth, which they took for a deity, and were not less disappointed than the unfortunate who embraced the shadow instead of Juno.

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY, (*Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.*)

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR A VIRGIN AND MARTYR.*

Virginis proles, etc.

I.

Son of a Virgin, and thy mother's Lord,
Thou of a Virgin pure conceived and born,
We sing the triumph of thy Virgin's death—
The well-earned laurels which her name adorn.

II.

Hers is the two-fold palm—to have subdued,
With dauntless spirit, her condition frail,
And to have triumphed o'er the power wherewith
The tyrant dared her courage to assail.

III.

She recked not death, nor all the kindred pains
Of death, unnumbered—but deserved full well,
By generously pouring forth her blood,
In Heaven's immortal happiness to dwell.

* At Matins.

IV.

Grant by her prayers, most gracious God, that we
Remission of the punishment may gain—
Due for our sins ;—that, with pure hearts, we may
Sing to thy name an acceptable strain.

V.

To God the Father, and his only Son,
And Holy Paraclete, likewise, to Thee—
One God—be equal power and glory given,
Alike through time and through eternity.

HYMN FOR NEITHER A VIRGIN NOR MARTYR.

Fortem virili pectore, etc.

I.

The matron, of a manly breast,
And noble fortitude possess;
With sanctity's most brilliant rays
Adorned—let us together praise.

II.

She, with a holy love inflamed,
Earth's love inordinate disclaimed :
Whilst on the Heavens she fixed her sight,
And sought those realms of bliss and light.

III.

Her flesh with fasting she subdued,
Blest meditation was her food :
Thus feasting on the sweets of prayer,
The joys of Heaven she tasted here.

IV.

O Christ, our King, through whom alone
Great deeds by mighty souls are done,
Most mercifully deign to hear
Through her, we beg, our humble prayer.

V.

To God the Father glory be,
And to his only son, and Thee,
O Holy Spirit—as has been,
And shall be, ever more—Amen.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE BEAL FIRE.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Ay, a woman!
 But know that in this woman's breast is lodged
 A heart, proud man, as daring as thine own:
 And though thou mayest despise its love, beware,
 How thou awakest its hate!—ANON.

The history of civilized Europe affords but few parallels to the miseries inflicted on ill-fated Ireland in the disastrous year of 17—. But while three of her provinces were suffering all the horrors of a civil war, the fourth, Ulster, was in the enjoyment of comparative tranquillity. For this it was indebted more, perhaps to the mixed state of its population—a large portion being of the favored class—than to the peaceful disposition of many of its most influential men, who only waited an opportunity to co-operate with their countrymen in arms; and of these not the least worthy of notice was Father Egan, the aged priest of —.

This gentleman was the last of a once powerful family, whose adherence to the faith of their fathers had often brought upon them the vengeance of a government whose aim for centuries had been the extermination of all the *mere Irish*, the name given to the ancient possessors of the country. Under various pretexts, they had been stripped of all their possessions, and when, at an early age, their descendant found himself alone in the world, he was almost destitute of the means of subsistence. Having been educated for the priesthood, he was, soon after his admission to orders, sent a missionary to the American Colonies. While resident

in them, the great work of American Independence was accomplished; and then sprung up in his heart a hope for that, which subsequently he laboured so untiringly to effect—the regeneration of his country.

Early one morning in June, father Egan entered the humble dwelling of Norah Keenan, one of the many cabins on the coast, between the town of D—— and B——y F——d Point, and only distinguishable from the rest by the air of neatness worn by every thing around it. Norah Keenan was one of these persons of whom a great deal is said and but little known.—When she took possession of her present abode, some years before the time of which we write, she gave out that she was a widow, and the boy she had with her, then about ten years old, her only child. That she had known sorrow, the settled gloom of her really fine countenance bore sufficient testimony, and to what that sorrow could be attributable, except the loss of her husband, not even the most sagacious pretended to hazard a conjecture. Of family or friends she never spoke; but it was evident that her real rank was above that which her present appearance would imply, and she certainly was not poor, for to all that needed was her bounty known, and on the education of her son she spared no expense.

"Peace be here!" said the father, as he entered.

"Peace never can come within my dwelling, father," said Norah rising,

for she had been in the attitude of devotion, "until the freedom of my country is restored."

"And that, with Heaven's blessing, soon may be."

"May we then hope?" asked she, with eagerness.

"That should we ever, daughter."

"Yes, yes," said she impatiently, "I know all that—but have you any news?"

"Yes, last night I received certain intelligence from our friends in the south, which confirms all that we have heard of the rapid progress the good work is there making, with assurance that the long-threatened blow will soon be struck which restores us to our rights."

"Thank heaven! But why is it delayed? Why is not the blow already struck that is to avenge us on our oppressors?"

"Still, of vengeance, daughter? I thought we were about to strike for justice?"

"And what will vengeance, deepest, direst vengeance! be but justice?"

"We have all sustained wrongs," said the old man, mildly, "and yours have not been the least,—which we must now try to redress. The advice of our friends is that we hold ourselves in readiness to co-operate with them as soon as we effectually can, which they think will be in a short time. As we have not yet chosen a leader, I intend for that purpose to convoke a meeting to-night. My choice, and I believe that of most, will rest on Heremon, for, though we have many older, there is not one among us of equal talents."

"Ay, he has talents if he knew how to apply them, but all the energies he seemed once to possess are paralyzed by the craven blood of his father that congeals round his heart. But no, I wrong him; the boy is no coward; he has only too much of that of which I have always had too

little—prudence. He wishes well to our purpose, but does not approve the means we take to effect it."

"The end, I trust, will justify the means."

"It will—it *must*!" said Norah, determinately, "but he fears that it will not. We are about, he says, to inflict on our country a positive evil for the attainment of an uncertain good;—that with our slender means, it is hardly possible we should succeed, and, if we do not, irretrievable ruin must be the consequence of our enterprise."

"We must abide the consequences," returned the father, "trusting in the power of HIM that giveth strength to the feeble. But I must away. You and Heremon will not fail to meet us to-night?"

"I will not," said Norah, and the father left her. She sat a considerable time after his departure seemingly lost in thought from which she was at length aroused by the entrance of another visiter—the young and beautiful daughter of Sir John Conway. As Norah rose to receive her with the Irish salutation of "*Cead mille a fatha*," the young lady threw herself into her arms and burst into tears.

"Heaven bless the child," said Norah, in alarm, "what can ail her! Your father?—mother?"

"Are well," sobbed she.

"And yourself, my love?"

"Am very well."

"Then what mean these tears?"

The young lady withdrew herself from the arms of Norah, and, after a pause of a few minutes to recover composure, she asked,

"Have you then not heard?"

"Heard what?—I have heard nothing."

"That"—and she seemed to struggle for utterance—"that they are going to marry me?"

"Indeed, my dear!" said Norah, smiling. "And what is there in

marriage so terrible as to cause all this emotion?"

"It is not the thought of marriage so much as of him to whom they are going to give me," and she wept afresh.

"But who is he?"

"An English lord—a great friend of my father—the Earl of Inver."

"The Earl of Inver!" Norah rather gasped than said.

"Yes. When last in England he paid me considerable attention, which I received as a matter of course; but he, presuming on the preference I gave him to many younger men, that I did not wish to encourage, made proposals for me to my father, which were readily accepted; and it was arranged that, as soon as the Earl could follow us here, we should be married, though a word was never said to me about it till last night. He is expected here to-day, and the wedding will take place immediately."

"The third wedding of the Earl of Inver!" said Norah, as if communing with herself. "Never! By this," raising to her lips the small golden cross she wore in her bosom, "that wedding never shall take place!"

"Why, Norah," said the young lady, forgetting her sorrow in her surprise, "do you know him?"

"Know him? Know Edward Melville, Earl of Inver? Yes, I do know him. Would to heaven I did not! Listen to me, Aileen Conway, and judge whether or not I have had reason to know him, for she of whom I am about to speak was to me as a sister."

They seated themselves, and Norah related what follows.

"Phadrig Mulderg, commonly called Phadrig More, was, like too many of his countrymen of the present day, the impoverished descendant of a once respectably family. Being a Catholic, he could not hope for honorable distinction in his own country, so, following the example of many of

his brethren in proscription, he went over to the continent, where he soon became one of the first of those which the barbarous policy of Britain drives from their native shore to fight the battles of her enemies. He there fell in love with, and married a lady of considerable rank, with whom he lived several years very happily. The only fruit of their marriage was a daughter.

"Pharig More loved the land of his fathers with an intensity which neither time nor absence could abate; and after the death of his wife, he returned to it with the hope of mingling his dust with theirs; bringing with him the little Unah, on whom, 'till she attained the age of womanhood, he bestowed all the care that might be expected from the best of parents.

"Unah Mulderg was much famed for her beauty, but more for the spirit she had evinced on many occasions, to one of which she was indebted for all the miseries of her after life.

"One evening, as she was returning from the house of a friend, she was overtaken by two gentlemen. "That's a pretty girl," said one, and swearing by Him whom no mortal should lightly name, "I will have a kiss from her!"

The ruffian caught hold of her, and the next instant his mouth gushed blood. "You are rightly served," said his companion, "and, with the young lady's permission, I will protect her from further insult." "I thank you, sir," returned Unah, "but the daughter of Phadrig More Mulderg can protect herself."

"Phadrig More!" exclaimed the stranger, "this is indeed a fortunate rencontre, for it gives me an opportunity of introducing myself to the dearest friend of my father." Unah could not then refuse his company home—and thus she became acquainted with Edward Melville.

"Phadrig More received with pleasure the young Englishman, with

whose father he had been acquainted on the continent; and for many a day he remained in the good man's house, a welcome and respected guest. Edward Melville was young, handsome and accomplished; and had withal, "a tongue could wheedle with the devil." It is little wonder then that he soon obtained a complete ascendancy over the young and susceptible daughter of Phadrig More; or that, after much importunity, she consented to become his without the consent, and, indeed, without the knowledge of her father.

"Phadrig More was not one to withhold from his daughter the forgiveness and blessing she craved after her undutifulness; and then for a short time Unah was completely happy. But nothing is more true than the trite observation, 'that all sublunary bliss is transitory!' In the second month of their marriage Edward was summoned home; and though he promised to return as soon as he could reconcile his parents to the step he had taken, which he represented as a matter of little or no difficulty, and that his absence, at most, would be but for a few weeks, yet the grief of Unah was little short of agony.

"But weeks and months passed, and Edward did not return. He had at first written with every return of post, and his letters were such as might be expected from the fondest of husbands. Then they became less and less frequent; and at last ceased altogether. Unah, in whose mind the idea of her husband was connected with all that was great and good, harbored not the slightest suspicion of his fidelity; but, conceiving some misfortune to have befallen him, determined, by immediately repairing to England, to know the worst at once.

"It was evening when Unah, ill from anxiety, arrived at the stately abode of the Melvilles. With a throbbing heart she followed the ser-

vant to a richly furnished and splendidly lighted apartment, where, reclining on a sofa, she found the mistress of the mansion—the mother of her husband. Forgetful of all forms, she hurried towards her and asked eagerly for her son. 'My son,' said Mrs. Melville, regarding her visitor with a look of wonder, 'is well.'—'Thank God!' exclaimed Unah, and throwing herself on a seat, burst into an hysterical flood of tears.

"Mrs. Melville gazed on her in silence until she was sufficiently recovered to account for the strangeness of her conduct, which she did by simply informing her who she was.

" 'The wife of my son!' said Mrs. Melville, coldly, 'I think, young lady, here is some mistake. Edward Melville, it is true, was lately married; but with his wife, the daughter and heiress of the late Lord Inver, I am well acquainted.'

" 'Married! married!' said Unah, and her senses nearly failed her, 'Here *must*, indeed, be some mistake. Yet no, this is the place to which his letters were addressed. Tell me, madam, for heaven's sake tell me! did you never hear him speak of Unah Mulderg?'

" 'I certainly did hear him speak of such a person, for whom he had conceived a *penchant*; but—'

" 'I am she, and I am his wife,' said Unah.

" 'Pardon me, young lady, that can hardly be. I believe there was a kind of marriage ceremony performed by a Popish Priest, which every one knows is not binding between a Protestant and Papist.' At that instant Edward Melville entered the room with his new bride hanging fondly on his arm—the next, the abandoned Unah lay senseless at his feet.

" 'When restored to consciousness, she found herself in a neatly furnished apartment, attended by an aged, and respectable looking female. Her

first inquiry was for her husband. The old woman answered by giving her a letter, which she said had been left by the gentleman who had brought her there. It was from Edward, and contained, besides his reasons for what he had done, which are not worth repeating, a draught on a Dublin banker for a considerable amount.

"This last insult was all that was wanting to fill the cup of misery it was the fate of the wretched Unah to drain. The letter and draught were immediately returned; and she left the land of her betrayer to seek at home that peace which she, alas! was destined never more to find.

"It was late at night when Unah returned to the dwelling of her father. Dreadful forebodings had taken possession of her mind long before she reached it; and, to confirm them, the first sound she heard on entering was the dismal cry of the Irish over the dead. She rushed forward, and beheld her father's corse! She soon after retired to a convent in Spain, where it is supposed she still is, but for many years, it is said, lived with an unsettled mind.

"Of Edward Melville, for whom the title of Earl of Inver had been revived, I have but little more to say. With his fair young wife he was not permitted to know much happiness, except what he derived from the possession of her fortune. 'Till Unah's appearance in England, Lady Inver had been ignorant of her existence, and from the shock which that occasioned her she never recovered; but, 'till the day of her death, which happened a few years since, was subject to fits of the deepest melancholy, attributed by her friends to the loss of her only child, that was taken from her in its infancy."

After a few minutes conversation on matters of no importance to our history, Aileen Conway departed, with a strengthened resolution never

to become the wife of Lord Inver. As she left the cabin she met Here-mon, Norah's son. A bow and a blush were all they exchanged, but, as she passed, a slip of paper fell at his feet, on which was written "The eastern aisle—ten o'clock." However enigmatical these words may seem to our readers, they were perfectly understood by the youth, who, after devoutly kissing the paper, deposited it in his bosom.

"Ah, Heremon," said Norah, as the young man entered, "I have news for you. Certain advices have been received from our friends in the south, which will awake, I hope, the slumbering energies of the partisans of the good cause here. Ireland will soon become, what she has long deserved to be, the happy and the free!"

"Heaven grant it! but I fear—"

"*Fear!* fear well becomes the lover of his country!"

"At least prudence does."

"*Prudence!* How I hate that word; 'twas only made for cowards."

"I am none," returned the youth, while the flush of anger deepened the healthful glow of his cheek.

"That is true, Heremon, you are no coward," said his mother, "If I had thought you one, I should never have urged you to espouse the cause of our bleeding country;—that requires *soldiers*. But when I see one like you, who need but do his duty to merit the gratitude of mankind, willingly forego it, because forsooth the means to ensure it clash with his idea of *prudence*, it is no wonder that I become impatient with him who prostrates his spirit to that idol of the *Sassenagh!* You know what your favorite author says, that "some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them." You are one of the latter, but one who is too *prudent* to accept of greatness, even when thrust upon you."

"I do not understand you."

"Well then, I will be explicit. It is the wish of our friends that you become their leader."

"The leader of rebels!"

"Ay, if you please. Such was the immortal Washington called till he made sure of success, and then his title was, what yours may be, 'The Saviour of his Country!'" But I have other news for you. We are going to lose Miss Conway."

"What," said he carelessly, "is she going to England again?"

"Yes, she is going to England, but not as Miss Conway, she is now going as the Right Honorable, the Countess of Inver."

"Who told you this?"

"Even Aileen Conway herself!"

"Oh, impossible! said Heremon, without seeming conscious of his mother's presence, "she surely will not falsify her promise?"

After a short pause, Norah thus continued, "Although, my son, you have so sedulously endeavored to hide from me the affection you cherish for Miss Conway, I have long seen it, and feared that it would terminate in the misery of one, or both of you, for I believe it is fully reciprocated by her. But you surely could never have entertained the hope that Sir John Conway, as proud as he is rich, would bestow the hand of his only child on a nameless peasant—and one, too, of a *proscribed caste*?"

"You have often told me, mother, that I am not the son of a peasant, and we certainly are not poor."

"*You are not the son of a peasant, nor are we poor.* But this Sir John does not know—and if he did, how would it benefit you? You know his prejudices, *and you are a Catholic.* But if you love Aileen Conway, as I think you do, you will not shrink from doing that by which you can alone obtain her."

"I would shrink from nothing—but dishonor."

"There is no dishonor attending it. Lend your aid to those who now need it, and when by your assistance the iniquitous laws are abrogated which divide the children of this unhappy Isle; when the Catholic, without degradation, may worship God as his fathers did, and when *in all* he shall enjoy the same privileges as his Protestant brother, then, and not till then, may you aspire to the hand of Aileen Conway." So saying, she rose and quitted the cabin, leaving Heremon to the company of his own reflections.

The ruined Abbey of St. Killian lay wrapped in the shadows of night, when, about half an hour before ten, Heremon repaired to its eastern aisle. This, the least ruinous part of the abbey, had been peopled by superstition with the forms of its departed inhabitants, and was held in such awe by the surrounding peasantry, that, for the wealth of the whole county, not one of them would have ventured within its precincts after the setting of the sun. For this reason it had been chosen by Heremon and Aileen for their place of meeting.

By any one who has spent half an hour waiting for a beloved object, it will readily be conceived how tediously the minutes must have passed to Heremon in that dreary aisle. Twenty times he hurried towards the entrance, thinking it was darkened by the form of Aileen; it was but a cloud passing over the moon. He held his breath to listen, fancying he heard the light fall of her fairy foot—it was but the beating of his anxious heart; or the whispered music of her voice—it was but the sigh of the night wind among the ruins, or the breaking of the waves on the rocks beneath. At length a form did darken the entrance—a light step was heard, and the next instant Aileen was clasped to the heart of her lover!

"Aileen, dearest Aileen!" said

Heremon, tenderly, "what means this agitation?"

"Alas! Heremon," she returned, mournfully, "should I not be agitated, when I think this is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever be permitted to meet?"

"Heaven forbid! Surely Aileen, you only say this to try me?"

"No, Heremon! I am now in no jesting humor. Did not your mother tell you?"

"She told what I was not willing to believe, that you are soon to become the wife of Lord Inver."

"It is but too true!"

"Aileen!" said her lover, releasing her.

"Do not, Heremon, cast me from you! I still am as truly, as devotedly yours as when our vows were first exchanged. But you know the obedience that I owe my parents."

"Cast you from me, Aileen?" said the impassioned youth, as he again folded her to his bosom, "for worlds I would not cast you from me! But is there no way of averting the fate that threatens you?"

"None—none that I know of!" said she, in a tone of the deepest despondency.

"Yet it shall be averted—if you but approve the means."

"Of any thing, so that my parents are secured from injury."

"Not a hair of their heads shall be endangered. When is the wedding to take place?"

"The Earl arrived to-day, and as he is obliged to return to Dublin immediately, on some government business, it is determined that it shall take place privately to-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening! that is sooner than I expected," said Heremon, musing. "But no matter. To-morrow evening, then, I shall have arranged every thing for your deliverance, and when you see the *Beal*

Fire lighted on the hill fronting your window, for 'tis St. John's Eve, you may know that it is at hand."

After some minutes passed in conversation, which, as it could only be interesting to themselves, we will not repeat, the lovers separated; she to return to the dwelling of her father, and he to join those who were impatiently waiting for him.

He descended from the Abbey to the beach, along which he walked for near a quarter of a mile, but so closely under the rocks as not to run the slightest risk of being seen by any person above; then turning into one of the creeks that indent the coast, he soon came to what might appear, to one unacquainted with the mysteries of the place, the fissure of a rock. This he entered with some difficulty, and immediately the place became large enough to permit him to walk upright with perfect ease. After groping his way a few minutes in primeval darkness, he found himself at the seeming termination of his subterranean ramble; but by a signal from him, the obstruction gave way, and he was admitted to the place of rendezvous, one of the vaults of the ruined abbey, the existence of which was only known to the initiated, where he found his mother, Father Egan, a few gentlemen and a motley assemblage of peasantry, who received him with every demonstration of pleasure.

At the upper end of the vault, were three seats raised considerably above the rest. The middle one was occupied by father Egan, the one on his right, by the mother of Heremon—and that on his left, by an old man, whose musical and poetic talents were held in high estimation by many of his countrymen. As soon as Heremon was seated, the old man rose, and, after a short prelude on his harp, sang, to a beautiful and expressive air, the following words:

"O where's the harp that breathed the
soul of gladness !

And where is she that did its sweet-
ness wake ?

Whose welcome warm would clear the
brow of sadness ;

Whose smile the coldest heart would
captive take ?

"In a deserted fane that harp is sleep-
ing,

Or wakened by the passing breeze
alone ;

And by its desecrated altar weeping
She sits, o'er buried hopes and glories
gone !

"The wild flower wreath that bound
her brow is faded,

And 'mong her loosened locks the
night wind sighs ;

Her splendor by the veil of grief is
shaded,

And on her breast a withered sham-
rock lies !

"Yet now her wonted fire is she re-
vealing,

Though sorrow long to crush her
spirit strove ;

And the few sad notes from her wild
harp stealing

Are sweet as those that breathed of
joy and love.

"Her night is passing ;---now her day
breaks o'er her ;---

And He, on whom she has not called
in vain,

Will, 'mong the proudest, to her rank
restore her,

When she'll to gladness wake her
harp again !"

When the applause subsided which
this song, rude as it may seem to the
reader of taste, had elicited, father
Egan rose. "Yes, my friends,"
said he, "the long night of slavery is
past, and the bright day of liberty
dawns upon us. The cries of our
long-suffering country have ascended
to the throne of our fathers' God, and
He, to whom she has not cried in
vain, will avenge her on her oppres-
sors ! He will restore her broken
altars, and gather again, under his

own protecting care, the scattered
remnant of his once-numerous flock.
He has willed that Ireland shall once
more be free ; but, as he always
works by human means, she can only
become so by the bravery, the con-
stancy and the unity of her sons. —
Their bravery has never been doubted ;
their constancy in suffering has been
severely tested ; but, alas ! their want
of unity has become proverbial ! Irish-
men have ever been the deadliest foes
of Irishmen ! This stain on our na-
tional character we have now an op-
portunity to wipe off. Let us, then,
forget that religious distinctions have
ever existed among us ; let us, as
children of the same family, join in
driving from our shores those who
have come amongst us with the avowed
purpose of dividing to conquer ;
and, by cheerfully co-operating with
those who are ready to hazard all for
their country's salvation, prove to the
world that *Irishmen can be united !*"

The next that rose was the mother
of Heremon—and in no one could
her injured country have found a
more powerful advocate. Her ap-
pearance was sufficient to excite an
interest in the beholder, and no one
could listen five minutes to her im-
passioned eloquence without imbibing
a portion of her enthusiasm. She
began by apologizing for attempting
to speak in the councils of men, which
could only be excused by her devo-
tion to her country ; then she sketch-
ed rapidly the history of that country
until the introduction of the Penal
Code ; painted in vivid colors the
miseries of its infliction, on which she
dwelt with the bitterness of one who
had borne her portion of them—and
by her allusions to the family history
of each one present, awoke a feeling
of revenge in the bosom of all. To
one she spoke of the bravery of an
ancestor, who died in defence of the
liberties of his country ; to another
of the attachment of one of his to the
ancient faith, for which he suffered

martyrdom. One she reminded of the poverty to which his father had been reduced by the shameful apostasy of a younger brother, whose defection had been dignified with the name of conversion; another of the voluntary exile his father had endured—who was obliged to seek in foreign lands that honor denied to him at home—and concluded by giving the history of a well known and highly respected female, who had been divorced from her husband for the heinous crime of having been joined to him by a Catholic Priest!

A few more speeches from some of the elder members of the assembly, and the business for which they had met was entered into, and Heremon unanimously chosen leader.

The next day was one of unusual bustle in the lordly mansion of Sir John Conway—for, though the wedding of the Earl of Inver and the heiress of Castle Conway was to be a private one, the preparations making for it would have been sufficient had half the gentry of the county been invited. But the busiest day must have a close, and evening at length succeeded one of great excitement to the inmates of the castle—but also one of real misery to her, in honor of whom all preparations had been making.

Aileen was seated in her own room, which she had not left since the night before. The moment was fast approaching in which she was to meet Lord Inver at the altar, yet no sign appeared of her deliverance. An hundred fires gleamed in different parts of the country, yet the hill, on which was to be lighted her beacon of hope, was still clothed in darkness deep as the gloom of her despair. When her bridesmaids entered, they found her in an agony of tears, which all their efforts were unable to allay. Twice she arose to leave the apartment, when, overpowered by her feelings, she sank again into her seat. As she rose the third time, she cast a

despairing look towards the hill—when, to her infinite delight, she saw a bright flame ascend from it, even among the heavy clouds that still hung over it. With a light step she then descended to those who awaited her below, and proceeded to the chapel with as joyous a heart as if Lord Inver had been the husband of her choice.

The bridal party stood in the ancient chapel of the Conways; the marriage ceremony was begun, and as the minister concluded the sentence—beginning with, “If any can &c.” he was answered by a voice that awoke the long sleeping echoes of the place. “I can.” Every eye was turned in search of the speaker, and, to the surprise of most, it was discovered to be son of Norah, who stood with folded arms in the centre of the middle aisle, while behind him were grouped a number of men disguised and armed.

“What means this intrusion, sirrah?” said Sir John furiously.

“’Tis to save you, Sir John, from unavailing regret, and your daughter from misery,” said the youth firmly, but modestly.

“Indeed!” said Sir John, sneeringly, “and how, I pray?”

“By declaring that the Earl of Inver is already a married man.”

“Insolent defamer!” exclaimed Sir John, drawing his sword.

“Hold, Sir John,” said the Earl, laying his hand on the arm of the Baronet, “you surely would not stain your sword with the blood of yon crazed wretch! Pray, young man, by what means have you become acquainted with that which ’till this moment I was a stranger to?”

“No matter, my Lord, by what means I have become acquainted with that of which you now pretend such ignorance; but she, who while living, could alone be your wife in the sight of God, still lives! Your conscience, my Lord, will tell you that I can only mean *Unah Mulderg*!”

Heremon had confided to a few

young men his intention of putting a stop to the intended wedding—or, if what he had to say failed to do it, to carry off the bride; but even in this small number was one base enough to betray him, so that the Earl was prepared for his reception. But he was not prepared to hear the name of her he had so basely deserted. A dreadful change passed over his countenance, and the glare of his eyes was truly terrific. He stood one minute, as if denied the power of utterance, and the next he shouted, "Seize the rebel!" A body of armed men rushed in, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued! Heremon and his little band were soon overpowered, and dragged to prison—but his design was accomplished; for Aileen, who had fainted on seeing her lover seized, remained so long insensible that the wedding was necessarily deferred.

Early next morning Lord Inver departed for the capital, from which he returned in time to witness the trial—and, it need hardly be added, the condemnation of Heremon and his associates. They were found guilty of treason, on the evidence of their betrayer, and sentenced to death by hanging. Heremon urged nothing in extenuation of what he had done, but pleaded earnestly for his young friends, who were guilty of nothing, he asserted, but having been prevailed on by him to join in attempting to put a stop to an iniquitous marriage. But in vain. It was proved that they were all members of an unlawful assembly—they had been found armed, contrary to law, and consequently must all suffer alike. Two days were given them to prepare for their fate—and even this was looked upon as an unwonted favor!

The fatal morning came. At an early hour the town of D—— was

crowded with persons of every age and degree, drawn together by that powerful feeling, compounded of horror and curiosity. Sir John Conway had command of the troops it was thought necessary to bring in to keep the people in awe, while Lord Inver and some gentlemen of the county occupied a room immediately fronting the scene of execution. As the victims ascended the scaffold, a woman of commanding figure, dressed in mourning and closely veiled, entered the room. "It is the mother of Heremon Keenan!" whispered some commiseratingly. "It is the mother of the young rebel?" said others exultingly.

"I come, Lord Inver," said she, "to ask of you the lives of those young men." He stared. "Answer me, my Lord, will you, or will you not, save them?"

"I cannot."

"Can you not save as well as destroy? As you value your happiness in this world and in the world to come, I call upon you to save from death those whose lives you have so unjustly endangered!" He moved from her.

"Nay, my Lord, think not thus to escape me!" She tore off her veil. "Now, Edward Melville, is the hour of triumph mine!"

"Unah Mulderg!" he exclaimed with a shudder.

"Unah Mulderg! And, as sure as I am Unah Mulderg, he on yonder scaffold—the reputed Heremon Keenan—is your long lost Henry—the son of her for whom I was forsaken?"

"Save him! save him!" shrieked Lord Inver, as he rushed frantically from the house. The crowd of spectators gave way at his approach. He reached the foot of the gallows at the moment that a fair form was borne lifeless away.

It was too late!

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MISS ANNA GREY.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Bring lilies upon which the diamond dew
 Of last night's moonlight lingers pure and bright ;
 Bring cypress which those lilies can shine thro'
 Like silver stars thro' the encircling night.
 For thus entwin'd together, they will be
 Emblems of death embracing purity.
 I want them to escutcheon a fresh grave,
 Where a young stranger, beautiful as morn,
 Far from her native island of the wave—
 Far from the bosom's home where she was born—
 Far from the parent hearts which gladly leap
 With hope of meeting—lies in dreamless sleep.
 Hold ! " yet a little while," ere we consign
 The emblem to its delegated tale,
 Let Fancy, spurning blast and ocean brine,
 Seek Erin's isle : enchanter-like unveil
 The past, and see her mid her native rills,
 Glad as " the wild gazelle on Judah's hills."
 The rose is bright upon her cheeks,
 The star light's in her eyes ;
 And not more gladly morning breaks
 Thro' summer's crimson skies,
 Than ring those music words away
 From the sweet lips of Anna Grey.
 A brother seeks to see her face
 Within his distant home,
 And once his sister's form embrace
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 Her parents yield and she departs
 The love-link between distant hearts.
 There lies along Columbia's coast
 A reef-bound flowery shore,
 On which the gallant ship was lost,
 Which all her future bore ;
 And bar'd to sufferings night and day,
 Consumption seiz'd its early pray.
 One month before a sister fair
 Died in her native home,
 Whose spirit seem's t' have wandered there,
 And bade her sister come,
 And join her in that home above,
 Where meet the pure in endless love.
 Lilies and cypress by a sister twin'd
 And o'er her slumbers by a brother laid,
 Your leaves will answer to the requiem wind,
 And like the sleeper ye will purely fade,
 Cull'd from life's tree, to ornament the tomb
 Of one, like you, fallen in her stainless bloom.

ORATION ON THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS OF MARYLAND,

DELIVERED AT MT. ST. MARY'S SEMINARY, Md.

BY REV. J. MC'CAFFREY, PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF EMMETSBURG.

[We directed the attention of our readers in the last number of the *Expositor*, to the splendid Oration of Mr. Read: we have the agreeable task of presenting, in this number, another of a high character—especially in elegance of language and classical finish—pronounced by our old friend, the President of the College of Emmitsburg. A grand spectacle, at the foot of that blue rugged mountain, where the cottage cheers the desert, and makes it bloom, to behold an assemblage of ecclesiastics, students, and people of every estate, clustering together to join in the acclaim with which the 10th of May was greeted and hailed throughout the length and breadth of Maryland. The chorus of heart strains of jubilee arose on the banks of St. Mary's river, and swelled and lengthened and lost itself in that which pealed among the crags of St. Mary's Mount!

The Reverend Orator has introduced into the body of his discourse, a very succinct and satisfactory synopsis of the Charter drawn up and promulgated, by Cecilius Calvert:]

"The charter, unlike any patent, which had hitherto passed the great seal of England, was most liberal in all its provisions. No one, who reads it, can ever question the profound sagacity and far-seeing wisdom, the benevolence and magnanimity of its author. It was such an instrument, as

none but a favorite could have obtained from any of the absolute and arbitrary monarchs, who sat upon the throne of England since the apostacy of Henry the Eighth. It rendered Maryland less dependent on the King and Parliament than any other colony. It made the Monarch's sanction unnecessary to the appointments or legislation of the province, and left him without even a right to take cognizance of what transpired within its limits. It foresaw and guarded against the odious and oppressive claim of the mother country to tax America, and gave to Maryland, more favored in this than any of her sister colonies, an explicit covenanted right to exemption from such a stretch of parliamentary jurisdiction as the tea-tax and Stamp-act, which caused the revolution. It invested the Lord Proprietary with few powers beyond those, which even at this day we regard as essential to the executive branch of a free government, and it especially declared, that his authority should not extend to "the life, member, freehold, goods or chattles" of any colonist. It provided for a representative system, as soon as the body of freemen should become too numerous for all to meet in council; and it secured to the people an independent share in the legislation of the province, by requiring that the laws made for their government should be

enacted "of and with the advice, assent and approbation of the freemen," or a majority of them or of their deputies. The world then saw a great example and a glorious spectacle—the founder and chief of a State spontaneously divesting himself of every power, which could be readily abused and placing in the hands of the people such effectual control, as would necessarily make him in a great degree dependent on their will. Surely this is not least of the titles of George and Cecilius Calvert to the admiration of mankind, that in framing a government according to their pleasure for a province, in which they and their descendants were to exercise the supreme executive authority, they kept steadily in view, above all other interests, the rights and happiness of the people; they voluntarily renounced every attribute of arbitrary power and omitted none of the safeguards of popular liberty.

"The conditions of Plantation" published by the first proprietary, or, in other words, the terms, on which he offered lands to emigrants, denote the same practical good sense and wise generosity. He steered clear of all the rocks, on which similar undertakings had been wrecked, and in his whole course of policy avoided even the less fatal errors, which impeded the growth or diminished the prosperity and happiness of every colony before and after him. He permitted and even invited all British subjects, without distinction of religion to settle in his province; and the very first emigration, conducted at his own expense, under the direction of his brother, comprised at least a few, who were not Catholics. But it is not true, as has been hastily and carelessly asserted, that the charter itself secured to all liege people of the English King, without distinction of sect or party, free leave to transport themselves to Maryland. The ninth article, which has been supposed to

justify the assertion, merely gives to British subjects, as its own provisions clearly import, the license of expatriating themselves, notwithstanding the statutes to the contrary. This error has already found a place in the elegant and interesting history of Bancroft; and past experience teaches us, that unless the proper mark be stamped upon it now, it will infallibly be pressed into the service of bigotry, for the purpose of dimming the glory which can never be totally darkened, of the unvarying liberality of the Catholic proprietaries and settlers of the province."

After describing the generous and persevering character of the "First Pilgrims" who sailed from the Isle of Wight on the feast of Saint Cecilia, in November (22d) A. D. 1633, accompanied by Father White, "a man of transcendent talents," and profound learning, he thus portrays them in their new home, in Maryland. The eulogy he makes of the Jesuits is not exaggerated—but, on the contrary, true and well deserved:

"The first settlers of Maryland, as all historians inform us, were persons of a superior class to most of the other colonists. They were evidently men of more enlarged and liberal views, of kinder and more christian feelings. They brought to the new world the grace of polished manners, the refined courtesies and the warm yet elegant hospitality of the best European society. Unlike the peaceful fathers of Pennsylvania, they did not expose their benevolent policy to ridicule by singular fancies and odd peculiarities. They did not abase the majesty and weaken the moral force of law, by turning its penalties against harmless customs or incurable follies. Unlike the Puritans, they did not make the State subservient to the Church, and exhibit their piety by blind submission to their preachers,—their faith by incessant wranglings about the purest form of

doctrine and discipline. Unlike the New England colonists generally,—they never weakly imagined, that modern society was to be fashioned according to the details of the Mosaic legislation. They did not confide the government to those, who were longest and loudest in praying, and whom the ministers selected for their gifts of godliness to be the props of Zion, ‘the pillars of the house of wisdom.’ Had Father White or Father Altham addressed the legislators of the infant colony in the usual manner of the Puritan ministers, concluding with the significant words of Moses to the judges: ‘The cause, which is too hard for you, bring it to me, and I will hear it,’—they certainly would have concluded, that the good Jesuit had lost his wits and with them all the meekness and humility of a christian pastor. They differed from New England too in this,—that they never provoked the Indians to war and then enacted those frightful tragedies, which chill the blood and sicken the heart, when we read the history of the Eastern colonies. They have no claims to the glory of surpassing the savages in ferocity and thirst of blood. They burnt no villages: they never strewed a battle field with the bones of an entire nation.* They had not even enough of Puritanical religion to believe old women witches and to hang them for it.—But the government of the province passed to soon into the hands of a very different class of persons, for the good seed committed to the ground to grow up to maturity and yield its promised fruit. We see the thriving plant: we admire its soft green foliage and its beautiful blossoms: the air is perfumed with the fragrance of its flowers; but the frosts of bigotry shall blast these verinal hopes.—The first colonists of Maryland were too far in advance of the other colonies and of those, with whom

they generously shared their privileges, to be allowed to work out peaceably and happily their admirable experiment. They were on ‘the ways of pleasantness’ and ‘all their paths, were paths of peace,’ and all the auspices were bright and beautiful. Religion was there—the old, unchanged religion of their fathers;—ruling with gentle sway the mind and heart, enslaving neither;—star-like, revolving in its proper orbit and shedding alike on civilized and savage its sweet benignant rays. Education was there, and there it was destined to flourish; for the Jesuits were there, its best promoters. One fact, which cannot be denied; speaks trumpet-tongued on this subject. The first printing press ever worked in any British colony was established at St. Mary’s. The “Pilgrims of Maryland” were the first within the limits of these United States to employ that powerful engine for the diffusion of knowledge. That they knew how to maintain their rights as freemen and to advance the cause of liberty is also proved by the stand, which they took, at the outset of their history, against their beloved proprietary. They esteemed his noble character; they were grateful for his kindness and gave him substantial proofs of thankfulness; but when he sent them a code of laws, requesting their consideration and adoption, they rejected them at once, in order to establish, beyond dispute, forever, the right of the freemen of Maryland to originate their own laws for their own government.

“The Jesuit Fathers had come to Maryland, not only to do good among their countrymen, but more expressly to carry the Gospel to the heathen. Our historians who are inaccurate on several points in the early history of the colony, are profoundly silent about the labors of these missionaries, and some writers boldly assert, that no efforts were made to convert the savages. Yet existing records show, that,

* Bancroft, vol. 1. chap. 9.

until the unhappy revolution, which trampled down the power of the Catholics, and banished the priests and religious liberty with them, they prosecuted their great object with ardor and success. They found in these wild children of the forest the dispositions, which they deemed most desirable. They describe them as exceedingly generous, kind-hearted and grateful; models of sobriety and charity; never acting from sudden impulse; but grave, deliberate and inflexibly firm. In Canada or in Japan, in the Moluccas, in China, or in Paraguay; wherever, in a word, heathens were to be converted, the Jesuits approached the semicivilized or savage man with perfect confidence, though they were often rewarded with the crown of martyrdom. In Maryland, as elsewhere, fearing nothing they hastened to the Indian settlement: they followed the warrior in his hunting expedition: they launched the light skiff on the bosom of streams before unknown; they pitched their tent in the shade of some giant oak on a natural floor of green inlaid with flowers, or slept sweetly, after reciting matins and lauds, under the starry canopy of Heaven. Hardships and privations of every kind they had to endure; but when did a Jesuit missionary shrink from hardships and privations? To acquire the barbarous language, to instruct the untutored savage, to win his affections, to raise his grovelling mind to the height of Christian faith, and bow down his stubborn will to obedience to the Christian law—required consummate address, unquenchable zeal, and patience inexhaustible; but when were such qualities wanting in these heroic heralds of the cross? Death itself might stare them in the face—death from cold, from hunger, from neglected sickness,—death by the tomahawk and scalping knife, or by the red hot iron and burning faggot; ‘But when,’ says the Protestant Lancelotti,

‘did a Jesuit missionary seek to save his own life at what he believed to be the risk of a soul?’ In the history of this heroic order, cases occur of an entire band of missionaries cut off by the cruel ferocity of the savages. Did not such massacres quench the enthusiasm of their associates? ‘I answer,’ says the same historian, ‘that the Jesuits never receded one foot; but as in a brave army, new troops press forward to fill the places of the fallen, there were never wanting heroism and enterprise in behalf of the cross.’ I have digressed for a moment; but could I say less of that society, which has kept the lamp of faith burning in Maryland ever since the landing of the pilgrims, which has conferred so many benefits on mankind, and been so well calumniated for it.”

[But the glorious prospects of the Catholic Pilgrims were destined to be overcast by the clouds of persecution, which the jealousy and religious prejudices of the Protestant power contrived to gather and spread around them. The charter of Calvert was set aside, and the penal laws were forced into the Colony, in its stead. We will let the Reverend orator speak:]

“In the overthrow of Maryland’s religious freedom, the pillars of her civil liberty were also shaken. ‘Her charter was exalted above all others by its commercial privileges and exemptions.’ The English Parliament never viewed with a favorable eye the immunities of the colonies: but the Lord Proprietary had, in a long-continued struggle with both King and Parliament, contended manfully and not unsuccessfully for the integrity of his charter and the freedom of his province. The men, who overthrown his government in 1689 in their perfect hatred of every thing of Roman Catholic origin, yielded to England’s tyranny the whole point at issue, accused him as of a crime, of

his defence of their commercial privileges, and firmly rivetted the restrictive system on the colony. In the course of their legislation 'to prevent the growth of Popery within the province,' they fully admitted what the charter had carefully guarded against, what their Catholic predecessors had ever denied, and what, in 1776, the thirteen united colonies repudiated and repelled by an appeal to arms and the God of battles,—the supreme legislative power of parliament over the internal government of the province.* Thus for a time the rights of Maryland were placed at the mercy of a King and his servile parliament. The colony, once so erect and noble in her bearing, crouched at the feet of the English Lion. It was bigotry, the hand-maid of oppression, that brought her down to this humiliating attitude: but it was not natural to her; nor could her free elastic spirit long continue to bend in ignoble subjection. The acknowledgement of the supremacy of parliament in the act of 1718, was a solitary admission, never repeated, as it was unprecedented. But liberty of conscience had perished. By civil conflicts, by blood-shed, by the bigot's ordinary

weapons,—slander and treachery; amid scenes of violence, rapacity and general distress, the Catholics were robbed of their right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience in that colony which they in their day of power had made an asylum for conscience,—a refuge for the persecuted of every Christian denomination. It was a base return for their magnanimous liberality. It must have aggravated their sense of wrong to know, that their own generosity had warmed into life, and nerved the power which aimed the ungrateful blow.

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel—
He nursed the pinion, which impelled the steel."

Let history extend the charity of her silence to those who opened the gate of this Western paradise to the demon of persecution.—We feel no resentment towards the man who burned the temple of Ephesian Diana, that he might hand down his detested name to posterity. We would throw a veil over the memory of those, who darkened the soil of Maryland with the melancholy ruins of that beautiful temple, which the Catholic Pilgrims had reared to civil and religious liberty.

* Vide Note 13, chap. 3, page 245, of M'Mahon's Maryland.

Beautiful, yes! but the blush will fade,
The light grow dim which the blue eyes wear;
The gloss will vanish from curl and braid,
And the sunbeam die in the waving hair.
Turn from the mirror, and strive to win
Treasures of loveliness still to last;
Gather earth's glory and bloom within,
That the soul may be bright when youth is past.

SACRED LYRICS.

NO. V. FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

WORDS FROM THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D.D.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR, BY

Copyrighted by CHARLES M. KING, in 1842.

Soprano.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God

Alto.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God

Tenor.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God

Bass.
From high O - lympus throne, The E - ter - nal Son of God Like

Like to a liv - ing stone Hewn from the moun - tains top, Up -

a stone Hewn from the moun - - tains top, Up -

Like to a stone Hewn from the moun-tain's top, Up -

to a liv - ing stone, Hewn from the moun - - tains top, Up -

Sacred Lyrics.

- on this earth de-scends, descends, And of this *cres.*

house a-bove be-low, Both Angle's du-ly blend. And of this

house above, be.. low, Both An.. gles du... ly blends.

II.

But that celestial throne
 With praises ever rings :
 The Eternal Three in One
 Unceasing Hymns proclaim.
 Let us our pæans swell,
 And emulate with fervent strains,
 Those who in Sion dwell.

III.

This temple, mighty King,
 Fill with thy gracious light :
 Be present while we sing ;
 Receive the humble vows
 Thy people breathe to thee :
 And fill, we pray, with heavenly grace,
 Our hearts perpetually.

IV.

Oh ! may our suppliant prayer,
 And canticles obtain
 The blessed gifts which here
 Thou promiseth to grant :
 And may we e'er enjoy
 Those precious gifts, till forced from
 earth,
 Our home will be the sky.

V.

To God the Father's mighty name
 Be honor everywhere :
 And to his Only Son the same
 And to the Holy Ghost :
 For, to the Almighty Three,
 Power, glory, praise, are ever due,
 For all Eternity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE FOREST STREAM.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Bright stream of the forest
 Unnam'd and unknown,
 Thou shin'st not less brightly
 In shining alone.
 Smooth, calm, and transparent,
 Thou glidest along
 To the old woods repeating
 Thy myst'ry of song.

Bright stream of the forest,
 I love thee full well ;
 Thou art to my bosom
 A soft and a spell ;
 When I see thee I fancy
 Thou lookest on me,
 With the beautiful sadness
 Of moonlight on sea.

Round thy spring on the mountain
 Th' horizon was splendid,
 Where all hues of the sunlight
 Were gloriously blended :
 But that summit where rested
 The firmament's glory,
 Had no voice for thy moral,
 No ear for thy story.

From the pride of that region
 Built up in the skies,
 Thou seekest this silence,
 This valley of sighs ;
 Where the tempest, expiring,
 Just mingleth its breath
 With the dirge of the zephyr,
 And sinketh to death.

Here deep contemplation,
 Undazzled and calm,
 Goes up as in *Ila*,
 The Prophet's high psalm.
 The wing of the spirit
 Is peacefully furl'd
 While thunders are rocking
 The firmament world.

Thus calm in humility,
 Fearless and free,
 My stream of existence
 Glides onward like thee ;
 A type and a promise
 Unveil'd and engraven,
 Of its ocean-ward path
 To eternity's heaven !

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FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

REMARKS ON RUSSIA.

BY M. CYPRIAN ROBERT.

Coming from *Stanislas*, Kosakes,* I returned to Petersburg along that extensive slip of the Slavonic and Mogul world, which stretches from New Holland to New Zembla, and the seas of Japan. It was now autumn, and nature had put on her nine months drapery of white. But that which died in this tomb of summer, assumed under the scourge of the north winds, an allurements the more lively; men and beasts seemed to be animated by a new warmth—my sleigh skimmed the snow with a strange rapidity, and I felt the pulse of life beating more quickly in me, as around me the motion became accelerated. Without counting days or nights, I rushed through this infinity terrestrial, where tribes and families travelled under their chariots like individuals; where, as in a thick cloud, the lightning continually gathers, the flashes of which produce afar the revolutions of history; where society seems to

be occupied only in undergoing a constant metamorphosis—but merely physical and in form; for as to the depths of things, the stubborn Scythian always preserves his moral physiognomy. Among these people, revolutions, Proteus-like, happen the more rapidly, as they are never exterior.—It required but one generation to cause a multitude to pass over from these idolatrous tribes to the circumcision of Islam, and from the Koran to the gospel. At present, though baptised, are they more Christian than in a material sense? In these numerous localities, the Tartars of Isaria of Kazan, have remained mussulmans. In certain towns, they have preserved their ancient mosques, but which, in their ruinous condition, form a striking contrast with the brilliant structures which rise around them—as may be seen at *Kacimof*, on the *Oka*, a city containing four or five thousand souls, founded after the fall of Kazan, where yet remain the ruins of the seraglio of the last Khans, and the great

* A large village.

mausoleum of the terrible *Chag-Ali*, with an Arabic epitaph of the year 1520.

The only thing that seems to have been left to the Tartars by their powerful ancestors, is their dexterity, swiftness, and boldness, as well on horseback as in their chariots. For the rest, their manner of living is for the most part like the Russians.

But here is Novgorod (*Nijni*), the queen of the Tartars and of the *Volga*, her antique *Kremle*, on the top of the hill, peers all over the country, and recalls, by its menacing aspect, the epoch when it was the stronghold of the Czars in Tartary. The *Volga*, the mother of all the Russian rivers, is the vivifying nerve of the empire, and the grand artery of its commerce. Even in winter, when frozen, it does not cease to be the principal means of transportation into the provinces. All communication is made through this unrivalled river, which flows into Asia, and which, by means of the magnificent canal of *Tversta*, communicates with Petersburg. It is easy to conceive that the towns watered by this river, cannot but be adapted to manufactures. For instance, that of Tver, celebrated in the middle ages by the constant fealty of its princes to those of Moscow—and whose population, consisting of twenty thousand inhabitants, are absorbed in industry. This city of the thirteenth century seems to have been built but yesterday. Its cathedral, enriched by the munificence of Prince Mikhail Isiaslavitch—the magnificent imperial palace with its immense court, and the barracks, are prodigious works.

Yaroslav is another city on the *Volga*, containing twenty-four thousand souls, and famed for the beauty of its women. Hence the common saying, as white and ruddy as a Yaroslavian. But the sceptre of the Graces seems to have passed to the nymphs of Valдай, a small town of

two thousand inhabitants, descendants of Polish prisoners. It is watered by a graceful lake, bordered with forests, on an island of which, is the monastery *Iverskoy*, whose rustic and ignorant, but simple and hospitable monks, are often visited by travellers. Their church possesses, among other relics, a copy of the miraculous Greek *Madonnas* of Iveria, brought from Mount Athos. The forest, in the bosom of which, this monastery is situated, the silent waters of the lake, which bathe the garden, the memory of the great and wise men disgraced at court, who sought refuge in its walls, awaken profound meditations in the mind.

There is another city of Novgorod, called *Veliki*, the grand, to distinguish it from the other. This once proud republic, the primitive Rome of the Slavonians, having once numbered from seven to eight hundred thousand free citizens, is now reduced to six thousand inhabitants, mostly poor *Moujiks*. It has still, however, sixty-two churches. As Trieste was in some measure built with the spoils of Venice, so Petersburg was erected with materials from Novgorod, the very stones of whose palaces have been carried to the Neva. Russia is full of the ruins of ancient cities, destroyed in order to rear new ones; it is thus that the Czars have effected their improvements; more by the destruction of their neighbors, than by the development of their own resources and power.

Novgorod had produced, during seven centuries, magnanimous children, who sustained their stormy liberty against the mighty princes of Kyon and the Czars of Moscow; and whom Europe saw, with admiration, precipitating themselves against the armies of tyrants, with the battle-cry of freemen: "let us die for Saint Sophia!" that is to say, for the patron of our liberty. This city received her recompence. She became queen of all the commerce of the north, the

produce of which, she sent to Hanse, Lubeck, Hamburg, Cologne, and even to the cities of France. The "Saint Sophia" of Novgorod, differs from that of Constantinople. Rising on a sacred eminence, its white spires glitter in the distance. Unhappily, by being repaired exteriorly, it has lost its primitive character, with the exception of the five plated cupolas with which it is surmounted, and which seem still to hold up to the skies the past glory of this republic. But the interior has been untouched. It is in the shape of the Greek cross, covered by a vast cupola filled with gigantic mosaics. A short nave, with twelve pillars, which shoot up like so many towers, a vault almost quite flat, so lowly pitched is the arch, present a singular contrast with the rotunda, which is fretted with statues of virgins and bishops of such ancient workmanship, that their origin is unknown, and which are said to have been brought from Kerson, the capital of Chersonesus. Nevertheless, neither the Chersonesians, nor any other orientals, presided over the cradle of the republic of the North, which always looked to Poland and the West for its lights and support. The beautiful brass gates are covered with biblical *bassorielievos*, which are well preserved.— Under Slavonic inscriptions, the eye every where beholds Roman saints, mixed, according to the custom of the times, with mythological figures. With respect to the inscriptions, they bear the Byzantine type, which was so common throughout Europe in the eleventh and thirteenth centuries.— These gates were, perhaps, executed by German emigrants, but upon Byzantine models. For the rest, the Slavonians, at this period, had not assumed their true character, but were, more or less, dependent, at the same time, on the Greeks and Latins, of whom their monuments bear the double character.

In the twelfth century, Novgorod

had a powerful rival in Sigtuna, capital of the Swedes; in 1188, she sent her fleet against her: she was taken and destroyed; and on her ruins, afterwards arose the modern Stockholm. But before this event, of which history has scarcely made mention, Novgorod had been frequently harrassed by the Scandinavians.

I visited the Convent of St. Anthony, which is situated in the midst of cultivated fields, over which are scattered the ruins of towers and palaces, once contained within the walls of the city. I was conducted by one of the monks to a rich and brilliant chapel, lately repaired, but which, unfortunately, has preserved no other vestige of its primitive foundation, in 1106, except a representation of the legend, which tells that the saint came among the Slavonians to oppose the progress of New Rome, Byzantium, that he crossed the seas on a mill-stone, and having arrived on the banks of the Volkof, he caused a fish which had been caught, to supply from its entrails all the riches necessary to found and endow this most magnificent of the Slavonic monasteries.

I offered a prayer before this shrine, for the final union of the Greek and Roman churches, which, if accomplished by mutual charity, would be the remedy to all the evils of the age; but saddened at the frightful wars which will necessarily prolong the schism between the two worlds, I returned to the city. I there beheld, sparkling in the distance, the silver cupolas of St. Sophia, behind which, went down the autumnal sun, pallid as a dying warrior. The heavy clouds which hung from the heavens, gave to the *tout ensemble* of the scene, that fantastic and formidable character, peculiar to nature in these hyperborean regions. The terrible traditions of this part of the world, beseged my fancy, when the first *Boudka* (the hut of the policemen) brought back

my thoughts to the present. I past the new wooden bridge, built upon piles of granite, in 1825, and which joins *Torgovaya* to the fortress, called *Sophispaya*. This was erected with red bricks by Solarius of Milan, in 1490; and resembles in its construction, the Roman castles and Greco-Gothic structures of the Italian republics.

As to *Slovensk*, that pagan city mentioned by the Goth Jornandes, under the name of Scлавинium, not a vestige of it remains, notwithstanding the important stand it holds in Slavonic archeology. For, from the mere fact of its existence, Russian writers infer the remote antiquity of the Slavonic establishments in these regions. But it cannot be proved, as Mr. Schnitzler pretends, that the Slavonians emigrated from the north to the south. Evidently, the purest and most primitive Slavonians, are those of the south-west, and their character is more marked in proportion as they approach the Danube and the Karpathes. In a word, the nerve of the Slavonic world is in the Turkish and Austrian monarchies. Russia is, nevertheless, the chief arm of the Slavonia. But with her extraordinary power of the sword and passive obedience, she advances but slowly in social improvement. The Slavonians were once free. Thrown by nature into a country little susceptible of being perfectly cultivated, those of the north cover a region, the extent of which is without any proportion to the number of its inhabitants, they were anciently styled by Procopius, *scattered, dispersed* —

which name they deserve at the present day. Petersburg is not the natural capital of Slavonia—even though, as her enthusiastic writers pretend, Scлавинium had been the first assylum opened to the Slavonic race against German and Tartar tyranny.

This Scлавинium is the most ancient city of the extreme north. A singular legend is connected with its construction, which recalls to our memory, that of Remus at the building of Rome. Whilst they were digging the foundations, the oracle of Volkof declared, that its walls would not be solid unless they placed under the corner-stone, the body of the first individual they should meet out of the precincts, on the day indicated by the priests. This victim was the young Detinets. But, to appease his manes, he was declared a god. This legend reminds us likewise of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, in order to secure the triumph of the Greek army marching to the siege of Troy. The principle of an innocent one, saving by his death, an army of guilty beings, inspires the two sacrifices offered to the god Detinets, and the nymph Iphigenia.—Thus, the Mongols, those degenerate brethren of the Slavonians, when at sea, their barque is in danger of being wrecked, throw into the deep a little child, in order to propitiate the angry children of Moskoi, or Russian Neptune. But the deformed mythology of the north, becomes softened and poetical in the south, where the Slavonian sings and brings out from his lyre, what in the north, is buried in embryo. The following is

AN ILLYRIAN BALLAD:

“Three sons of Merliav their fortress built
During three years, upon Boiana’s banks,
They reared up Skadar; for three years entire
Three hundred master-hands were at the work
But could advance it not: for, in the night,
The wall erected by them, during day,
Were thrown down by the *Vilas*; when began

The fourth year, from the top of a green hill
 The *Vila* thus cried to his elder brother :
 'Tsar Voukachine ! in vain is all thy work,
 In vain thou spendest all thy treasures there :
 How canst thou hope the citadel to build,
 If thou canst not secure its first foundations !
 Thou never wilt succeed, unless thou find
 The human couple *Stoiane* and *Stoiana*,*
 And they be placed beneath the corner-stone :
 Then, only, chief, thy dwelling will be strong,
 Then, only, will thy battlements arise.'

Thus spake the oracle ; and Voukachine
 Sent forth his faithful servant, Desimir,
 Upon a chariot, with six sacks of gold,
 'And go,' he said, 'my soul, and seek abroad
 Throughout the country, *Stoiane* and *Stoiana* :
 Whom, if thou findest, purchase with this gold.'
 Three years he sought throughout the universe
 Both *Stoiane* and *Stoiana* : but, alas !
 Upon the earth he could not find that couple.
 Back to his master, then, that pile erecting,
 He hasted ; when, from the deep forest cried
Vila, again : 'Hear, brothers, have ye not
 Each a loved spouse ? Let her who first appears
 On the Boiana bringing their repast
 Of morning to her masters, be forthwith
 Interred 'neath the foundations of the wall.
 Then, only, chief, thy dwelling will be strong,
 Then, only, will thy battlements arise.'
 Then swore the brothers never to reveal
 The secret to their wives—but to give up,
 As chance should guide the fated of the three.
 Night spread his sable wings, and to their tower
 Where the three women their repast prepared,
 They hie them—and betook them to repose.
 But in their chambers, neither Voukachine
 Nor Ouglieka could their secret keep :
 The third, Goiko, youngest of them all
 Despite his ardent love for his dear spouse
 His secret cherished. When the morning dawned
 Behold the sisters go forth from the tower
 Brilliant and active as the matin-dawn.
 But the most busy is Goiko's wife ;
 And though her aged mother bade her stay,
 She hastes to carry to Boiana's banks
 The laborer's repast—leaving behind
 Her babe which had seen but one only moon.
 The venerable grand dame rocked the crib :
 When coming towards the stream, Goiko sees
 His tender spouse, he rushes round her neck
 Covers her face with kisses and with tears.
 But Voukachine seized on the youthful woman,
 And carried her to Rad, the master-builder,
 Who summoned round him his three hundred workmen.
 She looked with smiling eyes upon the crowd
 Deeming they jested :—but it was no jest.
 The building must go up—and round the spouse

* *Strength*, male and female.

Stones upon stones and trunks of trees are heaped
 Until they rose above her knees—and yet
 She smiled, still deeming that it was in sport.
 But they heaped on—until her waist was covered,
 When the poor victim her sad fate divined.
 She called upon her brothers—but they turned
 From all her wailings their deaf ears away.
 Then to the master-builder she exclaimed :

‘O thou, my brother, leave one aperture
 Around my breast, that I may be enabled
 At least to nourish with my milk my child
 My sweet Jovane !’ By the name of God
 Conjured, the master architect was moved,
 And left the aperture. She cried again :
 ‘Dear brother leave two little windows which
 My eyes may look through, that they may behold
 My babe, Jovane, when they bring him hither !’

He melted ; and left windows for her eyes.
 Thus Skadar rose : and every day was brought
 The child, and placed before the solid wall.
 One entire week his mother nourished him,
 And then her voice was silenced—but her breast
 Continued fresh with milk of which he drank :
 And even to this day, the miracle
 Seems to continue ; for poor mothers who
 Cannot give suck, their infants hither bring,
 Where they are nourished with Jovane’s milk.”

To the north of Novgorod, is the lake *Bielo ozero*, which, perhaps has given its name to *Russia alba*. On its banks, stood the altar of the god of Light (*bieloi-bog*). But in the river of Volkof, swam an enormous dragon, the terrible black god (*Tcherni-bog*), the genius of cloud and evil : to this monster, it was necessary, in order to appease his wrath, to sacrifice pure animals. Nevertheless, the *Slovians*, trembling before this genius of the abyss, styled themselves children of the light ; and Novgorod was consecrated to the sun and spring—the capital of the favored lands of heaven.

Fuit Ilion, et ingens gloria,

I repeated to myself, on quitting this subjugated city. Yes, thy glory was

great, O Novgorod, friend and sister of Poland ! She and thou, formed two beautiful and noble republics, ye united the commerce of the east and the west. Adieu, martyred city ! Vast Necropolis, where slumber so many thousand confessors of Slavonic law and liberty. Thy remembrances will reanimate both one day. Thou hast fallen, but thy blood mingled with that of Poland, has fertilized this land. Political catacomb of ancient Russia, genius of the popular revolutions that brood on the Neva, adieu ! Thou wast the young mother buried by thy own spouse under the walls of the citadel—but who still nourishest thy children with thy generous milk.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE DEATH-BED SCENE.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HAPPINESS, &c.

So when the tomb's dull silence finds an end,
The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise;
And hear the archangel's thrilling summons blend
Its tone with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last,
Where dazzling streams and vernal fields expand;
Where love her crown obtains—her trials past—
And fill'd with rapture, hails the "better land."

There was a heavy silence in the magnificent apartment, for Christopher Carelton, the young heir, lay panting with fever, and almost unconscious of the presence of those around him. The fatal decision had been pronounced; the inheritor of wealth and distinction—the beautiful and spoiled child of prosperity, was to be snatched from his parents and hid in the cold earth.

Peter, the father, walked impatiently up and down the room; from the large windows with their heavy crimson curtains, that threw a mock glow on the cheek of his child, to the oak door with its ivory handles and curious carving. He paused and gazed in the faces of the three physicians whom a vain care had assembled around the bed—and a cold thrill passed through his heart. He thought of the joy and bell-ringing, at the birth of his beautiful and sickly boy; and of his ambitious hopes; of his hatred for his cousin—and he flung himself into a seat with sullen despondency.

The physicians continued to converse in an under tone; and while apparently consulting on the fate of their patient, communicated to each other the news of the day—family

grievances and political intrigues.—From time to time, there was a pause—a glance at the bed—and then they conversed again.

A little apart from the medical group, sat the sick nurse, drowsily examining the fine linen belonging to the dying child, which she knew would be hers, according to promise, as soon as the breath had left the body.

Close to the bed, stood the young boy's own attendant, a French widow, who had been induced by distress, to attend the sickly and wayward offspring. The quiet sorrow of many years of trial, was written on her face. Her relations had been butchered in the streets of Paris, or murdered by the guillotine; her two children had suddenly died, when the depth of her poverty disabled her from procuring the common necessities of life—her husband had perished of a broken heart, without being able to bid her farewell.

Sorrow has one thing in common with prosperity—it makes us selfish. The feelings that have been wrung intensely, remain numbed and incapable of deep sympathy in the afflictions of others.

The widow, standing by the death-

bed of her little charge, could not but grieve over him, for there are few hearts in which a child's faults will inspire dislike. She could not but remember the death-bed of her charming children—and the tears stole down her wasted cheek as she watched; but the predominant feeling of her mind was a dread of the approaching desolateness of her situation:—a few hours more, and she would be again thrown upon the world without a home—without friends—a lonely being, to endure the taunts of some, and the insulting compassion of others; and this thought was the bitterest of her heart. Was there, then, no one among the gilded pomp, and and crowded luxuries of this chamber of death, who cared for the individual being of the boy, whose numbered breathings still became shorter and shorter? Was the ambition of his father—the interest of his physicians—the mercenary calculations of the hired watcher of his feverish nights—the half selfish regrets of the widowed French woman—was this all that stood between his soul and heaven? all that rose from mortal hearts to tempt God to spare the frail life which he has given so lately? Was there no wild prayer, like that which David breathed in the agony of his soul, when the child of his sin was taken from him? Was there no *mother*, in whose gentle heart all was nothing in comparison to his existence? There was.

Pale and exhausted, her dark and eager eyes clouded and heavy with watching, sat Sarah the mother, by the bed of her dying child. Grandeur, and power, and wealth—the possession of riches; what were they to her, to him? Life was all she desired—*his* life, which gold could not buy—pride could not command: his life, and her soul would be satisfied. She held his hand in hers, afraid to move, afraid to speak; his languid head rested heavily on her bosom; and

cramped, chilled and aching, as she felt, she yet smiled bitterly when the sick nurse offered to relieve her of her precious burden. Relieve her! It might be the last time his head should ever rest on her breast—the last time his breath might be warm on her cheek; and as the thought passed through her mind, the wan smile quivered off her lip, and a slight shudder told that she had choked back the tears, which shed, might have broken his slumber. Day-light faded away, the gleams of parting sunset ceased to shed a glory through the room; the rolling of carriages became less frequent, and the lamps shone through the close fog of an autumn.

Oh! how strong is a mother's affection! When all things else around us, are fleeting away and breaking, and when in spite of them all, the bonds of maternal love are undimmed, and it clasps our shattered beings and spirits in its firm embrace, like the rainbow, bending, unmoved and unchanged, over the scattered waters of a cataract!

What a soul-stirring sight, to see woman at the couch of sickness—sustaining the fainting head—offering to the parched lips its cordial—to the craving palate its simple nourishment—treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid, when he says:

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But blooming roses, wet with dew
To cool my burning brow instead.

Disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead; bathing the hair with ointment, and settling upon it, the air that breathes of heaven. How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-enduring constancy. How they appear to the soul, like the person mentioned in Canticles, whose fingers when she went to open the door, were “dripping with

sweet smelling myrrh upon the handle of the lock." The husband and father, approached the bed, his harsh though handsome features, were dark with despair; he set his teeth and folded his arms as he gazed on his son's face, for death had thrown a deeper shadow there, since last he looked on him.

"If you had taken more care of yourself," murmured he, with bitterness, "before our infant was born, he would not have been dying now; it would have been better never to have had an heir, than to watch this poor boy, through years of ill health, and see him die at last."

He lifted his eyes, as he spoke, to the face of his young wife, as if he feared the impression of his own words. But she heard them not. Worn out with watching, she had yielded to a torpor between sleep and faintness—her pale cheek rested near that of her boy, whom she still clasped to her bosom, and her heavy, half closed eyes, still glistened with tears.

"Julia," said he, in an altered tone, "this has been too much for you, come away, and rest."

She started wildly, and exclaimed: "Is he dead—is he dead?"

A low moan of suffering, recalled her to herself. In vain the physicians advised; in vain, her husband intreated.

"No," said she, "it will soon be over; *then*—then, indeed, I may rest."

The day had faded: night crept on. The mother rose and looked from the windows on the dim trees opposite, and the line of lamps which lit the street. The confused murmur of night fell upon the ear, and involuntarily she reflected, how often in the heated assembly, the crowded ball, she had sought a moment's coolness on the balcony, and never, as now, felt how many signs of pain—how many drunken shouts—how many sounds of revelry, joy, sorrow, an-

guish, and fear, had mingled in the confused murmur which is termed the *silence* of night. Awful silence! In which every human passion mingles without power to convey itself to the listening ear.

Suddenly, the sound of music, distinctly audible, smote on her heart; there was a ball within three doors of her house!

"Alas! my dying boy," said the sad mother, as she returned to his bedside.

The music continued, but it was faintly heard within the room; it could not disturb him; *that* was comfort. Through the long and weary watches of the night, the well-known airs haunted her; music and dancing within three doors of her, and *she* sat waiting for the last gasp of that failing breath.

The night passed away; the long, tedious night: day-dawn, came bright and blue, through the window; the last carriage rolled from the door of the lighted house: the last guest departed; the mother still sat by the sick bed, listless and weary; she turned her eyes to the dawning light, it seemed to her then, as if *one* day more were a boon—as if to watch another sunrise, another sunset, in an uncertainty which admitted of wild and unreasonable hope, were something to be thankful for, and she knelt and prayed that he might not die *that* day.

Christopher awoke; he called feebly and mournfully for water—the cup of embossed gold was lifted to his parched lips, but in vain; the lips parted, and a smile lit his brow; evidently, there was a sudden cessation from pain.

"Mother—mother," he whispered, "I am well, now."

Sarah bent over him—lower and lower she bent, as he sank back, and and then a wild shriek told that hope and fear were over.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

LETTER OF DR. CWAY, A MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF BOHEMIA.

WITH NOTES, BY VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

In the *Annali delle scienze religiose* of Rome, we find a letter of Dr. Cway, minister of the Anglican church, to the Archbishop of Bohemia, in consequence of having been requested by that prelate to give his opinion upon a letter which came out in the *Univers* of Paris, expressing the sentiments of the Church of England, as to the union with the Church of Rome. Dr. Cway's letter has been translated from the Italian, for the Expositor, by a friend, and we have added some notes.

Carlsbad, July 17th, 1841.

MY LORD,

I have read with great attention, an article on the Anglican church, which your eminence has deigned to send me, and I have no doubt that your goodness will permit me to give expression to my opinions on this subject. But, that there may be no misunderstanding in regard to my object, I should, first of all, declare, that I do not, by any means, pretend to *dispute*; inasmuch, as it is not for me to enter into controversy with a venerable father of the church, to whom I would very willingly have recourse in order to be instructed in the religion of Jesus Christ—(1) that religion which you inculcate, not only by doctrine, but far more, by a life worthy a true successor of the apostles. Wherefore, I beseech you, my lord, not to accuse me of a desire to open a *discussion*; I only wish to express the sentiments of the clergy of the Anglican church, who, indeed, would be but little known if it were thought

that the letter published in the *Univers* were really an exposition of those sentiments.

If I had returned the article unaccompanied by any remark, my silence might be considered as consent; and as I maintain that the letter in question does not convey our sentiments, it is proper that I should at least give my reasons for this opinion.

In the first place, then, it is my conviction that this letter was not written by a *member*, much less by an *ecclesiastic*, of the Anglican church: it rather appears to have been written by a member of the church of Rome, or, at least, of some Protestant communion, and, in either case, with the evident intention of sowing divisions in the Anglican church, and demonstrating that the great Catholic movement, which, by the grace of God, is now going on amongst us, must necessarily bring us over to Rome. (2) Behold, here, what our adversaries, even in the bosom of our own church, and the *ultra-Protestant party*, (3) continually reproach us with; behold the idea which they diffuse, and which excites our brethren and co-religionists against us. Confident that a house divided against itself cannot stand long, the Protestant dissenting communions endeavor to give weight to this accusation, for the purpose of exciting the Catholic and *pietist* parties against each other. (4) This is the reason why I believe that this letter has not been written by one of us. Its spirit is founded upon truth, but itself is spun out to exaggeration.

And even admitting that the letter in question was written by a member of the University of Oxford, he is, according to his own confession, a young member, and probably he has not received even the minor orders of our church; he is, moreover, a laic, and, without doubt, he has not yet obtained the degree of Master of Arts, for, if he had this title, he would have subjoined it to his signature. Hence, it follows, that the author of this letter cannot be regarded by us as *authority*. But, to come at the very root of the question, I confess that this letter manifests very truly our sentiments of respect and good-will towards the Church of Rome, and shows that on our side there is not the least animosity against her. The writer is also right, when he speaks of our willingness to enter into amicable relations, and even into *communion*, with the Church of Rome,(5) provided she make some few steps towards us, as we are disposed to do with regard to her. But in order to put ourselves in relation with Rome, many changes would be necessary, and these so very great, that I am forced to fear they cannot conveniently take place.(6)—Moreover, although we greatly desire to unite ourselves with the different branches of the church, yet we cannot regard our isolation as an evil, for it is, according to our way of viewing it, the effect of necessity, and not of free choice.(7) Without mentioning here the differences in doctrine, a formidable obstacle is placed between our union with the church to which you belong: and this is, the supremacy of the pope.

We, indeed, respect the pope as the head, the acknowledged patriarch of a large branch of the church: as the Bishop of Rome, we would be happy to award him a place among the first bishops; but we could never acknowledge him to be the bishop of bishops,(8) the prince of the universal church. To every attempt to

force us, who belong to the English branch of the church, into the acknowledgment of his supremacy, we would answer, as the ancient British ecclesiastics answered to St. Augustin, when he came to England to convert the Saxon pagans, and subject them to the pope:(9) "We have," said they, "our own primate, the Bishop of St. David's; we will not by any means recognise the Bishop of Rome as our head." And we, also, of the present day, would make the same answer: "We have our primate, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we do not at all acknowledge the authority of a foreign ecclesiastic.—We, it is true, admit that the pope is one of the first Christian bishops; but when he presumes to exercise authority over us, who are not subject to his jurisdiction, we discover that he is constituting himself *ἄλλα τριεπισκοπος*. We well know that our primate is the successor of St. Augustin,(10) but we do not believe ourselves obliged to recognise the head of the church of Rome as our head; after having passed under the dominion of a foreign power,(11) we have finally recovered our liberty;(12) our position is not all new; we are the same church that existed before the reign of Henry VIII.(13) We were, formerly, a branch of the church in subjection to another branch; but we have now regained our independence."

These, my lord, are the real sentiments of our clergy, and your eminence will perceive that they are far different from those expressed by the author of the letter published in the French journal, *l'Univers*. We, in truth, sigh for a reunion, but a reunion of which the pope would not be the head; one, at least, in which *only the primacy of honor would be questioned*, and this, perchance, might be conceded to the importance and antiquity of the see of Rome. Although our church was, some centuries ago, confined to our own country,(14) yet we

are of opinion that this isolation did not cause her to lose her position ; for we regard communion with the other branches of the church, as an *accidental* thing, and not *essential*, so long as we possess the orders, and maintain unbroken the apostolical succession, as we are persuaded we have done.(15)

I consider that our isolation is already at an end, and this seems to be the effect of that catholic spirit, with which God has animated us in these latter times. Greater efforts are made by us to propagate the Anglican church throughout the whole world.(16) Our vast colonies receive every where, bishops of our church. The most important and powerful communion in the United States of America, is the Anglican church.(17) Thus, there are grounds for believing that in another century, the Anglican church will embrace the universe, as the Church of Rome may well glory to have done.(18) We would consider ourselves happy to enjoy the advantage of being in communion with that great branch of the church, to which your eminence belongs (the conditions of this union being such as we desire), but let it not be thought that it is so because Anglicanism is in a state of affliction and desolation, as the author is pleased to represent her.

This young member of the University of Oxford, by quoting No. 90 of the *Tracts for the Times*, has given an exposition of our doctrines in a manner not altogether just. These tracts were written, for the most part, with the best intention, and they have been blessed by God as one of the means which it hath pleased him to make use of, for the purpose of reanimating the catholic spirit amongst us. But even amongst those who admire the tracts, the ninetieth has been generally disapproved. The University of Oxford has solemnly condemned it ; our bishop has done as much, and

our primate has emphatically told me, that he disapproved many things contained in it. Hence, it follows, that tract No. 90, quoted by the author as a proof of our doctrine, is of no authority whatsoever, that it is a prohibited work, and can no longer be appealed to in this conjuncture,—in the same way, for example, as a book condemned by the *Congregation of the Index*, cannot be quoted as giving a true idea of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Moreover, the writer of the letter does not give an exact idea of this tract. Mr. Newman, its author, is a pious, learned and honorable person. He saw that in our church there were individuals but little satisfied with our articles of faith and formularies, who, for the most part, desired some changes that would bring them back again nearer to the primitive forms ; in such circumstances, he sought to tranquilize their consciences by demonstrating to them that our articles and formularies were such as to satisfy even those whose opinions differed somewhat from the opinions professed by the generality of our co-religionists, and that they were not obliged, on account of trifling differences of opinion, to abandon the Anglican communion.

Mr. Newman also showed, that in many points of difference between the Church of Rome, and the Anglican Church, the latter condemned the *usages* and *practices*, rather than the doctrines of Rome. The author has made a distinction between the things that are essential to the Church of Rome, and the abuses, which, in his opinion, are commanded and practiced in it. For example he says: that our church, in her formularies, does not condemn all veneration of saints and relics ; but that there is a certain veneration which he calls *Roman*, and which he regards as rejected by our church ; whence it follows that an Anglican may venerate relics without incurring the obligation of separating

from his church. I quote this to your eminence as an example. The author also says, that every kind of prayer for the dead is not condemned in our articles, for we have seen such prayers in use by the ancient church. He says, moreover, that the Roman doctrines condemned by our formularies, are not those of the Council of Trent, inasmuch as our formularies were compiled before that council was held. For my part, I do not wish to pass judgment on the tracts of Mr. Newman.(19) In them, I find a variety of things to condemn, and others to praise; but I am firmly of opinion, that they contain doctrines, such, for example, as the one relating to the manner in which our Lord is present in the eucharist, which are not such as to prevent a union between the two churches; a union, for other reasons, much to be desired.

I avail myself of your indulgent goodness, my lord, to send you this brief expression of the ideas of the Catholic party in England, which I believe to be more true than that which was sent to the *Univers*.—There is an old proverb, which says: "He who endeavors to prove too much, proves nothing," and I believe the present is a case in which it may be applied. Without being disposed to precipitate ourselves, with open arms, into the bosom of the Church of Rome, we fully value the benefits which this union would confer on the world; but before such a union can take effect, the Church of Rome (I beg, my lord, a thousand times pardon for what I presume to say), must, in our opinion, undergo many changes. I am persuaded that we, rather than enter into communion with her in her present state, would be ready to suffer death.(20) But, nevertheless, we shall always respect this ancient branch of the church; we shall always have the greatest respect for her; and you Catholics will

never find us making common cause with the ultra-Protestants in their animosity and violence against you.

With these sentiments, I have the honor, &c.,

HAMILTON CWAY.

NOTES.

(1.) Hence the Roman Catholic doctrine is the religion of Jesus Christ, for that prelate could teach him no other.

(2.) If the *Catholic movement* does not bring them over to Rome, where will it bring them to? Not to the primitive Protestant church, from which is an evident deviation; not to any of the sects, the history of which we know. It is a Catholic movement against Protestantism, excited by the *grace of God*, and therefore, Protestantism was a movement against Catholicity excited by the devil. At all events, this *Catholic movement* is for a reformation of the Reformation, with which it appears that our Lord is not pleased.

(3.) What rule can minister Cway follow, to ascertain who are the *ultra-Protestants*? We do not know that Protestantism has, or can have, any principle to guide us in such classification. According to the very foundation of Protestantism, that is, the right of *private judgment*, there is nothing to tell a man to stop here. Besides, the present *Catholic movement* of England, has called the attention of all parties, Protestant as well as Catholic, because it is against the general belief of Protestants, hitherto, and at the present time. Therefore, all must have been, and are, *ultra-Protestants*, which is an absurd assertion, for that cannot be *ultra* any doctrine or system, which is according to it, as explained and believed by the generality of its followers. Those whom minister Cway calls *ultra-Protestants*, should be called obstinate

Protestants, who do not correspond to the grace of God, which causes the present Catholic movement in England. Can there be a plainer acknowledgment of the deviation of the Church of England from the true Catholic church, than to say, that there is in that church a *Catholic movement by the grace of God*?

(4.) The very existence of these two parties, proves that the Church of England is divided, and minister Cway affords us still another proof, by saying, that some even in the *very bosom* of their church, continually reproach them, &c. Besides, he speaks of a *Catholic party*, and consequently the opposite is not a Catholic, and both claim to be the true Church of England. Is it not divided? But minister Cway properly acknowledges the scriptural sentence, that *a house divided against itself cannot stand long*. Hence he must admit that the Church of England cannot stand long.

(5.) We are glad to observe that the *Catholic movement which now takes place* in England, *by the grace of God*, has produced these good feelings, and that the Church of Rome is no longer Babylon the Great, from which the true children of God should come out, lest should they perish.

(6.) It is very strange, indeed, to say the least, that the author should say that the Church of England would enter into *communion* with the Church of Rome, *provided she make a FEW steps* towards them; and immediately he says, that in order to put themselves in relation with Rome, *MANY changes would be necessary, and these so very GREAT* that he is forced to fear they cannot *conveniently* take place.

(7.) Whoever freely causes a necessity, makes a free choice of it, and, therefore, it is very strange, that a minister of the Church of England would tell us, that his church freely established doctrines, and separated itself not only from Rome, but from the whole Christian world, and not

withstanding its isolation, is not the effect of free choice. According to this way of reasoning, every heresy and every schism can be justified by only saying that their isolation is not the effect of choice. At all events, he confesses the *isolation* of the Church of England, and he greatly desires the union with the *different branches of the church*. He is, therefore, with none of them, much less can he pretend to consider his church as their stock, and surely there must be one, for the very idea of branches supposes them to be parts of a tree, supported by a common stock. Which is then this stock? It can be no other than the Church of Rome, recognised as such at every period of Christianity, and the separation from which has been considered as schism. He desires the union with the different branches of the church, and it cannot be done unless all of them be united, forming the tree; therefore he actually desires and feels the necessity of union with the only church that can be the stock. Indeed, the metaphor of a tree, by which the church of Christ has always been represented, that several branches of the church separated, can never compose the church, as several separated branches of a tree can never compose it, but, on the contrary, they will always be the parts separated from the tree. We should like to ascertain which are those branches alluded to by minister Cway. Will he call the church of Rome a branch? We would then beg him to tell us from what other church has she been separated, and to which she was formerly united? This would be a great task, and it would bring him to confess that he separated himself from us; but we never separated ourselves from any other. He may not *regret* such *separation*, as he says, but he certainly ought to regret it, bitterly.

We hope that minister Cway will not deny the possibility and awfulness

of schism, but according to the doctrine he appears at least to hold there can never be schism or separation from the communion with the true church. Every separated branch will claim the right of being the church and consequently the stock from which the others are separated, and therefore none of them could be properly convicted and charged with schism. Moreover, which can be those branches, we ask once more? Does he mean the different sects, holding doctrines which the Church of England openly condemns. This would be absurd. Does he mean that the sects would cease to be such?—Then it would be a destruction of them but not a communion with them. His desire is a very curious one indeed.

(8.) St Gregory the Great who sent St. Augustin to England, positively refused the title of *bishop of bishops*, so as to signify that the bishops have no authority in virtue of their consecration, but that they are mere subjects and agents of the pope, so as to be no episcopacy but in the Roman pontiff. In this sense, we all agree in believing that neither the pope, or any other, is the bishop of bishops.—But we certainly believe that the pope has a general jurisdiction over every member of the Church of Christ without destroying the jurisdiction that every bishop has in his own diocese.

(9.) If St. Augustin was sent to convert the *Saxon pagans*, the *British ecclesiastics* had no right whatever to oppose him, for they had no jurisdiction upon *pagans*. This part of the letter is a specimen of Protestant contradiction.

(10.) If their primate is the successor of St. Augustin, he must derive his authority from, and belong to the church to which St. Augustin belonged, that is, to the Roman church, and minister Cway should not mention the British ecclesiastics and their Bishop of St. David's, from whom St.

Augustin received no authority, and even was not in communion with them.

(11.) Therefore, had not the Church of Rome passed to the *dominion of a foreign power*, the Church of England would have been obliged to recognise the pope as her head, or rather, would have had continued recognizing him, as she always did from the beginning till the Reformation. But the supremacy of the pope must either be recognised as a human pretension, or admitted as a divine institution. Consequently, if it be admitted, it must be of such a nature that no human action or event can destroy it, and the circumstance of its being found endowed with a foreign power, will never affect it, as it does not affect any other divine institution. It is evident, therefore, that the *pretext* of the union of the civil and spiritual power will never justify the separation from the church. Moreover, the pope was a prince long before the Reformation, and no theologian of the Church of England ever thought that such event would destroy, or even alter in the least, the supremacy of the pope.—The Church of England, as *such*, that is, merely of England, was not in existence; but the Roman church was then in England in perfect and calm tranquil possession, without any reluctance or opposition whatever.—The *foreign power* has nothing to do in the church and it is not recognised by any Catholic.

(12.) Minister Cway, knows very well the influence that the idea of *recovering liberty*, has in the human mind, and, therefore, he pretends that his church has recovered her own.—By this means, he excites the animosity of the people against the Roman Catholic Church, which he represents as a tyrannical usurper. Let us examine the point coolly and charitably. At first, we must observe, that in matters of religion there is no servitude nor liberty in the *human sense*,

that is, as supposing either a painful privation of personal rights, or a faculty of acting as we please according to said rights. A truly religious man obeys cheerfully, and considers himself *free* from error in so doing—on the contrary, he does not consider himself at liberty to do as he pleases, but as it pleases God. Consulting now the history of the Church of England and that of the Britons, let us investigate whether minister Cway has any proper ground to say, that his church has only recovered her liberty.

Should minister Cway allude to the first Christians among the Britons, when he speaks of the liberty they possessed, and is now recovered, he must remember that they came from Rome, and there is nothing in history to prove that they ever were separated from the Roman pontiff, on the contrary, there is a powerful reason to believe that they were united, as we may be convinced of by a few historical observations. Probably, Christianity was introduced into Britain from the very time of the apostles, for St. Clement speaks of the labors of St. Paul towards that part of the world; and St. Chrysostom in the sermon of St. Paul, expressly speaks of his having introduced the gospel among the Britons. They were then in as perfect union with Rome as the other churches formed by the preaching of St. Paul, and therefore the pope (St. Clement), takes notice of them. Christianity, however, did not flourish much, or soon decayed there, as is proved by the fact of King Lucius, in the second century, sending his ambassadors to Pope Eleutherius, in order to have Christianity preached in his kingdom, and the pope sending S. Fugantius and S. Damianus, by whom Lucius was baptized, and Christianity spread in that country. Why did Lucius send to Rome his ambassadors? Surely, because according to the information received by the few Christians that were about him, Rome

was the principal church, and the one they considered as their mother. But if we are told (against the testimony of history) that there were bishops and flourishing churches in Britain, when Lucius was converted, the argument will be still more in our favor, because it would prove at once that Lucius considered the pope as the head of all those bishops.

The Church of Britain remained in perfect peace and in correspondence with Rome, till the time of Dioclesian, and afterwards, when, we may say, that it was possessed by barbarous nations, for it was disturbed in such a manner, that nothing almost remained of its former state. Christianity then suffered much, and the communication with Rome was interrupted. Ignorance of the true principles was increased, and a separation *de facto*, or from circumstances, took place, without any dissension, which is proved by the silence of history on this subject, which certainly would not have been passed unnoticed. They probably were as ignorant of the cause of their separation as the envoy of Queen Brunehilde was, in the sixth century, who could not account to Pope Gregory for the reason of their schism, as we find in the epistle of that pope on the subject, where he says: *Having asked the person you sent to me, why he lived separated from the church, he confessed that he did not know the reason*, (St. Greg. Ind. II., ep. 113.) Which is, then, that liberty, that the Church of England had, but lost and now so happily recovers? If minister Cway applies to the first British Christians, they were united to the Church of Rome; if he applies to those of the time of King Lucius, they certainly were Roman; if he applies to the times of barbarism, he may have that liberty, but I do not think he will accept of it; if he speak of the times of St. Augustin, we need not tell him that must be Roman. What then? He

must confess that all the *great words* of liberty lost and recovered are only a pretext to excuse a modern and real apostasy.

(13.) The Church of England, before the reign of Henry VIII., was not only subject to the pope, but also entertained all the doctrines now condemned by the present Church of England. It cannot, therefore, be the same church, unless minister Cway chooses to call her so, only because it is found in the same land.—According to such way of reasoning, the Donatists also could say, that their church was the same African Church which existed before Donatus.

(14.) However the Catholic or universal church!!

(15.) All the schismatics and heretics that existed before the Protestant Church of England, and which are condemned by her, kept the true orders and apostolical succession *in the way she does*. But is it true that the Church of England possesses the true orders and apostolical succession? Our readers will not expect that we should enter in this note into that controversy, and we will only refer them to the excellent treatise lately written on this subject by two praiseworthy bishops of the American hierarchy, that is, Bishop Francis Patrick Kenrick, of Philadelphia, in his treaty *De Ordinationibus Anglicanis*, which is found in the 4th vol. of his *Theologia Dogmatica*, and his learned brother, Bishop Peter Kenrick, coadjutor of the Bishop of St. Louis, in his new work on *Anglican Ordinations*, published last year in Philadelphia. We shall make, however, a few general observations. The controversy is upon two points, one of *fact*, and another of *doctrine*: Whether the consecration of Parker did take place, and if it did, whether it was a canonical one, so that the consecrated prelate would receive both ordination and jurisdiction. As to the fact, we must reflect that Parker being the first pre-

late consecrated according to the new order of things, by a *mandate* of Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church of England in opposition to popery; such consecration would have been the most public and splendid one, so that not only England but the whole world should notice it, in order to establish at once Protestantism legally organized. But nothing was said about it, but long time after it was supposed to have taken place. Moreover, the multitude of Catholic authors who came forward against the imperfect and altogether suspicious record brought to light by Protestants, would have been confounded by public opinion, and the witnesses of Parker's consecration, and it is morally impossible for them to be so incautious as to expose themselves to such a treatment. Moreover, who can believe that the government of England would not have taken any precautions to secure the authenticity of such a fact, and have that record so fixed, as to preclude every future doubt. This appears to us sufficient proof that Parker was never consecrated.

As to the point of doctrine, the form of consecration prescribed by Edward VI., which is said to have been used in the consecration of Parker, does not express any thing of episcopacy, and therefore it does not constitute a bishop, no more than it would constitute a priest or a deacon. As to jurisdiction, Edward VI. and Elizabeth, and all that set, could give none. Consequently there is no use to talk about the ministry of the Church of England.

(16.) Then the Church of England will be the catholic church, and London will be the modern Rome, and all will be right, and there will be no more arguments, no more complaints of tyranny and ecclesiastical oppression. In a word, let the Roman Pope be out of the way, and we shall have an *English* Pope, the head of an *English* church, to guide us all to the *English* heaven.

(17.) Is it by richness that the Anglican church is the most important in the U. S. of America? Let them never say a word more about the richness of the Roman Church, or rather, let them confess that they owe their influence only to their money, which is a proper feature of a *Christian church*, indeed. Even so, I would advise minister C. to examine the point a little more, and he may find that it is not altogether so correct a statement. As to the Catholics, we grant that we are the poorest; we are not a *fashionable* church, and, notwithstanding, we increase rapidly. If the Anglican church in America is considered the most influential, on account of the number of its members, it is another mistake, for that church is very far from being the most numerous. According to Mitchell's Geography, published in Philadelphia last year, the number of individuals belonging to different denominations in the United States, is as follows:

Baptists, 4,300,000; Methodists, 3,000,000; Presbyterians, 2,175,000; Congregationalists, 1,400,000; Catholics, 800,000; Episcopalians, 600,000.

We do not transcribe the number of individuals as to several denominations which are less numerous, because our object is only to show that the Episcopalians, far from being the most numerous in America, are the sixth in the list, and that we Catholics have 200,000 more than they have.

It is astonishing, indeed, that at the same time that the Church of England is losing ground even in England itself, and the Catholic Church gaining more than ever, a minister of the Anglican church would write in the above terms to a Catholic prelate.—Very judiciously, he does not say a word about Canada, for he knows that is a complete Catholic country, where

the Church of England is only the church of the government, and of a certain number for particular reasons. He also knows that their missionaries could never convert a single Indian, so much so, that the government has given up the notion of trying to send them, and now gives yearly a sum of money to every Catholic priest employed in the conversion and civilization of the Indians. Some years ago, the government, anxious to establish the Protestant church among the Indians, sent missionaries with a great many presents, and among them several blankets.—The Indians were very much pleased; but no sooner had the missionaries commenced to teach them the new doctrine, than the chief of the tribe told them: "Your blankets are very good, but your religion is very bad," and dismissed them. We were informed of this event by the Sulpicians at Montreal Seminary.

(18.) The good minister becomes at once a prophet, but the reader may judge of the merit of his prophecy. He should rather have prophesied, that in a century, there would be no Church of England, and such prophecy, fanciful and arbitrary as it may be, would have still better grounds than the romantic one he has made.

(19.) He had better pass no judgment on the tracts of Mr. Newman, for, imperfect as they are as to Catholicity, they may be considered as its preliminary, and by entering into an examination of these points, he might be compelled to give more publicity to the fact of Professor Newman being almost a Catholic, and also his numerous scholars, as the reader may conclude from a letter of Dr. W. inserted in our present number.

(20.) Let them keep their wives and the means to support them, and no other alteration will be wanted.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

VOLTAIRE'S LIFE,* POLITICAL, LITERARY AND MORAL.

BY M. LEPAN.

CHAPTER I.

Francis Mary Arouet, better known under the name of Voltaire, was the son of Francis Arouet, and Margaret L'Aumart. He was born at Châtenay, above Sceaux, two leagues and a half from Paris, on the 20th February, 1694. His weakness was such as to prevent his being conveyed to the church for baptism; his parents, therefore, were obliged to content themselves with a private baptism, and for nine months, he was wavering, as it were, between life and death. It was only at the end of that time, that they indulged the hope of rearing him. On the twenty-second day of November, the rites of solemn baptism were performed on him at the church of St. André des Arts.

Francis Mary Arouet, spent the first years of his life with Armand Arouet, his elder brother, of whom it may be said, that if he was not endowed with the same brilliancy and vivacity, he was not at least deficient in wit. It was a pleasure for the family, to hear them contend together and to listen to the epigrams they launched at one another; and it was even then remarked that the younger brother generally had the advantage in these "wordy wars." Some of these sallies of wit having come to the knowledge of Ninon de Lenclos, that celebrated woman bequeathed two thousand livres to him to

enable him to commence a library for himself.

He had attained his tenth year, when his father, in 1704, placed him at the College of Louis-le-Grand, which was under the management of the Jesuits, who have made so many bright scholars. His natural disposition, could not but fructify in their hands,† and accordingly he was very successful. He studied rhetoric, under Father Porée and Father Lejay; one had the morning class, the other the evening class. Father Porée singled out that pupil from among the others, and Arouet loved this Jesuit. That was not the case with Father Lejay. One day, on the occasion of a repartee, which the disciple retorted upon the professor, the latter exclaimed: "Unhappy boy, you will one day become the standard of Deism in France." The prediction of the good father has been but too well realized. Father Palu had no less accurately foreseen his character, when he said: "That child is maddened by the thirst after celebrity." No man ever obtained as much of it, it will be seen in the sequel, as he acquired by incessant efforts, and by the boldest schemes.‡

† It is remarked by many, that Voltaire who respected nobody, always considered the Jesuits, at least, as scholars, and although a monster of ingratitude, always evinced some affection for his teachers.

‡ Ambition and modesty never are together. *True* glory is grounded on virtue, while the *vain one* resorts to bold schemes. Candor proclaims the former, hypocrisy the latter.

* Translated for the Catholic Expositor, from the sixth Paris edition, 1838, by a lady, with notes by the very Rev. Felix Varela, D. D.

He had just completed his course of rhetoric, when J. B. Rousseau who was present at the distribution of the prizes awarded to the successful scholars, in 1710, noticed that Arouet was called up twice, and enquired of Father Tarteron, who he was; Father Tarteron sent for him, and he was embraced by the greatest of the French poets, to whom he sent, two years afterwards, an ode which he had composed for the prize proposed by the academy. He considered it a duty to consult Rousseau, and in addition to friendship, entertained for him the highest respect; a letter which he wrote him, ten years afterwards, ended thus: "I entreat you, sir, during all your life, to count upon me as the most zealous of your admirers." The duration of that respect, friendship and admiration, was limited to the period when Rousseau's frankness became unpleasant; these first sentiments were followed by an implacable hatred and a frightful persecution. The former had procured to the youthful Arouet, sweet and pleasing sensations; the latter drew down bitter trouble upon Voltaire in his prime. But we must not anticipate coming events.

Arouet was sixteen years old, when he left the college to return to his father's. One day, while conversing about the choice of a profession with his father, he spoke thus: "I will have no other profession than a literary one." He was, however, obliged to go through a course of legal studies; but he relieved his mind from the tedium which this occasioned him, by associating with Lafare, de Chaulieu, Courtin, and Servien, with whom he had become acquainted through his godfather, Monsieur de Chateauneuf. One day, when at the age of seventeen, Voltaire and some of the gentlemen just mentioned, were entertained by the Prince de Conti, who was composing some verses, when he made the following remark: "We

are here," said he, "all princes or poets." The reader will observe that here he did not hesitate to consider poets as the equals of princes, it will be seen hereafter, that he raised them far above princes in his estimation.

He was eighteen years of age when he contended for the prize offered by the academy, by the composition of an ode, on the construction of the choir of the church of Notre-Dame, undertaken by Louis XIV., to fulfil the promise made by Louis XIII.—The prize having been obtained by the Abbé Dujarry, his youthful opponent exhibited the workings of an irritable disposition, of which he gave so many evidences in after life. In order to revenge himself upon the fortunate preacher, he wrote a satire, entitled "The Mire," in which he spared neither his judges nor his more successful rival. His father was so much incensed against him by this writing, that he was on the eve of forbidding him the house. His conduct, there, in other respects, was far from deserving approbation.

The grief Voltaire's father experienced from his misconduct, determined the latter upon availing himself, in 1714, of an opportunity which offered itself, of sending him to Holland, as secretary of the Marquis de Chateauneuf, brother of Voltaire's godfather, who was the French ambassador at the Hague. Besides, his removal from Paris presented the additional inducement of breaking up the associations he had formed with those individuals we have before alluded to, and with the companions of his pleasures.

The young secretary had, unfortunately, imbibed such evil sentiments, and had had too much bad example under his own eye, not to yield full sway to his passions, at that period, when their violence begins to be felt. Scarce had he set foot in Holland, when he became enamored of the younger daughter of Madame

Dunoyer, who was a wit, and who, although she was despised for her conduct towards her husband, still respected the solemn duties of a mother. She complained to the ambassador, who thereupon confined the lover to a room in his residence. As he was thus no longer able to visit his mistress, Arouet invited her to come and visit him, which she did.* The ambassador being informed of what had occurred, and having heard fresh complaints from Madame Dunoyer, was determined to avoid bad consequences; he therefore sent Arouet to Versailles, having requested the secretary of state to prevent his returning to Holland.†

He returned once more to his paternal abode, but was soon dismissed therefrom, as well for spending his time in versification, as for frequenting the same society as that which he visited previous to his departure for the Hague.‡

He sought and obtained forgiveness, on condition of his entering himself with an attorney, M. Alain, *Rue Perdue, Place Maubert*. Thiriot was in the same office; it was to this circumstance, that the friendship which subsisted between these two men, for forty years, owed its origin.

Arouet was not, however, disposed to pursue this career for any length of time. Reasons similar to those which actuated his father when sending him to Holland, urged him to permit his son to accompany Monsieur de Caumartin to his estate of Saint Ange, in 1715. The conversations he had there with that nobleman's father, who had frequented in his youth the company of the courtiers of Henry the Fourth, suggested the idea of the *Henriad*; the same gentleman

also furnished him with materials for the "*Siecle de Louis XIV.*" From that period he devoted his whole attention to poetry. After having spent some time at Villars, whither the Duke and Duchess of Sully had invited him to accompany them, he returned to Paris, in 1717, and was incarcerated in the Bastille as a punishment for composing a satire, entitled "*I Have Seen*," which reflected upon Louis XIV., who had recently died. He remained there for more than a year, and while in prison, he corrected his tragedy of *Œdipus*, which was performed in 1718. It is even asserted that he was still an inmate of the Bastille when this tragedy was first brought upon the stage, and that the regent, who happened to visit the prison, released him from confinement in consideration of the delight which he experienced while witnessing the performance of "*Œdipus*."

The youthful poet went to thank the prince for this favor, immediately after regaining his liberty. "Be wise," said the duke, "and I will take care of you." "Let me beg of your royal highness to receive the expression of my gratitude for this renewal of your kindness; while, at the same time, I entreat that you would no longer attend to *my board and lodging*," was the ex-prisoner's reply.

It was when he left the Bastille, that Arouet changed his name.—Among a collection of letters bearing the title of *Juvenilia*, there is one addressed to Miss Dunoyer, the same he had known during his stay in Holland. This letter is signed "*Voltaire*," and contains the following postscript. "Be not surprised at this change of name; I have been so unhappy whilst wearing another, that I wish to see whether this will bring happiness with it."

Subsequently to this, Voltaire exhibited the contempt he entertained for the name of his family. He wrote

* Vide the literary history of Voltaire by the Marquis de Luchet.

† See the Life of Voltaire, by Condorcet.

‡ Ibidem.

thus to M. Moussinet, whom he had entrusted with his affairs at Paris, from Brussels, in May, 1741: "I have sent you my signature, in which I have forgotten the name of Arouet, which, by the way, I forget willingly. I return you some other parchments, where that name occurs, notwithstanding the slight estimation in which I hold it." His change of appellation did not gain for him that happiness he anticipated; it was not the name which needed alteration in order to procure for him the content he sought; it was his manner of thinking and his actions, wherein this became requisite.*

Scarce had the author of *Œdipus* left the Bastille, when an atrocious poem called the *Phlippic*, made its appearance; it was directed against the regent, Philip of Orleans, the same who had set him free. Suspicion at once fell upon him, but it has since been ascertained, that this work was the production of Lagrange-Chancel, the author of *Amasis* and of several other tragedies. What chiefly caused the public to attribute it to Voltaire were his friendship for the Baron de Goertz, plenipotentiary of Charles XII., who had projected a great revolution in Europe, and his

* There is no kind of absurdity, and no ridiculous proceedings to which an impious mind under the influence of unruly passions will not lead a man, and much more so in his youth. Voltaire, in changing his name and in the reason he gives for so doing, evinced that he entertained a superstitious notion, which would disgrace the most ignorant man. Even if he did not believe so, it would have been sinful and ridiculous to simulate to think so, and to give that bad *philosophical example*, to say nothing of religion. Let youth take heed, and distinguish between *talent* and *good sense*. Voltaire possessed the former, but not a spark of the latter. Consequently he always found himself in trouble, and his life was but a series of contradictions and inconsistencies.

assiduity in visiting the Duke du Maine, where all the enemies of the regent met. The prince contented himself with requiring him to leave Paris. He retired to the castle of Sully, where he composed his tragedy of *Artemira*. Here he became attached to a young lady residing in the neighborhood, and prevailed upon her to undertake the principal part of the piece. The managers having accepted both Voltaire's mistress and his work, he obtained the regent's leave to return to Paris. The tragedy and the actress were greeted by a general hissing; the author and lover, indignant at this double outrage, leaped from his box to the stage, and began to harangue the spectators; at first the noise increased, the hisses were renewed, but at length the author of *Œdipus* was recognized, and the public consented to allow the actress to be heard, and the piece was permitted to proceed.† He withdrew from the stage and wended his way back to Sully.

A short time after this occurrence, permission was granted him to reside in the metropolis; he went to Vauvillars to remain only a little while, he returned from thence in the succeeding year, and took up his abode at the President de Bernieres, on the Quai des Théatins. This magistrate had a seat at Forges, where they went to spend the summer. It was at this period that Voltaire composed his infamous "Epistle to Urania," which he since called "For and Against," its first title having been "An Epistle to Julia," probably after Madame de Ruppelmonde, the daughter of the Marquis de Alegre. It was for this lady that this poetical effusion was composed. He went to Holland with her in October, 1722; he saw John Baptist Rousseau, as he passed through Brussels, and remain-

† See the Life of Voltaire, by Duvernet.

ed there three weeks. It was on his return to Brussels, and in relation to the same production, that he conceived that hatred for Rousseau, which we shall see developing itself at a later period.

On his return from Holland, Voltaire sometimes resided in Normandy at Larivière Bourdet, a seat of Madame de Bernière's, and sometimes in Paris, at the mansion of that lady.

In 1725, while on a visit to the President Desmaison's seat at Maisons, situated on the borders of the Seine, and near the forest of St. Germain, he read the poem of the *League*, which is now known under the title of the *Henriad*. Before he commenced reading, he remarked to his auditors: "I ask not the indulgence of my judges, but their severity."—At length he became wearied of their repeated observations, and rising abruptly, he threw the poem in the fire, saying: "It seems, then, that it is only fit for the fire."* It was but a short time after, during his sojourn at this place, that he was seized with the small-pox, on the 4th of November. At first, the disease seemed to be of a very malignant character, but he recovered at the close of the same month, and immediately left for Paris. He had hardly stepped in the carriage, which was to convey him thither, when the apartment he had occupied took fire, consumed nearly one wing of the castle, and occasioned a loss of more than one hundred thousand francs.†

We have now reached the epoch of a most mortifying adventure,‡

* See the life of Voltaire, by Duvernet.

† Vide the life of Voltaire, by Duvernet, p. 54.

‡ The expression *adventure*, becomes very well the passages of the life of Voltaire, for he was a real literary and religious Quixote, who attacked every body, and was beaten by every body. But, alas! The fictitious Quixote im-

which befel Voltaire. It was no less than a castigation he underwent at the door of the Duke of Sully's residence in the Rue St. Antoine, from the servants of the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot. This young nobleman, having had a discussion with him, inquired who he was. Voltaire lost no time in answering, "I am the first of my name, you are the last of yours." Voltaire took some lessons in fencing, and then demanded satisfaction of the chevalier, who accepted the challenge for the next day, but the minister of state, who had been informed by the young nobleman's family, of what was in contemplation, sent Voltaire to the Bastille. After a confinement of six months, he was released, but was commanded to leave France, and he departed for England.

Thus we see Voltaire at the age of thirty-two, had been sent from Holland, forbidden his father's house, imprisoned at the Bastille, exiled from Paris, chastised by domestics for an insult offered to their master, once more sent to the Bastille, and exiled from France. This was certainly not a line of conduct, calculated to exhibit a great inclination for philosophy, but that which he purposed to embrace, did not require any other.

What was to be expected from a man, imbued as he was, with irreligious ideas even from his youth; from one who had never known what it was to curb himself, who had always been accustomed to frequent the most corrupt society, the more dangerous from the fact that under the disguise of fashion, maxims of the most depraved character were concealed; from one, in short, who had formed the system which he inculcated during his life, viz.: "Pleasure is the universal end; whoever seizes it, secures his salvation."§

proved society, while this real one corrupted it beyond measure.

§ Letter to Berger, October 10, 1736. —This horrible principle needs no oth-

Voltaire's three biographers, the Marquis de Luchet, Duvernet, and Condorcet, unite in considering that the *Henriad* had contributed in no small degree to Voltaire's wealth.—“Voltaire,” says Condorcet, “had inherited an independent fortune from his father and his brother, which the London edition of the *Henriad* had augmented, &c.” The Marquis de Luchet asserts, that the proceeds of the *Henriad* were very considerable, and that Voltaire was soon in a situation to do some good. “After the London edition of the *Henriad*, in 1726, was published,” says Duvernet,* “his fortune was that of a man in easy circumstances: what he received, two or three years afterwards, at his father's decease, made him wealthy.” It is somewhat remarkable, that Condorcet mentions the legacies received from Voltaire's father and brother, even previous to the profits arising from the sale of the poem,

er refutation than the experience of those who proclaim it, who (let it be said for the credit of mankind) are but very few and very wicked. None of them ever was happy, and Voltaire himself is an example. He always was seeking for pleasures, he found them, and he never evinced to possess any happiness. Perhaps he did not seize them. But how can they be seized or secured, they being transitory by their own nature? This philosophical reason, independently of any religious one would be enough to refute such a principle. As to *secure the salvation* it is as ridiculous as impious, for it evidently excludes the eternal. Even as to a *temporary* one, pleasures will never satisfy our human wants, neither will they exercise all human faculties, so as to constitute a proper, or even a temporary happiness. Moreover, the evils and torments brought on by pleasures, plunge a man into misery, and wretchedness, in which Voltaire lived and died.

* Duvernet is incorrect, it was in 1728 the edition alluded to was printed.

as the groundwork of his fortune,† whereas Duvernet represents him as only receiving his father's bequest, (which according to Duvernet made Voltaire rich) three years after the wonderful success of the *Henriad* at London. It would be rather difficult to reconcile the testimony of these two authors, but would it not be proper to say that they both deviate from the truth, by simply remarking, that Voltaire was disinherited by his parent, the validity of whose will he contested, and who left but a trifling inheritance? In support of this opinion, the fears which Voltaire evinced in several of his letters may be adduced.

In one of them, he says: “I inform you that our affairs in the chamber of accounts are not progressing for us, and that I run the risk of receiving nothing from my father's bequest.”‡ In another:§ “my fortune is taking so devilish a turn, in the chamber of accounts, that I may perhaps be compelled to toil for a livelihood.” He declares in a third,|| that all he ever received from his family, was four thousand livres per annum. Even the greater portion of this sum, proceeded from the property left by his brother, of which he only obtained possession in 1741.

Voltaire's statement in relation to the edition of the *Henriad*, is still more in opposition to the assertions of his biographers. “It is very true,” he writes, in a letter to — Prevost, in 1740, “that it was at great cost that I wrote the *Henriad*, and that I gave as much money in France, as the poem produced for me in London.” Nothing proves more thoroughly that it was not this poetical effort

† Vide Voltaire's letter to Madame de Bernieres, July 10, 1725.

‡ Letter to Thiriot, Sept. 26, 1724.

§ Letter to Madame de Bernieres, same year.

|| Letter to Thiriot, March 4, 1769.

which was the cause of his fortune. There only remain, therefore, the means, which his friends acknowledge him to have availed himself of, viz., the interest Paris de Mont-Martel allowed him on provisions purchased by the latter, of the gains obtained by investments in lotteries made by the city of Paris in 1729, his speculations in grains, and his enemies add, *the sale he made of the same manuscript work to several booksellers.* "Friendship's voice," says Duvernet, "recalled Voltaire to Paris."* The arrival of the author of the *Henriad* was announced by the appearance of a small philosophical sketch, entitled "Folly on both sides," the subject of which, was religion of the *Unigenitus*, &c.

In 1729, Voltaire won the prize at the lottery made by Pelletier-Desforts, and created for the liquidation of the city debt. He was the comptroller-general, and contested the legitimacy of Voltaire's claim to the prize. The decision was, however, in favor of Voltaire, but he feared his adversary's

revenge, and left Paris for Plombières, where he found the young Duke de Richelieu. Shortly afterwards, the administration of the financial department was withdrawn from Desforts, and Voltaire returned to the capital.

Mademoiselle Adriana Lecouvreur, a celebrated tragic actress, having died in the early part of 1730, and the Church having refused Christian burial to her remains, Voltaire undertook to vindicate her character, by writing her apotheosis, in the course of which he attacked the nation generally, but particularly individuals in office. Complaints were presented to the keeper of the seals, and the poet felt the necessity of leaving Paris; he feigned that he was proceeding to England, but in reality, he did not leave France. He went no farther than Rouen, where he remained concealed for seven months in the house of a printer named Jore, under the assumed title of an English nobleman, whom state affairs had forced to emigrate.

TRANSLATED FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR FROM THE ANNALES DE PHILOSOPHIE CHRETIENNE.

PROGRESSIVE RETURN OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH TO THE CENTRE OF CATHOLIC UNITY.

LETTER INSERTED IN THE NOUVELLISTE DES FLANDRES, CONTAINING SOME
DETAILS REGARDING THAT IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

London, Feb. 21, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am busily engaged in procuring information re-

specting the wonderful things that are related about the Protestant University of Oxford. The persons with whom I am in communication, are

* We prefer quoting Duvernet to any other of Voltaire's biographers, because as the latter knew that he purposed writing an account of his life, he sent him the necessary materials, through M.

Durey de Morsan, (see Voltaire's letter of March 23, 1772.) This occurrence has consequently caused us to trust the testimony of Duvernet, on several occasions.—*Author's Note.*

such as to guarantee the correctness of all that I transmit to you. The Catholic church may well found the most flattering hopes upon that university; the signs, which foretell a glorious return of the wandering sheep back to the fold of unity, are there manifested; the great work is there commencing; the finger of God is there, to dispose the hearts of men, and to conduct to a good issue this hitherto unexpected event.

The newspapers announce that the Anglican bishops have judged it necessary to adopt some measures against the doctrines put forth by the Puseyites. This is perfectly true.—Those rulers of the established church tremble at the progress of that doctrine, which, approaching step by step, will finally be absorbed in Catholicism. They have endeavored to raise a barrier against it; but they have failed. The authority in their hands is broken; it is impossible for them to agree upon any thing.

The rectors of the colleges have, in a manner, put all the folios of the library, in the *Index*. A general prohibition to take any extract out of them has been intimated to the students. Well! upon whom will the weight of rigorous measure fall? Amongst the few works left to the disposal of the young men, there is a copy of *Bellarmin*: Happily, exclaimed the students, Bellarmin is not wrested from us!

There are, however, some stories in circulation, which are of a rather doubtful texture. A great deal has been said about a petition having been addressed to the Pope by one hundred students of Oxford! I cannot trace this rumor to its source; but if it were true, it would have produced a great sensation in the university; whereas, I can assure you, it is not so much as spoken of there.

Doctor Newman appears destined to become the instrument in the hands of God to effect a return *en masse*.—

England has her eyes fixed upon this learned personage, and offers up most ardent suffrages for his conversion. I will make you more particularly acquainted with this man, who holds in his hands the hearts of more than six hundred students. He is forty years of age, and of the middle size. His features, rendered meagre by study and, perhaps, by austerities, bear an impression of modesty and thoughtfulness, and inspire veneration. He lectures once a week in his church. I forgot to tell you that the six hundred students of Oxford, who follow him, openly declare themselves to be his partisans. His favorite motto, regarding the Reformation, is: "*Non debuit fieri, sed factum valet*,"* (It should not have been done, but having been done, it is valid.) Mr. Newman possesses an energetic character, which the menaces and entreaties of the Anglican bishops can neither move nor intimidate. However, he has, for some days past, been extremely pensive. One of his pupils, lately converted to the Catholic faith, went to him to return him thanks; he found him in his little country mansion, sit-

* A great many things are *valid* although *illicit*, but the Reformation cannot be one of them, because its unlawfulness comes from its own nature. It is one of those things, which are *forbidden because they are bad*, and not of those which are *bad because they are forbidden*. The Pope being the head of the church by the ordination of Christ, the separation from him is illicit by its own nature, and it can never be *valid*, as no schism ever was. The dogmas of the Catholic church, being *essentially true*, and the contrary *essentially false*, the operations according to the latter cannot be valid. whether said doctrine is established or not, as time will never alter the nature of things. Consequently, the first part of Dr. Newman's motto, viz., *Non debuit fieri* (it should not have been done), totally destroys the second, viz., *sed factum valet*, (but having been done, it is valid.)—Ed.

ting in an empty room, without carpet, without fire, having no furniture but a table, two chairs and a few books; the tenant of this cell, maintained a strict silence. His pupil began to weep; but still he spoke not a word. It was not until the young convert arose to take his leave of him, that Mr. Newman grasped him

warmly by the hand, and said: *May God bless you!*

May the blessing of God descend likewise upon the soul of this doctor, and there develop that germ of the one true faith, which he planted in those young hearts, that have taken the start of him in returning to the bosom of the church! D. W.

THE INDIAN HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

* * * * * e pur mio Dio
E tutto tuo: dunque che dar poss'io
Che non sia tuo, leggiadro mio bambino?
BUA DA ICCARI.

Mrs. Preston and her companions had arrived at the Hall a short time before Mr. Clermont, Elizabeth and Paulina: tea was ready; and the Colonel was sitting at the table, carelessly looking over a pamphlet which had been sent him. To the utter surprise of Mr. Clermont and his party, when they entered the hall, they found there the Unitarian minister, Mr. Alton, who was a constant visitor at the Cottage, and an oracle in the estimation of Caroline. Indeed, this gentleman was not without a handsome education, was endowed with some eloquence, and adorned with a peculiar urbanity of manner,—and, save when heated by controversial excitement, calm, and affable, and benevolent. But it was a failing which he could not correct, to let no opportunity pass, of pitying the credulity of the millions who believed in the divinity of Christ, and especially

the Roman Catholics, whose clergymen he, however, admitted, were generally good scholars, and well disciplined in the tactics of theological disputation.

By some contingency or other it had happened, that before this evening, Mr. Clermont had never fallen in with Mr. Alton. His authority had often been cited by the ladies, and his decisions were regarded as without appeal. With his wonted hospitality and elegance, the Colonel introduced the two gentlemen. Mr. Alton received the introduction with grace, but manifestly with some emotion, and as he bowed, fixed his dark grey eye,—as if to penetrate into the physiognomy of the Catholic—upon Mr. Clermont's face. Mr. Clermont, whom a long residence in the most polished society in Europe, had refined to an extraordinary degree, met the Clergyman with a dignity and suavity, which are to be found in few; and without the least symptom of surprise, or being taken in the least off his guard, he immediately entered upon a literary conversation which charmed the Colonel and de-

lighted the minister. At table, except a keen, significant glance at Mrs. Preston and the Colonel, when Clermont made the sign of the cross, no allusion was made to religion, and the evening was spent in discussing general topics of conversation, and innocent amusement.

But Alton, it would seem, had determined not to let this favorable occasion slip, without indulging his predominant bent, and entering upon his favorite subject. Mr. Clermont had cautiously avoided any thing of the kind, and felt little or no inclination to commence an argument with a gentleman, who, he knew, was resolved not to be convinced of anything which he did not wish to believe. After breakfast, the next morning, when the Colonel had left the "Hall," and the company were enjoying the delightful freshness and fragrance of the early zephyrs on the portico, the word *divine* happening to escape Constantia's lips, Mr. Alton's eye took fire, and with a good deal of impatience of manner, "that adjective," said he, "is too often misapplied—I rather suspect it is not generally understood."

"If I mistake not, Reverend Sir," remarked Charles, "the word is used in a variety of acceptations. Sometimes, to signify *beautiful, lovely, perfect*, as when we say a *divine poem*, for instance, and sometimes to express the attributes of the Deity, as when we apply it to our *Divine Redeemer*."

"If applying it to Christ, you mean to predicate of him something that appertains only to the Deity," said Alton, somewhat hurriedly, "of course you make him God."

"Certainly Sir; we acknowledge in his person two distinct natures: that of man, and that of God."

"You are right in admitting the first, but in the second, pardon me when I say, it is downright idolatry."

"It is distressing to hear a Chris-

tian minister express such a sentiment," whispered Constantia.

"Although I have not devoted myself to theological pursuits with the same attention as we must suppose every minister has, still I have no fear in asserting, that I can prove from the New Testament, that Christ is God," returned Charles. "Remember, Mr. Alton, it was not I who provoked this discussion—I should not have broached the subject; but to be accused of idolatry, is a charge too grievous and too disgraceful not to require a vindication and a refutation."

"There is not a text in scripture from which a conclusive argument can be drawn in confirmation of the divinity of Christ," insisted Alton.

"There are hundreds, Sir, which flash conviction on the unbiassed mind," retorted Charles.

"Adduce one if you can, Sir.

"Read the first chapter of St. John."

"What does that prove?"

"I will cite it, and leave it to common sense to tell what it proves: 'In the beginning was the *word*, and the *word* was with God, and the *word* was God, . . . and the *word* was made flesh.'

 Here, Sir the evangelist distinctly states that the word was God, and that the word was made flesh—therefore according to the common principles of logic and reason, the conclusion is, that *God was made flesh*."

Elizabeth threw her eye with an expression of delight and triumph on Constantia. The argument was conclusive, and there was but one way of evading it, which Alton did not hesitate to take advantage of.

"We do not admit that part of the Gospel as canonical," was his reply. Clermont could not but smile.

"Shew me a *canonical* text in proof of the divinity of Christ, if you can."

Without any further disputation on

that point, Charles proceeded to shew, that Christ declared himself equal to the Father—and, therefore, divine.

"In the fifth chapter of John," said he, "we find that the Jews, enraged at what they termed his blasphemy, were on the point of stoning him—"

"Quote the words of Scripture, Sir, if you please," said Alton.

"Hereupon, therefore, the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he did not only break the sabbath, but also said God was his Father, *making himself equal to God.*"*

"Your reading is incorrect, Sir," rejoined Alton, "it cannot be rendered thus; or rather I do not believe that the text is to be found in our Testament at all."

"What an evasion, ejaculated Constantia, whispering in the ear of Elizabeth.

"Produce a text in which Christ declared himself, unequivocally, and literally, *God*, and I will thank you," said the minister with a good deal of *hauteur*.

"Unequivocally and literally did Christ declare himself God," returned Charles, "when he said, 'I AND THE FATHER ARE ONE.'"[†]

"He could not have meant that he was the same as the Father," exclaimed Alton, "because you admit that they are distinct beings."

"We admit that they are distinct in person, but the *one* and the same in substance."

"Did the Jews understand him as speaking literally, Sir?"

"If they had not understood him thus, why did they again attempt to stone him: "for the Scripture expressly says, that after they had heard this declaration of his divinity, the Jews then took up stones to stone him."

"These texts cannot be canonical, they must be mere interpolations," said Alton,—to the amusement of Constantia and Elizabeth. "Besides," he urged, "in innumerable parts, Christ declares himself inferior to the Father."

"He declares himself inferior to the Father, in his human nature, I grant, Sir," rejoined Charles, "for you must not forget that we admit two natures in Christ—the divine and human——"

"Two forming one!" exclaimed Alton.

"Yes Sir; just as your body and your soul—two distinct constituents, form but one person."

"Or as the three faculties of the soul, each distinct in itself, form but one soul," whispered Constantia, just loud enough to be heard by the minister.

"You will grant, Sir," urged Charles, "that the doctrine of the evangelists concerning Christ, cannot contradict his own regarding himself."

"Certainly I will; what follows?"

"Well, sir; St. John expressly asserts, that He who was made flesh,—the word—created all things. 'All things were made by him: and without him was made nothing that was made. In him was *life*, &c.' Now, If he created all things, he was not created himself—if he was not created, he was no creature—*consequently, he was God.*" Alton here arose, and walked about the portico with manifest impatience and confusion. —"If then," continued Charles, "Christ says, that he is inferior to the Father, he must speak of his human nature."

"These are speculative points," said Alton, "speculative, scholastic questions, which better suit an Aquinas, than a modern gentleman. For my own part, I believe no such thing as the Divinity of Christ—and controversial disputations—"

* Verse 18.

† John, chap. 10, v. 30.

"You yourself, introduced the subject, remember," said Charles.

"And I will conclude it," he replied, deeply piqued, and abruptly ordering his horse, before Mrs. Preston, who had not been present at this conversation, was aware of it, rode off without even saying good morning.

The manner in which Mr. Alton had left the Hall," threw a momentary seriousness over Charles Clermont, whose sensibility could not bear the idea, of his having been the most distant cause, of that gentleman's displeasure. But the consciousness of his having only done his duty, in defending the most vital tenet of Christianity, supported him in his uneasiness, and soon inspired him with his wonted hilarity. Elizabeth, proposed to him and Constantia, (the other ladies had walked into the garden with Mrs. Preston,) to take a ramble along the water-side.

CHAPTER X.

* * * * * Ferve l'opra, ed altri
Vengono geni e vanno, altri gli eletti
Versan volumi; ogni dottrina, ogni arte
Ed ogni musa ha il suo ministro alato.
BETINELLI, GESUITA.

As they pursued their solitary walk along the borders of the waters, Elizabeth requested Clermont to produce the testimonies of some of the Fathers, as well Greek, as Latin, in confirmation of the divinity of Christ; abundant passages were cited in his author, from whom he read the following:

"In his preface to his Epistle to the Romans, St. Ignatius says, 'The Father wills all things, which are according to the love of *Jesus Christ* OUR GOD.'

"In the end of the preface, he wishes them 'happiness in *Jesus Christ* OUR GOD.'

" 'For OUR GOD *Jesus Christ*,' says he, 'now that he is in the Father, does the more appear.'

" 'Suffer me to imitate the passion of MY GOD.'

"He then begins his epistle to the Ephesians: 'By the will of the Father and of *Jesus Christ* OUR GOD.'

" 'Encouraging yourselves by the blood of GOD.'

"And writing to the church of Smyrna, 'I glorify God *Jesus Christ*, who has given you so much wisdom.'

"Was not Ignatius a Father of the earliest times?" asked Elizabeth.

"He was martyred in the year of our Lord 107," replied Charles.

"St. Polycarp, disciple of St. Ignatius, who himself was a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, Bishop of Smyrna, and a martyr, is another illustrious witness of the common faith of this age, regarding the divinity of *Jesus Christ*; St. Polycarp is introduced in the acts of his martyrdom, thus praying to God, immediately before his death: 'Father of thy only begotten and blessed Son *Jesus Christ*, through whom we have received thy knowledge, I praise thee, who hast vouchsafed to bring me to this day, that I may have a share in the company of thy martyrs, and in the chalice of thy Christ, unto the resurrection of eternal life, of both the body and the soul, in the incorruption of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, I praise thee for all things. I bless thee, I glorify thee, through the *everlasting* high-priest *Jesus Christ*, thy only begotten Son, through whom glory be to thee, together with him, in the Holy Ghost, world without end. Amen.'

"St. Justin Martyr, who died in the year 161, speaks thus in his apology for the christians which he presented to the Emperor Antoninus, 'But we worship and adore this same Father, and the Son, who cometh from him, and the Holy Ghost, who spoke through the prophets; ac-

cording to reason and truth we worship them.' In his dialogue with Trypho the Jew, he proves at large from the scriptures of the old law, that Jesus Christ was called in them *God and Lord*; the *Lord of Hosts*; the *God of Israel*; *Jehovah*, &c. and then concludes: 'If you had understood the sayings of the Prophets, you would never have denied that he is *God*, the Son of the unbegotten and ineffable God:' and a little after, *the Son of God is Lord and God.*' He says that the words of the Psalmist—*'thy throne, O God, is forever and ever, &c.*' manifestly shows that he is to BE ADORED, that he is God, and that he is CHRIST.' 'The scriptures evidently show,' says he, 'that Christ was passable, that he is to be adored, and that he is God.'

"Athenagoras, an illustrious writer, contemporary with St. Justin, writes thus: 'Who shall, therefore, not wonder, that we, who preached God the Father, AND GOD THE SON, &c.' Again, 'We maintain, that the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are God.'

"Who was Athenagoras, Mr. Clermont?" asked Elizabeth.

"Athenagoras was a learned apologist for the christian religion. Prior to his conversion he was an Athenian philosopher, and wrote about the year 177.

"St. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, and Martyr, disciple of St. Polycarp, and who died in the year 201," continued Charles, "has, in all his works the most illustrious testimonies, in support of the Trinity, and of the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost.

"'Christ, therefore, with the Father, is the God of the living.'—'Having a testimony from all, that he is truly man, and that he is truly God, from his Father, from the Spirit, from the angels, &c.'

"Neither the Lord, nor the Holy Spirit, nor the Apostles, would have called him (Jesus Christ) God, abso-

lutely and definitively, unless he were true God.'

"St. Clement, a learned priest of Alexandria, where he publicly taught philosophy, towards the end of the second century, and numbered among his scholars the great Origen, bears ample testimony to the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost. 'Our Master,' says he, 'is the Holy God Jesus.' He assures us that, 'The Word sees all things;' that 'He is in all places;' that 'He is eternal;' that 'He is the creator of man and of the world;' that 'He is Omnipotent;' that 'He alone is both God and man;' that 'He gave us life.'

"And, therefore, he concludes thus: 'Believe, O man, in him who suffered and is adored as the living God.'

"A little after, he adds, that 'The word is truly and most manifestly God,' and that he is 'Not unequal to the Lord of all things.'

"St. Dionysius of Alexandria, in his Epistle against Paul of Samosatha, expresses himself to this effect: 'He, who was by nature Lord, and the Word of the Father, whom the holy fathers have called consubstantial with the Father.'

"St. Gregory, of Noesæsa, surnamed Thaumaturgus, has this remarkable passage in his short exposition of faith. 'One Father of the living Word, of the subsisting wisdom, and of his power, and eternal figure: the perfect begetter of the perfect, the Father of the only-begotten Son, one Lord, one only, from one only, God of God, and true Son of the true Father.'

"Origen, the most learned man of his age, who, in the year 203, succeeded St. Clement in the public chair at Alexandria, acknowledges, in his Sermon on the Pythonissa, that our Saviour is 'the true God.'

"In his commentary on St. John, he says, 'You can no more find the

beginning in which the Son was begotten, than you can find the beginning of *God's eternity*.' And he was always 'present with the Father.'

"In his books against Celsus, which, as Ensebius observes, he wrote in his old age, we find nothing more frequently inculcated than that 'the Son is God.' In his commentary on St. John he often speaks of the Godhead of the Son.

"He teaches that he is the 'Son of God properly;' and, 'by nature;' that he is 'Lord by nature;' that he is 'in all places;' that when Christ suffered, 'the immortal God the Word, remaining essentially what he was, had no share in the sufferings, either of his body or of his soul;' and that the 'Word comprehends God the Father,' &c. &c. &c.

"These testimonies from the early Greek Fathers, are very satisfactory indeed," said Elizabeth.

"With your permission I will adduce a few from the primitive Latin Fathers."

"I shall hear them with delight."

"It is a fact, that the Latin Fathers are not less explicit than the Greek on the Divinity of the Son of God; which shows that the faith relative to that dogma was common in the eastern and western churches, during the three first centuries, as well as it is at the present day. Tertullian, who flourished in the year 215, writes thus in his Apologetic: 'We have learnt that this (the Son of God) was brought forth from God, and that, by this bringing forth, he was begotten, and, on this account, called the Son of God, and God, from the unity of substance.'

"Let the mystery of the economy which disposes unity into Trinity, directing three, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be kept. But three, not as to state, but as to degree; not as to substance, but as to

form; not as to power, but as to species; but of one and the same substance, one and the same state, one and the same power. For there is but one God, from whom these degrees, forms, and species, (personalities,) in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, are derived.'

"The Trinity is of one Godhead, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.'

"The Creator gave to his Son, *who is not less than himself*, all things which he created by him.'

"The Father and the Son differ in person, but not in substance, which is the same in all the three persons.'

"The title of Lord, and God, belong to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.'

"St. Cyprian says of Christ, 'This is the power of God, this his reason, this his wisdom and glory: this descends into a Virgin, this, by the co-operation of the Holy Ghost, puts on flesh: God is mixed with man, *this is our God*, this is Christ.'

"Jesus Christ, our Lord and God,' is a frequent expression with him in his sixty-third letter to Cecilius, in his book on *patience*; in his council held at Carthage in the year 256; in his seventy-third letter to Jubaianus, he says, 'He cannot be the temple of Christ, who denies Christ to be God.'"

"This is strong language," observed Elizabeth.

"Language which should alarm, if it cannot convince, any Unitarian," said Charles.

"These are the testimonies of Fathers who adorned the church by their learning, as well as their sanctity, before the council of Nice, and they will prove how groundless is the assertion of the Unitarians, that those fathers were all on their side, and taught and believed as they do."

CHAPTER XI.

Odi, Padre del ciel del soglio eterno
 La rea bestemmia, e ad immortal tuo
 vanto,
 Forte confondi il mentitor d'averno.
 COTTA.

Had the least doubt hung over the mind of Elizabeth, regarding the great question at issue, the conversation of Charles Clermont with Mr. Alton, would have dispelled it for ever. The manner in which he disposed of passages from the Scripture, which militated against him, and established the doctrine—his evasions—his rejection of the canonicity—his doubting of the fidelity of the versions—were too pitiful, and indeed, unworthy the education and good sense of the Reverend Gentleman. Elizabeth could not have imagined it possible, that so respectable a divine as he was reputed, could so easily be beaten from his ground, by a Catholic layman.

"Really," said she, "I have no patience with Mr. Alton. Is it not incredible, that he should ask in what part of the New Testament, Christ declared himself equal to the Father, and after hearing the passages quoted, that he should take upon himself to reject them as uncanonical?"

"I must confess, that I expected much more from Mr. Alton," said Charles. "But I really begin now to be convinced, that our dissenting ministers, may be profound literary or scientific scholars, but very shallow theologians."

"One would be induced to conclude that Mr. Alton had never read the Scriptures at all," said Constantia."

"Had he not gone off so abruptly, I should have read from my author, the appellations which are applied to Christ in the New Testament—I wonder how he would have evaded them," said Charles.

"With as much ease as he evaded the other parts," said Constantia.

"I sincerely regret that mamma and Caroline were not present at the disputation—perhaps it would have had a good effect," said Elizabeth. "It would be pleasing," she continued, "and agreeable, and instructive, too, to know what those appellations are; will you be pleased to read them to me, Mr. Clermont?"

"With all my heart," he replied. "We have already seen, that by St. John, he is called *Gon*."

"I remember you quoted the passage, in which it is stated by the Evangelist, *that the word was with God, and the word was God*."

"You are correct, Elizabeth," said Constantia, "and this passage of itself, it appears to me, should be sufficient to establish the point at issue."

"It quite satisfies me," Constantia.

"Christ is likewise called the *only Son of God*, by the same Evangelist," said Charles.

"In what part of his gospel, Charles?" asked Constantia.

"In the first chapter, verse eighteenth: 'No man hath seen God,' we there read, 'at any time: *the only begotten Son*, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.'—And chapter the third, verse the sixteenth: 'God so loved the world, as to give his *only begotten Son*; that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting.' He is styled by St. Paul, the Image of the invisible God," continued Charles. "In his epistle to the Colossians, he writes thus: * 'Giving thanks to God the Father, who has made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the Saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, into the kingdom of his beloved Son, in whom we have redemption through his blood, the remission of sins: who is *the Image of the invi-*

* Chap. i. verses 12, 13, 14, 15.

ble God, the first-born of every creature.' ”

“What does the apostle mean by the first-born of every creature, Mr. Clermont?” asked Elizabeth.

“I was on the point of asking the same question, Charles,” said Constantia.

“He means, says my author, in a note on this text, and I agree with him in the interpretation, that Christ was born before the creation—that he is from the days of eternity.”

“This agrees perfectly with the language of the Psalms, addressed by the Father to his Son, before the rising of the day-star,” observed Elizabeth: “‘Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.’ But I have interrupted you, Mr. Clermont, and I request you to continue.”

“In the epistle to the Hebrews, St. Paul styles him *the figure of the substance of God* :* ‘Last of all, in these days he has spoken by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the world: who being the brightness of his glory, and the *figure of his substance*, and upholding all things by the word of his power, maketh purgation of sins, sitteth on the right hand of the majesty on high,’ and in another part of the same epistle, he is styled the mediator :† ‘And, therefore, he is the *mediator of the New Testament*, that by means of his death, for the redemption of those transgressions, which are under the former Testament, they that are called may receive the promise of eternal inheritance!’ By St. John, he is called the *Saviour of the world* :‡ ‘And they said to the woman,’ this was the Samaritan woman,” said Charles, “whom Jesus had instructed, and who proclaimed him to be the Messiah.”

“A beautiful and pathetic part of

the life of Christ!” exclaimed Elizabeth.

“They, therefore, (that is, the Samaritans)” continued Charles, “said to the woman: we now believe not for thy saying; for we ourselves have heard him and know that this is indeed the *Saviour of the world*.”

“Most sincerely do I unite my voice with the voices, and my sentiments with the sentiments, of those good people,” said Elizabeth, “most humbly do I believe that Christ is indeed the Saviour, the Divine Saviour of the world.”

“Every appellation given him in the Scriptures bears testimony to his divinity,” said Charles, “it would be too long to recite the passages at full length—but I will afford you the references, dear Miss, and you may, at your leisure, consult the New Testament.”

Elizabeth thanked him, and taking a lead-pencil from her reticule, noted down the following texts upon the back of a visiting card.—The tenth chapter of St. John, verse eleventh, Christ is called the *good shepherd*.

In the first epistle to the Colossians, chapter the fifteenth, he is styled the *first-born of every creature*.

In the same epistle, and chapter, verse the eighteenth—the *Head of the Church*.

In Hebrews, chapter fourth, verse the fourteenth—the *High Priest*.

In the same, chapter fifth, verse the sixth—a *Priest forever*.

In John, chapter eighth, verse the twelfth—the *light of the world*.

In the same, chapter fourteenth, the sixth verse—the *way, the truth and the life*.

In Luke, chapter the first, verse seventy-eighth—the *orient from on high*.

In Apocalypse, chapter first, verse the eighth—the *beginning and end*—THE ALPHA AND OMEGA.

And in the same book and chapter, verse the fifth—the *Prince of the kings of the earth*.

* Chap. i., verses 2, 3, 4.

† Chap. 9, verse 15.

‡ Chap. 4, v. 42.

"Now, I would ask any reflecting and reasonable mind," argued Charles, "whether all these extraordinary and sublime epithets could have been applied to Christ, in so solemn and peculiar a manner, if he were a mere man, of what prophet, of what ambassador from the court of heaven, could it be said, that he was the *Alpha and the Omega*—except of a *divine* being—would it not be blasphemy to predicate such an attribute? Could it be said of Moses? Could it be said of Enoch, of Elias, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, of David—of any *man*? Certainly not."

"It could not surely," said Elizabeth, "it could not be said of any creature——"

"Of course, the consequence is plain—if men would but reflect dispassionately on the subject, that Christ is greater than the prophets, greater than the patriarchs, greater than the angels, nothing less than God himself."

Charles Clermont did not fail to take advantage of the late occurrence, to impress indelibly on Elizabeth's mind, the conviction, that the cause why so few are found to forsake their prejudices and their errors, is a want of disposition to examine the subject thoroughly and scrupulously. Born in their persuasions, they soothe themselves with the idea, that God does not require of them to change—that a man's life is what will be judged, not his creed—and that their errors—if they err—will awaken the compassion, not the vengeance of the Creator. These were the sentiments of Mrs. Preston and Caroline—they had been those of Elizabeth, but she now perceived their fallacy, and left no means uncontrived, by which to inform herself, on every point relating to the dogmas of the true religion.

During their stay at the Hall, Charles and his sisters afforded her a fund of information, and left her perfectly convinced of these two fun-

damental truths. First—THAT CHRIST IS DIVINE; Secondly—that he established a CHURCH, WHICH WAS TO CONTINUE AS HE ESTABLISHED IT DOWN TO THE END OF TIME. Several years elapsed before she could publicly avow her convictions. But Providence placed her in a situation which rendered her independent of her father and mother—she became the wife of Mr. Wentworth—and after being united to that gentleman of immense fortune, and though not a Catholic, without prejudices, she openly declared herself—no longer a Unitarian, nor a Protestant, but an humble and unworthy member of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

A period of eighteen hundred years has elapsed since the establishment of that church: and yet, we profess the same faith which its primitive members cherished and maintained. The events which have occurred since that distant era, serve only to confirm our faith. During eighteen centuries, men have witnessed the truth of Christ's word, the fulfilment of his prediction, that *the gates of hell shall not prevail against his church*: the variability and decay of human institutions; the rising and going down of generations; the countless revolutions in the physical, political, and civil worlds; the numberless doctrines and errors that have been preached or propagated by the sword, have all conspired to attest, and establish the divinity of that church, which was built upon a rock by the divine architect; protected from above, and governed by the Holy Ghost.

In reverting to the past, we every where discover, in the waste of time and things, the most convincing testimonials of the divine nature of HIM, under whose authority, and by whose power, the church has survived all that was, and will stand until the consummation of the world. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away."

HYMNS OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY,
(*Translated expressly for the Catholic Expositor.*)

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

HYMN FOR THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.*

Cœlestis urbs, Jerusalem, etc.

I.

City of Heaven. Jerusalem,
Where blest tranquillity appears,
Thou, hewn from living stones, dost rise
Beyond the starry spheres.
And round thee, as a bride divine,
Thousands of angels love to shine.

II.

Thrice happy in thy marriage fate :
The Father's glory all hath been
Thy dower—thy Bridegroom's grace is thine,
Most fair and beauteous queen.
City, to Christ thy sovereign bound,
And with heaven's lustre glittering round.

III.

Sparkling with precious stones thy gates
Stand open wide for all alike :
For there, a power attractive seems,
All mortal hearts to strike :
All with Christ's love encouraged, bear,
With patient wills, their sufferings here.

IV.

The chisel's oft inflicted strokes,
The artful hammer's beating oft,
Giving a polish to the stones,
Have reared this pile aloft.
All in their various points conjoined
The parts sublimely raised we find.

V.

To God the Father honor due,
At all times, in all places be,
And to his only Son the same,
And Holy Ghost to thee :
To whom be glory, praise and power,
For ever and for ever more.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

THE TRODDEN WAY OF HERESY.

BY W. M'CLELLAN.*

"Facilius est solem extinguere quam Ecclesiam obscurari."

S. Chrysostom, Hom IV. in verba Esaiae, Op. Tom. I, fol. 1395.

"It is easier for the sun to be extinguished, than for the Church to be obscured."

The battle-field between truth and error, has been in various ages alternately lost and won. It may surprise us that truth has not been invariably the victor, seeing that its native force always suffices, sooner or later, to ensure it the victory. But we must place in account the relative positions which these antagonist principles have at different periods maintained. When, in their several conflicts, each has appeared in its own proper form, the result has never yet been doubtful. There lies inherent in the mind of man, notwithstanding all the moral corruptions of his nature, and obstinacy in clinging to his short-sighted views, a love of evident truth when and wheresoever presented.—The various forms of error in the world have never succeeded in storming the fortalice of truth by their own intrinsic strength. It has been only by overpowering its slumbering sentinels, and silently sapping the outworks which guard its approach, that it has ever yet obtained the vantage ground.

The Ages of the Church abound with many and signal instances of this collision. There are two eras, however, which command the attention, time-points in her reign, which have put to the test her mission, and

made truth manifest to men, by the more than human protection by which she was upheld. These are the periods of the Arian heresy, and of the innovations of the sixteenth century. The one in the days of her youth, (if an earthly similitude can be applied to that whose duration must be eternal)† when the stem of her tree of life, already firmly rooted by the hands of her Divine Founder, and moistened by the blood, and sustained by the endurance of her innumerable armies of apostles, confessors, virgins, and martyrs, was putting forth its fair proportions and encompassing with its shadow the gathering nations of the earth. The other, when laden with

† "Sed existunt qui dicant. Credi-derunt in eum omnes gentes: sed illa Ecclesia, quæ fuit omnium gentium, jam non est, periit. O impudentem vocem! illa non est, quia tu in illa non es? Vide ne tu ideo non sis: nam illa erit, etsi tu non sis. Hanc vocem abominabilem, et detestabilem, presumptionis et falsitatis plenam, nulla veritate suffultam, nulla sapientia illuminatam, nullo sale conditam, vanam, temerariam, præcipientem, perniciosam prævidit Spiritus Dei. . . . Exiguitatem, inquit, dierum meorum annuncia mihi—Non a te quero illos æternos dies; illi sine fine sunt ubi ero.—Temperales dies mihi annuncia—et annunciauit. Quomodo annunciauit?—Ecce ego vobiscum sum usque ad consummationem seculi.—Augustin. Enarr. 2 in Ps. 101.

* Professor of Greek, in St. John's College, Ross Hill.

the spoils of the conquered, which she had cast at her Bridegroom's feet, her children strong in the homage of a world recked not, that though the machinations of hell had so oft been defeated, its malignancy was not extinct.

The Arian heresy has passed away, but not without its memory abiding. Its history, more than that of any event which had gone before, or many that succeeded it, bears with it the most impressive lessons. The subtle shapes which it put on, the varied devices it had recourse to, and the calamities which it brought upon religion have presented almost every hostile attitude which error can assume towards truth. It has been the warning page and instructor to days that are past, as it will be to those which are to follow.

The Reformation epoch, during which we now live, has but little new to add to our former experience. Its resources have been the same, and its ruling principle, the lust of innovation, that of all which preceded it. The possibility of introducing further novelties, had been nearly at an end, hence we discover that nearly all the dogmas broached, at least in its early stage, have been but the repetition of those which had long grown obsolete. This irreligious revolution may be styled the reformation and remodeling of the ancient systems of error, the repairing of its now crumbling edifice, rather than the creation of novel doctrines. We find the early Reformers, with loud professions of regard for primitive times, and for the integrity of the faith, publishing the fœtus of ancient heresy disguised but in new forms, as truths neglected, or lost through the indolence of the teachers of religion; and arrogating to themselves the title of restorers rather than builders, of men consuming with zeal for the purity of God's Church.

Howsoever we may deny the name

of novelty, as strictly applied to hitherto unheard of doctrines, to the religious opinions promulgated at the Reformation, we must yet allow that they were in no whit less dangerous. The new disguise and compact shape in which they were brought forward, instead of the disjointed and wild theories which had at different times preceded them, gave them an air of plausibility which lulled the suspicions of men more effectually than they would, had they been announced as nakedly as when first condemned. In this respect they became the more full of peril to simple souls; and may be viewed as the last despairing effort of the enemy of our salvation, to obscure, if not destroy, the truth, by the artful combination of those heresies, which singly had heretofore failed. All his ingenuity seems to have been exhausted in the adaptation of this new snare to the varying minds and passions of mankind. To ensnare the first, from the crude systems of Luther and Calvin, to the more refined poison of Jansenius, with the intermediate grades which at intervals arose, even down to the mire of Neology, nothing would seem to be wanting, nothing unsuited to the diverse habits of thought. The latter task was most easy, as human passions tend rather to relaxation than discipline. The broad way strewed with flowers was placed in contrast with the narrow path impeded by its thorns and its crosses; and many there were who walked therein.

The leading feature of the Reformation, though at the outset partially concealed, was the abrogation of the divine character in religion, and the assumption of the human. However we might allow that the Reformers, in the beginning of their revolt, acted without any settled purpose or aim, hurried along by blind pride and the contempt of lawful authority, yet may we recognise the wiles of satan in the development which was afterwards made. We may well characterize

this as one of the subtlest of all the engines made use of by the arch enemy of man for his delusion. Placed in dependence upon his own proper strength, his pride flattered in relation to his competency to judge, concede to him the permission, as a right granted him by the Most High, to decide in a case wherein he is the interested party, and we are made sure of the result. Such was the licence awarded, the subject of the vain boastings of the victims of this change.

The basis of the systems of all the Reformers was the fallibility of the church. They viewed its constitution humanly, divested of all its sacred prerogatives, and apart from the promises of Divine guidance and safe-keeping. Faith in their eyes had ceased to be the gift of God, and what had hitherto been considered "the evidence of things unseen," had been transmuted into the shadowy opinion. That hearty trust in the sleepless care and faithfulness of her Divine Head, which had ever been a distinguishing mark of the Church Catholic, was lost sight of: and confidence in fleshly arms, and human wisdom had become their reliance.—Corruption, they averred, had made its way into the temple, and it was but meet that they who had discovered the defect, should apply the remedy. No distinction was made between things sacred and profane: the handiwork of the Deity was to be reformed by those hands which might only without crime intermeddle in matters purely appertaining to human government.

But the course of error had not yet attained its destined limits. Men had to descend still lower, before they could meet with the natural level.—The next step, in the process of laying unhallowed hands upon the ark of God, was still in that descending scale which pointed to the gates of perdition. Thitherward, the pulse of the Reformation had beat, here all its principles

rightly deduced, and unflinchingly carried out, were directed, and must terminate. This stopping place on the highway to Infidelity was Perfectionism. The Catholic had been accustomed to view Revelation as something definite and complete, admitting neither increase, nor suffering diminution: Perfect, seeing that it proceeded from the hands of the only perfect Being, and cherished it with humility and thankfulness, as a deposit committed to the custody of a divinely appointed authority. The new development of Protestantism, arguing from the nature of that it had been used to lean upon, its so called churches, confessedly human *media*, fallible as human caprice their only support, asserted the progressive reformation of religion. It was now considered a subject fairly within the province of reason; capable of as much improvement as the Arts or the Belles Lettres: indebted to every new light which should break upon it from the advances in philology or science. Were any thing, supposed unfavorable to, or believed to be incompatible with revelation, the fruit of researches in fields purely profane, that tenet or passage of the sacred records was either explained away or unscrupulously abandoned. By these means all that remained of primitive faith and usages was gradually frittered away, until little remained which could excite the ire of the infidel.—Indeed, the partition wall between naked unbelief, and this their "Evangelical" system, had become so transparent as to exist but in name; and scarcely deserved to draw down upon their heads the opposition of the professed sceptic, who was sufficiently sharp-sighted to perceive the advantages accruing to his cause from an alliance with a concealed friend under the covering of religion.

We have before us the terminus of all consistent Protestantism, the cold, forbidding level of scepticism. The

doctrines of the Reformation have conducted its followers to a gulf, akin to that from whence their fathers emerged, through the zeal of apostolic and Christian men; and differing from it but in kind, the dark and repulsive night of heathenism. Lucifer and his fallen angels must naturally cherish blank unbelief, as next to idolatry; for it may well be questioned which is most heinous in the sight of Heaven, the blindly giving to others that honor due only to the Supreme, or the refusing it to any.—The goal has been attained. Could the projectors of a movement, destined to such a consummation, by simply following the inclined path at first marked out for it, have been imbued with the spirit of God, or with that of the evil one?

In thus reviewing the history of the past, we perceive that error has been revolving in an orbit of its own, sometimes receding from, at others advancing towards truth, albeit never blending. The tableau of heresy has been that of a circle, seemingly as if, having exhausted its expedients, it had returned to the point of its departure. When we revert to the days of the Gnostics, we find them shaking hands with philosophy, intermingling human elements, and presuming to engraft them on the divine. Thus the children of the Reformation with philosophy and infidelity: with a more refined and distinct mode of procedure, yet perhaps with no clearer view of the unholy character of the alliance. The circle of error had been gone over. The two extremes had met.

The annals of schism have been truly styled "a history of the wanderings of the human intellect." And what a mournful picture do they present! A commentary on the misdirected efforts of human reason, bursting asunder those salutary restraints which Divine Wisdom had imposed upon it, and essaying unaided to pierce through the dark future beyond. Its

triumph is now on the wane, and happier days are dawning on us: but from prophetic scrolls we are assured of its continuance to the world's end, the furnace of tribulation for the faithful ones, and the scourge of the worldly-minded. But the plague has been stayed for a time, and for our age has it been reserved to witness the end. Mankind has grown weary of those destructive principles, which have long been triumphant, only in the desecration of every thing called holy, in the robbery of the heritage of the Lord, and in the uprooting of the very corner-stone of religion, the denial of Him who paid a world's ransom upon the tree.

These things have been "written" in its history "for our correction, upon whom the ends of the world are come." They have been judgments laid upon the church by the chastening hand of the Almighty, to awaken the sleepers, and to infuse life into the tepid and backsliding. "For there must be also heresies: that they also, who are reprovèd, may be made manifest among you."—1 Cor. chap. 11, v. 19. It is useful, therefore, to keep their memory before us, were it but to arouse us to a due sense of our privileges, to increased diligence in our journeying in the path of the cross, lest we be found unworthy: and to warn us and our posterity against falling, through our own supineness and pride of heart, once more into the bondage of sin and irreligion. Nor have these warnings been vain, nor devoid of influence or example. Hardly had the first assaults of error been made, when this mother of the faithful put on her panoply of truth, and prepared her sons for the warfare. The domain of the church was like an islet, whose lot was cast in the midst of troublous waters, but founded upon a rock,—the Rock of everlasting ages. The surges which threatened to overwhelm it were beaten back, for it was written,

that "no weapon formed against her should prosper." "And the rain fell, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, *and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.*"—Matt. vii. 25. Ever since that too memorable and doleful period, she has never ceased to regain her lost territory, to call back, with a mother's fondness, her erring children; "to enlarge the place of her tent," and to "strengthen her stakes:" and to watch in prayer, until the uttermost parts of the earth be reduced to her obedience, and bow under the sweet and joyful yoke of her heavenly Bridegroom.—The sky, that has been lowering, is now bright and gladsome, and people,

that had sat in darkness, are now approaching to the light. May God avert, that many, who are now blessed with its rays, may not lose the precious birth-right of faith, in punishment for their transgressions and ingratitude. Like the altars at which a Cyprian prayed, and a Chrysostom ministered the word of life, which have long lain desolate, may their portion be not taken away: but mindful of their high calling, labor to make their election sure, and in union with the prodigal but repentant nations, whom they have bid welcome home, give glory to the truth, and hope for its eternal reign.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

BAPTISM OF A HINDOO PRINCESS.*

Letters from St. Tropez contain the following:

Our city is proud of being the birth-place of the illustrious General Allard, who left France after the downfall of Napoleon, and selected Lahore for his abode. His fine qualities and talents, won for him the friendship of the King of Runjeet Singh, who gave him the command of his army, and bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter in marriage.

He was absent more than twenty years ere he revisited his native land. About five years since, he brought his wife and children here, being anxious that the latter should enjoy the advantages of a European education. He left France for India once more,

leaving his family among his friends, and indulging the hope that they would soon rejoin him. This hope was not destined to be realized: he had scarcely returned to Lahore, when he died.

Madame Allard was baptized on Wednesday last. Many years ago, some pious missionaries had instilled into her mind the seeds of Catholicity, the development of which, Providence had delayed until now. These first lessons of Christianity produced the happiest results upon a mind and heart naturally good and benevolent, and every thing tended to encourage the hope that the illustrious neophyte would soon be received into the bosom of the Catholic church. At length the happy day dawned for her. A company of lancers, and three companies of dragoons, together with the garrison of the citadel headed by

* Translated for the Catholic Expositor, from the "Courier des Etats Unis."

their captain, went at nine in the morning to Madame Allard's castle ; as soon as they reached their destination, the doors were thrown open, and Madame Allard made her appearance, accompanied by the Prefect of the Department of the Var, and the brave General Ventura, in his uniform.— She was dressed in a white satin robe, and wore a veil of the same material, both elegantly ornamented with gold embroidery, and she walked modestly and humbly towards the church where the solemn ceremony was to take place. She was received at the door of the church, according to the ritual, by the parish priest, who awaited her arrival under a velvet canopy. After the customary questions had been answered by her, the clergyman delivered a most affecting exhortation. When this ceremony was concluded, she was admitted into the church, where baptism was ad-

ministered to her. It is impossible to give any thing like an adequate idea of the deep and general impression felt in the large assemblage, at the moment when the sacred waters of the "laver of regeneration," were poured upon the catechumen's head. A solemn high mass was then sung.

Madame Allard is of a mild and unaffected disposition, of short stature and delicate form, and copper-colored in complexion. She presented the church with a rich crimson vestment of velvet, embroidered with gold.— General Ventura presented the hospital of St. Tropez with an annuity of 200 francs.

Madame Allard's children were baptized during General Allard's stay in St. Tropez ; the same clergyman that baptized them had the consolation to instruct and baptize their mother,

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

EPIGRAMS OF C. VALERIUS CATULLUS.

ON INGRATITUDE.

Cease now to court the praise of men : nor deem
Thy favors able to ensure esteem.
All is ingratitude—'tis nought to do
A deed of kindness : that is more than true.
I knew it well, whom nothing vexes more
Than he who seemed my only friend before.

TO CORNELIUS, HE PROMISES TO KEEP SECRETS.

If to a friend a secret you confide,
Whose firm fidelity has long been tried,

Trust me, Cornelius, with whate'er you please,
You'll find me made like old Harpocrates.*

TO QUINTIUS, HE BEGS HIM NOT TO TAKE AWAY FROM HIM SOMETHING
WHICH HE HIGHLY ESTEEMED.†

Quintius if thou wilt spare Catullus' eyes :
Or ought more dear, if ought more dear can be ;
Oh ! take not that much dearer than his eyes
If ought much dearer than his eyes can be.

TO SILO, HE BEGS HIM TO GIVE BACK HIS TEN SESTERTIA, OR AT LEAST
TO CEASE HIS CRUELTY AND ROUGHNESS.

Silo, my ten sestertia repay,
Then be as wild and cruel as you can :
Or if the money please you, cease, I pray,
To be so cruel, so untamed a man !

* Harpocrates, among the Egyptians, was the god of Silence : he was represented with his finger on his mouth, as indicative of silence.

† I have, in this epigram, for the sake of the repetition of eyes, which is so striking in the original, sacrificed rhyme and verse to preserve the original simplicity.

FOR THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.

S U I C I D E .

FROM THE FRENCH OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

You would cease to live ere you have well commenced. What! have you then been placed on this earth for no particular end? Has not heaven, in giving you life, imposed upon you a task to perform? If you have finished your toil before evening, rest the remainder of the day: but let us examine your work. What answer do you hold ready for the Sovereign Judge, when he shall call on you to account for your misspent time?—Wretch! find, if you can, that *just man* who boasts of having lived long

enough; till I learn from him how life must be spent to entitle me to quit it.

You sum up the ills of humanity, and exclaim, life is an evil! But examine, look into the order of things; is there any good to be discovered which is not coupled with evil? Does this determine that there is no good in the universe, and can you not discern between that which is evil in its nature, and that which becomes so, only by casualty? Man's passive life is nothing, and is only connected

with a body, of which he shall soon be delivered ; but his active and moral life is every thing ; it influences his whole existence, and consists in the exercise of his free will. Life is an evil to the wicked, who prosper, but a comfort to the righteous, who suffer ; for it is not the many changes encountered on its passage, but its relation to its object, which makes it good or bad.

You are weary of life, and you say, life is an evil ; but be of good cheer, for, sooner or later, you will meet the balm of consolation, and you will admit that there is happiness in life ; you will then be nearer the truth though no better logician than before : for nothing shall have been reformed than yourself : why, then, not reform to-day, and, as the evil only exists in your own disquiet soul, why not correct, at once, your disordered sensibility, and pause ere you apply the firebrand to that edifice, which, though partly damaged, may, by care and exertion, still be renovated and preserved. What are ten, twenty, or thirty years, to an immortal being ? Pain and pleasure alike pass away as shadows ; life is but a transient flash, having no being of itself ; the good or evil performed, during its course, is all that will remain to attest its existence ; do not then say that it is an evil for you to live, since it depends on yourself to make it a lasting good : but even were it an evil, dare not, therefore, say, that you have a right

to die by your own hands ; for, as well might you assert the right of not being born, thereby revolting against the Author of your being, and claiming the choice of your own destiny.

Suicide is a cowardly and shameful death : it is a clandestine robbery, committed on the human family, and before you consummate it, you have to make a return to the world for all it has done for you. But I hear you answer, "there are no ties binding me to this earth. I can render no service to the world." Alas ! how short-sighted is your philosophy.— Know you not that that step cannot be taken on earth, which does not lead you to some new duty to perform ; to some sacred office to fulfil ! Learn then what your own mind ought to have taught, "every being is useful to humanity," his very existence makes him so. Thoughtless man ! listen to the voice of reason : and if there still remains a sentiment of virtue at the bottom of your heart, hear me while I teach you to love life.— Whenever you are tempted to leave it, say to yourself, "let me do one more good action before I die," then go in search of misery to succor, of misfortune to console, or helplessness to protect. If this consideration will stop your purpose to-day, so it will to-morrow, so will it the next day, and and till the end of life. If this idea does not influence your determination DIE THEN !—for you are but a wicked man !

H. L. H.

CHILDHOOD.

Ah ! well may sages bow to thee,
Dear, loving, guileless Infancy !
And sigh beside their lofty lore
For one untaught delight of thine,
And feel they'd give their Learning's store
To know again thy truth divine.

SOIREEES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK SIXTH—CHAPTER I.

"I do not regret, my dear friend," replied the Chevalier, "my having bantered you, for I have reaped in the first place, the pleasure of being reproved by you, and I have gained also something better. I was afraid, in truth, of becoming an habitual trifler with you; for man rarely refrains from doing that which affords him both pleasure and profit. But refuse me not, I beseech you, a very great satisfaction. You have vexed me in your turn, when I have heard you speak of Locke with so much irreverence. We have yet some time to spare, as you perceive, and I shall sacrifice to you, with all my heart, the enjoyment which awaits me, in good and agreeable company, if you will have the kindness to give me your opinion in detail concerning this famous author, of whom I have never heard you speak without remarking in you a certain irritableness which I cannot comprehend."

"I can refuse you nothing," answered the Count, "but I foresee that you will drag me along with you into a long and sober dissertation, whence, to speak plainly, I know not how I shall extricate myself, without deceiving your expectations, or fatiguing you; two inconveniences which I would equally avoid, which appears to me no easy matter: I fear, besides, to be carried too far."

"I assure you," said the Chevalier, in reply, "that this apprehended danger appears to be but slight, nay, al-

together imaginary. Must one write an epic poem in order to have the privilege of Episodes?"

"Oh!" returned the Count, "you are not easily deterred: as for myself, I have my reasons for dreading to plunge into this discussion. But if you wish to inspirit me, begin, I pray you, by being seated. You are beset by a restlessness, which quite unnerves me. I know not by what hobgoblin you are ceaselessly tormented: this much is certain, that you cannot keep yourself ten minutes in one position, my words seem to haunt you like the bullet which speeds its way after a bird on the wing.—What I have to say, somewhat resembles a sermon, so you must be seated. Now, my dear Chevalier, let us begin, if you please, by an act of candor. Tell me, frankly, have you read Locke?"

"Never," responded the Senator, "I have no reason to conceal it from you. I recollect once having opened it during a day spent in the country, a rainy day. It was but a cursory glance."

"I do not wish to find fault with you, at all times," replied the Count, "you often stumble upon very happy expressions. In sober earnest, the work of Locke is hardly ever taken up and opened, but cursorily. Among grave books, there is not one less read. A subject of great curiosity to me, but which cannot be satisfied, would be to know, how many men

there are in Paris who have read from beginning to end, the *Essay upon the Human Understanding*. It is often commented upon and quoted, but always on hearsay and at second-hand. I, myself, have passed judgment on it freely, like so many others, without having read it. At length, however, wishing to speak of it conscientiously, that is to say, with a full and accurate knowledge of the matter, I read it over leisurely, pen in hand, from the first word to the last.

‘But I was in the vale of fifty years when that befell me.’

And I believe that during the whole course of my life, I had never been tortured with such ennui. You know my courage in this respect.”

“I can bear testimony to it, with safety,” returned the Senator, “have I not beheld you reading, last year, a mortal German octavo on the Apocalypse. I remember, that on seeing you, at the end of the volume, full of life and health, I told you that after such an experiment, you might be compared to a cannon that had borne a double charge.”

“And yet I can assure you,” continued the Count, “that the German work compared with the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, is a mere pamphlet, a book of light reading, wherein are to be found many interesting pieces of information. We learn there, for example, *that the purple with which the abominable Babylon heretofore supplied foreign nations, signifies plainly, the red habits of the cardinals; that at Rome, the ancient statues of false gods are exposed in the churches*, and a thousand other things of this nature, equally useful and entertaining.* But in the *Essay*, there is no relief to the mind, no solace to the fainting reader: you must

traverse this book, like the deserts of Lybia, without even meeting the smallest oasis, the least verdant spot, whereon to stop and take breath. It has been said of books, point me out a fault to be found therein. As for the *Essay*, I can, with justice, say: *Point me out one not to be found there*. Have what one you will of those blemishes most certain to damn a book, and I shall undertake straightway to furnish you with an example without searching for it. The very preface is shocking beyond all expression. I trust, says Locke, *thou wilt as little think thy money, as I do my pains, ill-bestowed*.† How it smacks of the shop-counter! Continue, and you will see: *that his book has been the diversion of some of his idle and heavy hours, which he knew not otherwise to dispose of*.‡ That the composition of his work afforded him some amusement, for the same reason, *as he that hawks at larks and sparrows, has no less sport, though a much less considerable quarry, than he that flies at nobler game*! That it was commenced by chance, continued as his humor or occasions permitted, written in detached pieces, often abandoned, and taken up again in like manner, *according to the dictates of caprice or the moment*.§ This, it must be confessed, is a singular tone on the part of an author who is about to discourse of the human understanding, of the spirituality of the soul, of liberty, and lastly, of God. What an outcry would there not arise from our dull ideologues, if this impertinent trifling were found in a preface of Malbranche.

“Before passing on to something more weighty, I may remark, that it would barely be credited to what an extent the work of Locke lends itself

* Die Siegs-geschichte der Christlichen Religion, in einer gemeinnützigen Erklärung der Offenbarung Joannis, Octavo. Nuremberg, 1799.

† London Edition, 1775. 1 Vol. 8vo. Epistle to the Reader.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

to the utterance of nonsense, properly so called, by the gross expressions to which he is much attached, and which flow under his pen with a marvellous rapidity. Sometimes Locke will tell us, in a second and third edition, after having pondered the matter over with all the power of his intellect: *that a clear idea is an object which the human mind has before its view*.^{*} Picture to yourself, if you can, any thing more solid!

"At other times, he will speak to you of memory as a box, wherein ideas are shut up in readiness for future wants, and which is separated from the mind, as if that could contain within it any thing other than itself.[†] Elsewhere, he makes *memory a secretary, that keeps a register of time and order*.[‡] Here, also, he represents to us the human intellect, as *a dark chamber pierced with divers windows, through which the light is let in*.[§] In another place, he complains of *a certain sort of persons who cause men to swallow down innate principles, respecting which, they are not permitted*

to dispute.|| Obligated, as I am, to pass summarily over so many different objects, I beg you to bear in mind, that for every example which my memory now furnishes us, I could add a hundred more, were I writing a dissertation. The single chapter of the discoveries of Locke, would present you with two days amusement.

He has discovered, that *in order that there may be confusion in our ideas, two, at least, must always be present*; so that in a thousand years, an idea, provided it be alone, will not be able to be confounded with another.¶ He has made the discovery, that if mankind have not thought fit to transfer to the animal species the names of affinity in use among them; that if, for example, it is *seldom said: this bull is the grandfather of such a calf, or these two pigeons are cousins-german*,** the reason is, that these names are useless with respect to animals, whilst they are necessary among men to regulate successions in courts of law, and for other reasons.

lect was also a dark chamber? Herder Gott, ernige gesfranche uber spinos system. Gotha, 1800. 12mo.

|| Book I. Chap. IV. § 24.

¶ Book II. Chap. XXIX. § 11.

** Book II. Chap. XXVIII. § 2.

* Ibid.

† Book XI. Chap. IV. § 20.

‡ Ibid. Chap. I. § 6.

§ Ibid. Chap. II. § 17.—Upon this, Herder asked Locke, if the Divine intel-

RE M O R S E .

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

CHAPTER I.

There is a power upon me which withholds,

And makes it my fatality to live;

If it be life to wear within myself

This bitterness of spirit, and to be

My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased

To justify my deeds unto myself—

The last infirmity of evil! —BYRON.

Death hallows what it touches.

This is a truth to which every heart, not utterly divested of the better feelings of our nature, will yield a ready assent; and he who violates the sanctuary of the grave is looked upon by all who acknowledge this truth as little less sacrilegious than the wretch who profanes the temple of his God. If such is the general feeling towards him who disturbs the sleep of the common dead—of beings unloved in life—and bound to him by no dearer

tie than that of mere humanity ; how lively must be the indignation, how deep the abhorrence and how bitter the denunciations against him who stands forth the accuser of his earliest, dearest friend ; the revealer of follies and of crimes which—though they draw tears of blood from him in secret—should be hidden, as the miser hides his treasure, from the knowledge of the world, and who brands with eternal infamy that name which above all names has the power of reviving in his heart the buried recollections of his infant years ! And that wretched being am I ! But the task which I have assumed—though Heaven knows how unwillingly !—however it may wring my heart, I dare not shrink from the performance of.

My father was one in whose praise the tongue of dulness has grown eloquent. Not that he had fought successfully the battles of his country, spoken in her councils, or added one page to the volume of her literature,—for my father was neither warrior, statesman, nor poet—but he had, in the opinion of many, done even more ; having, from beginnings comparatively humble, by unremitting, and—to his praise be it spoken—by *honest* industry, raised himself to a distinguished rank among the men of wealth and influence of his time ; and my mother is still remembered as one of the most beautiful women of her day. Of the former, however, who died when I was a mere infant, I remember nothing ; of the latter—but I will not anticipate.

Though during his life my mother had not evinced any extraordinary affection for my father, upon his death she completely withdrew herself from the gay world, of which she had once been the brightest ornament, and devoted herself to a seclusion that at length proved prejudicial to her health, for the restoration of which she was induced by the advice, or rather command, of her physician

to try the air of southern Europe, and I was thereupon consigned to the care of an uncle ; a plain unambitious man, who had preferred the certainty of a competence in the country, to the chance of affluence through the drudgery of business in the city—between whom and my mother, upon this occasion, the following letters were exchanged.

To Herman De Peyster, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Though sadly neglectful of the correspondence you were so good as to open with me on the death of your excellent brother—the fault rather of my health than of my inclination—I have never forgotten the kindness you evinced towards me on that melancholy occasion, nor your forbearance since, in leaving with me my dear boy, whom, according to the will of his father, you might have taken from me at any moment. Of this forbearance, however, I will no longer avail myself ; for feeling that the welfare of my child should be paramount to every other consideration ; and knowing my utter incompetence to the task of properly managing a boy, I have determined upon depriving myself of the pleasure of his company in my voyage to Europe, whither I am ordered for my health, if you, my dear sir, for the sake of your departed brother, will assume the guardianship of his son. Though something, perhaps, must be allowed for the partiality of a mother, I do think you will find my Gulian an uncommonly clever child. Though hardly ten, he is the best dancer in Monsieur Pirouette's school ; draws beautifully, and reads French almost as well as he does English ; and as dancing drawing and French, are now considered primary branches in the education of a gentleman, I need hardly impress upon you the necessity of paying particular attention to them ; but above all—as the physicians here

have recommended exercise to him—I beg that you will have him immediately put through a course of gymnastics. If you succeed in deciphering this scrawl—the most I have written for years—you will please let me have an answer as soon as practicable, as it is of the utmost consequence to me that I should know at an early day whether you will accept the charge that I am so anxious to impose upon you. With love to your sister, who, though we have never met, I hope does me the honor sometimes to think of me.

I remain yours, &c.,

EURETTA DE PEYSTER.

To Mrs. Euretta de Peyster.

DEAR SISTER,—Yours of the 13th has just come to hand, and you perceive that I have lost no time in answering it. Though it has long been matter of serious regret to me that my nephew should be confined to the unwholesome atmosphere of a city, I never could find it in my heart to use the power vested in me by the will of my brother, to deprive the mother of her child. But, now that you have made an offering of him to me, I promise to receive him, not merely with readiness, but with the greatest pleasure; and, much as I lament on your account the necessity that separates you, on his I can but rejoice at it—as it will enable me to acquit myself as I ought of the duties incumbent on me both as guardian and uncle. Without ascribing any thing to maternal partiality, I am willing to believe all that you have said of the cleverness of the lad, for I well remember what his father was at his age; but, I must confess, I should have been better pleased to hear of his having given other proof of it than by his proficiency in dancing, drawing and French, which, though well enough as accomplishments for a gentleman with a fortune equal to my nephew's should be re-

garded as nothing more; and much as it will grieve me to act counter to any wish of yours, I would not, if I could, encourage him at present in the study of French, which is, in my opinion, a poor foundation for the superstructure of an English Education. But I will not fail to act upon your suggestion of putting him through a course of gymnastics. I will give him the range of the surrounding country, and, my word for it, the restless spirit of boyhood will prompt him to as much exercise as his health may require. Excuse the shortness of my letter, which from a rheumatic affection of the hand I have had some difficulty in writing at all. Joined by my sister in an earnest wish for your speedy restoration to health, your country and friends, I subscribe myself your ever affectionate friend and brother,

HERMAN DE PEYSTER.

P. S. My sister would be greatly obliged to you if, without much inconvenience, you would procure for her the "Romance of the Forest," the "Castle of Otranto," and the second volume of the "Children of the Abbey;" and should you have occasion to write to me again, I would thank you not to tack *Esquire* to my name, a title that has become so common with us, who so much affect to despise titles, that I actually saw a letter the other day addressed to one of my blacks, as "*Yost do Pester, Askwyer.*"

H. DE P.

Within sight of the glancing waters of the Hudson stood the venerable mansion of my uncle, a fair, if not beautiful specimen of the style of architecture common in my native city, ere that place fell into the hands of those innovators, the English; and though it had been beaten by the storms of many winters, it was, at the time of my taking up my abode in it, equal to any house in that section of

the State in which it stood. And of a verity none could be better kept. My uncle Herman set a just value upon the good things of this life, and believing that they were intended for man's enjoyment, he determined, as far as his influence extended, that man should enjoy them; and at the morning, noon and evening meal, the substantial round tables in parlor and kitchen, literally groaned beneath the weight of viands, which the poor dyspeptic of the city would hardly venture to look upon.

At this time my uncle was well stricken in years; but, though his head was blanched by the frosts of time, his heart remained untouched; possessing with all the verdure of boyhood, much of the enthusiasm that forms so beautiful a feature in the character of youth; and however utilitarian in practice, his theories were all tinged with the rainbow hues of romance. As he had never married, the affairs of his household were left to the management of his sister—a maiden lady of nearly his own age, and one of the kindest old souls that ever lived—who, from the very best motives, did all in her power to ruin a disposition that early indulgence had considerably warped, but which the watchful care of my uncle, fortunately for me, prevented; and though in every thing, kindness of heart excepted, my aunt Gitty was the very reverse of her brother, never was the power of affection more beautifully illustrated than in the lives of those isolated beings, whose whole study seemed to be which should contribute most to the happiness of the other; and the love that shed its brightness over their lonely path forsook them not until its light was no longer needed by them.

But though one of the best, my uncle was certainly one of the ugliest men I ever knew; being very tall, very thin and very crooked, with a small wrinkled face, dreadfully dis-

figured by a scar that extended almost across his right cheek, and a nose but little inferior to that spoken of by Solomon. It is not to be wondered at then, that my young heart was filled with dismay upon first beholding him who was thenceforth to have the direction of my fate. Little by little, however, his repulsiveness wore away, and at last he became not merely tolerable, but positively comely in my eyes; and one of the first and most salutary lessons which I was taught by him, who was to me at once uncle, guardian and tutor, was never to judge of the *man* from the appearance of face or person.

As I am not writing a treatise upon education, I need not enter into the particulars of the course pursued with me by my uncle. But, to judge from its results, it was no less favorable to the development of physical than mental powers: for from the weak, timid little creature that seemed destined to an early grave, I sprang up into a sturdy youth, active of limb, and of an iron frame; less ready to give than to resent an insult,—and, particularly after what I shall now relate, looked upon as one quite as able as willing to visit aggression with the punishment it merited.

The evening after my arrival in —, my uncle took me to visit a person who lived at the other end of the village, in a small wooden building, the exterior of which, of lustrous white, bespoke a degree of refinement in its occupant by no means common among the villagers of —, which the variety of flowering-shrubs that surrounded it tended greatly to confirm. As we approached the door, that had been left open for the admission of the vagrant breeze, my uncle stopped; and looking in, I could not, child as I was, help admiring the beautiful picture that I there beheld. On a low stool sat a young woman of uncommon loveliness, by no means heightened by her plain

dark dress, except by the contrast it afforded to the dazzling fairness of the neck to which it ascended, and before her knelt a little creature of some four or five summers, repeating in the sweet voice of childhood that prayer—suitable to all ages and conditions—which has been left us by the Saviour himself. As she breathed forth her *Amen*, the bright face of the child, to which the light of the moon gave an appearance of heavenly purity, was turned up towards the young woman, and in a voice that would have touched a heart less susceptible than mine, she said, "Bless me, my mother!"

"Heaven bless thee, my dearest—my only treasure!" said the young mother, as she stooped to kiss the lips of the kneeling cherub; who thereupon rose, and twining her little arms around the neck of her mother, returned her kiss with a sweet "Good night!" and tripped lightly away to bed.

I know how very unfashionable it is at the present day to acknowledge a belief in the doctrine of Sympathies and Antipathies, upon which the sage and the witling have spent alike the force of reason and of ridicule. But who, I would ask, has not at some period of his life *felt* the truth of it? Who has not been sensible of a sudden expansion, as it were, of the heart towards a being of whom he could have had no previous knowledge by ordinary means, or a shrinking of it from another, who was equally a stranger to him? And who, upon acquaintance with those persons, has not had reason to acknowledge the prescience of that indefinable something in his nature which prompted him to a closer communion with the one and an avoidance of the other? Thus was it with me. The moment I beheld that young mother and her child, my heart opened to receive them among its few—its very few—chosen inmates; and upon first meet-

ing with Joe Sherwood, whom I found domesticated in my uncle's family, where he had been for some years, I felt a repugnance towards him very little short of hatred; and while the former feeling acquired strength with time, the latter by no means diminished, although we occupied the same chamber, sat at the same board, pursued the same studies, and even entered into the same amusements for years. This feeling met a corresponding one in the bosom of Joe; and, in spite of all the admonitions of my uncle, our mutual dislike would manifest itself in frequent bickerings, and not unfrequently in acts of open hostility. But in these rencounters victory always declared for Joe, who was both older and larger than I was.

One day on coming home from the village I met my little favorite in the road, upon whose cheeks were the traces of recent tears.

"What is the matter, Mary?" I asked.

"I was going to uncle Herman's"—that was the name my uncle had taught her to give him—"and Joe Sherwood met me at the gate and wouldn't let me go in?"

"He would not, ha? But come, you shall go in, in spite of Joe Sherwood." So saying I took the hand of the little girl in mine, and led her boldly forward.

As we approached the gate, Joe came swaggering forth, and planted himself immediately in front of my companion—who, trembling with terror, begged me to permit her to return. But the fear of the poor child served but to strengthen the resolution I had long before formed, of giving Joe the drubbing of which he stood so much in need, and I still kept a firm hold of her hand.

"Stand out of the way, Joe," I said with as much calmness as I could well command.

"You be darned;" was his reply, in a tone and with a look of vulgar

defiance. "I suppose I can stand where I please. If you want to pass, you can go to the other side." Almost before these words were uttered, I lent him a blow that nearly felled him to the earth, of which surprise prevented his immediate repayment. But when he did repay it, it was with interest; and then ensued a contest which—though long doubtful—terminated at length in the discomfiture of the tyrant.

Thenceforth that little girl seemed to look up to me for protection, and the consciousness of being able to afford it, gave a manliness to my bearing that none of my own, and very few of even a more advanced age possessed.

At the age of sixteen—ridiculous as the assertion may appear to those who have outlived the remembrance of their youth—I was irrecoverably in love with Mary Bayard, the little girl whose wrongs I had so signally redressed. And never was creature of earth better fitted by the plastic hand of Heaven for the inspiring of that which makes so much of the happiness or misery of our lives. But I will not attempt to describe her—*forsooth* to say, no words of mine could convey to another even a faint idea of her who had become the mistress of my young affections. Yet, though it was her exquisite loveliness of form and face that first awoke the master passion of my heart, it was the feminine grace, the purity of soul that breathed in every word and shone in every look and action, that bound me to her then, and binds me to her now, that the cold breath of time has robbed her cheek of its youthful bloom.

The small white cottage occupied by the widow Bayard and her daughter was the property of my uncle; and, as the old gentleman was frequent in his calls upon his tenant, many stories got into circulation that said more for the gallantry of the

one than the purity of the other—of whom nothing was known until her arrival in the village some years before, and very little since, except that she led a very retired, and, some said, a very easy life, for without any exertion of her own, all her wants were supplied. Many questioned her right to the title of widow; the easily excited compassion of a brisk old bachelor was a subject of ridicule with others, and some affected to think that Mary Bayard and I were amazingly alike. These stories, which I heard from Joe Sherwood, accompanied by his peculiarly malicious laugh, though intended doubtless for a very different purpose, had the effect of increasing my love for the daughter, by exciting a deep interest in the mother, whose early history was involved in so much mystery; and every day, and sometimes often in the day, upon one pretence or another, I was sure to call at the cottage of the widow, where I not unfrequently met my uncle, who was apparently as much pleased with my visits as I was myself; and this gave rise to a remark, that if the pretended widow succeeded in catching me for her daughter, it would not be without the connivance of my uncle, who had evidently an interest in the affair.

But as Mary approached the age of womanhood, the hours of unrestrained intercourse, in which we had so long indulged, were wofully curtailed; and the few that were left to us, were darkened by the shade of melancholy that I saw gradually stealing over the once bright countenance of my beloved. But what cause could one so young, so innocent, so beautiful and so beloved, have for melancholy? was a question that I asked myself a thousand times, without being able to form anything like a satisfactory answer to it; and for a long time Mary would not assist me.

One evening—one bright, delicious

evening in early summer—Mary and I were alone upon the glassy bosom of the deep, dark Hudson. After rowing awhile, I raised the oars out of the water, and suffering the boat to be carried along by the current, looked long and earnestly in the face of my companion, who seemed too much absorbed in her own reflections to be conscious of the intensity of my gaze. At length I spake.

"Tell me, Mary, if you would not break my heart, tell me why you are unhappy?"

"Unhappy, Gulian?" she said, in a strangely constrained voice, "Who could have made you believe that I am unhappy?"

"Yourself, Mary. Your languid step, heavy eye, faded cheek and joyless smile have long proved to me that you were unhappy, and—"

"Believe them not," she said quickly, "they would deceive you; for you well know that one like me can have no cause for unhappiness," and she burst into tears.

"Is this kind, Mary?" asked I, when she had again become calm. "You know that I have never hidden any thing from you, and yet—though you cannot but see the misery I suffer at witnessing your grief—you refuse to let me into the cause of it."

"Do not be angry with me, Gulian, and I will tell you all," she said; and then, after a short preparatory silence, she thus resumed. "I need not remind you of our early partiality for each other, or how soon that partiality ripened into affection, for I trust your memory treasures as fondly as mine does, the recollections of all the happy hours that are passed; and I only revert to them now as a kind of preface to the little story of my uneasiness. While we were happy in the consciousness of our affection, my mother lived in utter ignorance of its existence, until the knowledge of it was forced upon her by your uncle, and then she seemed like one awa-

kened from a tranquil sleep to the certainty of impending destruction. Grief, consternation, despair were vividly depicted on her usually calm countenance, and wringing her hands in agony she exclaimed, "Fool, fool that I have been! I should have foreseen this!" My curiosity was painfully excited; but—though I have often importuned her, even with tears—she has never yet satisfied it; and the purport of her replies to my entreaties is, "Do not urge me, my child, to explain to you what must seem strange in my conduct; but be warned by one who has been taught by bitter experience, never to put your happiness in the keeping of man; to pluck from your heart every fibre of the love that may have germinated there, and teach yourself to think of Gulian De Peyster, with the same indifference that you do of Joe Sherwood. But—though the words of my mother have caused me joyless days and sleepless nights—her warning, Gulian, has come too late." And her look, so full of tenderness, as she raised her beautiful eyes to mine, gave me a sweeter assurance than even her words, that her mother's warning had indeed come too late.

"Look, Gulian, look!" exclaimed Mary, in a voice of alarm. I turned and saw a boat from the eastern shore, making rapidly towards us. I dashed my oars into the water to avoid the threatened collision; but, ere I could make a single sweep, the strange boat was driven violently against ours; and, as we were precipitated into the water, I heard a low exulting laugh that could only have proceeded from Joe Sherwood, or the arch fiend, his master.

I rose instantly to the surface; but Mary was no where to be seen! Gracious Heaven, was she then drowned! I called aloud for help, but my only answer was that low exulting laugh of bitter derision which I had already heard. The boat lay

bottom upwards, and after much difficulty I succeeded in turning it over. Mary was clinging to it ! I tore her from it ; swam with her to the shore, and, exerting to the utmost the remnant of my strength, bore her to the cottage of her mother ; but scarce had I crossed its threshold when I sank with my lifeless burthen upon the floor.

A painful and protracted illness succeeded the events of this evening, but the severity of it was greatly mitigated by the unremitted attendance of Mary and the maternal care of her excellent parent ; who, though she promised not to withdraw her objections to my union with her daughter, gave me reason to hope that she one day might, by the lively gratitude she evidently felt for the preservation of the life of her child.

One afternoon, soon after my convalescence became confirmed, I was sitting in the room with my uncle and aunt, he indulging himself with his pipe, and she—as was her wont, industriously knitting, when, after a long silence, the former opening his mouth, whence issued a volume of smoke that obscured for a moment the effulgence of his nose, asked “What day of the month is this, Gitty ?”

“Let me see,” said my aunt, suspending as she spoke the labor of her fingers. “This month came in on Sunday, and this is Thursday. Then this is—let me see. Sunday first, Sunday eighth, Sunday fifteen, Monday sixteenth, Tuesday seventeenth, Wednesday eighteenth, then this must be the nineteenth.”

“So I thought,” said my uncle, taking the pipe from his mouth, and knocking out the ashes upon the thumb nail of his left hand. “Then Reynier is sixteen years dead to-day.”

“Poor Reynier !” sighed my aunt, and in turning the seam stitch she let it fall.

“Poor Reynier !” responded my

uncle ; and rising, he put his hands behind him under the broad skirts of his coat, and walked up and down the room.

“This then,” resumed my aunt Gitty, having raised the fallen stitch, “is little Gulian’s birth day.” I was always *little* Gulian with my aunt, though I was at this time little short of six feet.

“Yes,” said my uncle, “he is now twenty ; and in the ten years that he has been with us, we have not received as many letters from Eureka. I think for Reynier’s sake, if not for his own, she might have consideration enough for her son’s feelings to let him know now and then how she is.” My uncle spoke with a degree of bitterness by no means usual with him ; but ere my aunt could offer an excuse for the absent, as she was always ready to do, the toot-toot-tooting of a tin horn without announced the arrival of the post rider, and immediately after Yost entered the room with the papers and some letters, one of which was from my mother.

She had returned to her native country without having derived the anticipated benefit from the climate of Europe ; and now proposed spending a few months with us, prior to re-opening her house in town, which, for my sake, she seemed to think necessary the next winter. It was her wish that I should meet her in Albany ; but, as that was impossible, my uncle proposed to supply my place, and accordingly the next morning he set out in the old rumbling family coach to bring his sister-in-law home.

The day after the departure of my uncle, my aunt Gitty, knitting work in hand, and I with a book, took our afternoon seat upon the front *stoop* to look for his return. But he came came not ; nor on the second, nor yet upon the third, and, as the shadows of the fourth evening were gathering around us, we rose to retire with

feelings of deep disappointment, not unmingled with fears for the safety of those we expected, when the voice of Yost, uttering Dutch curses upon the animals he drove, gave gladness to our hearts; and sending forward one of the blacks to open the great gate, my aunt retreated to the parlor to see that all things were in readiness while I remained alone to receive the embrace—the cold embrace of the mother whom my heart had so long yearned to behold.

I have said my mother was beautiful. But at this time, though hardly forty, her fine form had lost the fullness of health, her cheek was thin and colorless, and her large dark orbs wanted much of their original splendor. Her countenance, which had once been as animated as beautiful, now wore an expression of habitual gloom that, in a state of repose had something in it inexpressibly touching. But at times, as some long hidden feeling, some unuttered and unutterable thought would flash across it, its whole character would undergo so fearful a change that he, who but a moment before had gazed upon it with feelings of mingled pity and admiration, would now almost shrink at beholding it. Though she had expressed such an earnest desire to see me, I soon felt from her manner towards me, that I was less the object of her love than of her pride, and this want of affection in my parent, I was not slow to perceive was mainly attributable to the power possessed over her by her woman—a power that was never exerted to any beneficial purpose.

Hetty Pennimore, the woman, or rather the tyrant of my mother, was one of those every day sort of creatures that one is sure of meeting in any part of the world; who are seen for the first time and the last with the same indifference, and who, though they may teach us to hate, can never inspire us with love. Yet

she had obtained such an ascendancy over her mistress, that she who could be most imperious to others, was often humble, even to abjectness, to her own servant. But by what means she had acquired her power, was a mystery which none of us could pretend to solve.

After the first few days of her residence among us, my mother, on plea of ill-health, confined herself to her own room; scarcely admitting me to her presence once in the twenty-four hours. But the seclusion of the mistress was not practised by the maid; and not a family in the neighborhood escaped the acquaintance of Mrs. Hetty. Upon none, however, was she pleased to bestow so much of her time and tediousness as upon the widow Bayard; and, to my surprise and grief, I very soon perceived that the influence she possessed over my mother was no greater than that she had all at once acquired over the widow. To the quiet abode of the latter, therefore, my visits were now less frequent than they had been; my intercourse with Mary was subject to incessant interruptions, as Hetty or Joe Sherwood was ever in the way; my uncle, I fancied, was less cordial to me than he was wont since I refused to agree with him that the upsetting of the boat by Joe must have been purely accidental; and even my books failed to yield me pleasure. A change was at work within me. From one of an equable temper, constitutionally gay, and who delighted in an association with his fellows, I became irritable, moody, fond of solitude, and an explorer of the hidden walks of nature. This change in my temper and habits soon had so visible an effect upon my health, that my mother, who seemed to have no thought of any one but herself, could not at length fail to perceive it.

"You are greatly altered, Gulian," said my mother one morning after I

had set near half an hour in her room, a circumstance of rare occurrence, as she generally contrived to get rid of me in a few minutes. "You are greatly altered, indeed. Your cheek has lost much of its natural redness, no great loss, by the bye, for you used to have quite too much color; your eye is heavy, and your hair is sadly out of curl. What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Perhaps Master Gulian's in love," observed Hetty, who never missed an opportunity of putting in a word, let who would be talking.

"God forbid!" exclaimed my mother, in a tone of unusual energy, while her pale cheek became of a more deathly hue.

"And why?" I asked.

"Because—" she began, but Hetty, throwing upon her a look of strange meaning, interrupted her by asking, if it was not time to dress.

"I believe it is," she replied, sink-

ing at once into her habitual languor. This was the signal for me to withdraw; but, determining not to lose the opportunity, which the observation of Hetty afforded, of unbosoming myself to my mother—of making her the depository of that secret with which my heart had so long been burthened, I begged her to defer dressing for a few minutes; and then intimating to Hetty that her presence would not be necessary while I remained, that amiable person, though with evident reluctance, rose and left the room.

At first, my mother listened to the story of my feelings with seeming indifference; nay, I fancied I saw something like contempt in the curl of her beautiful lip—but as I proceeded, her frigidity gradually gave way, and ere I concluded, I felt sure of her sympathy, of which, indeed, the wish she expressed to see Mary, left me not a doubt.

To be continued.

✎ We invite especial attention from the musical portion of our subscribers to the exquisite musical "*morceaux*," which we present them with, in this number of the *Expositor*. The Hymn, "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," which is usually sung before sermon, catechism, or other spiritual instruction, has repeatedly been set to music, in a modern style, by NOVELLO and other eminent English authors, but we venture to say, never with more happy effect, to a sweeter melody, or richer harmony, than is here combined in this fresh and original contribution, from the pen of MR. CHARLES M. KING, the well-known musical composer.

MR. KING has done much by his influential example, in these productions, towards rescuing the style of church "psalmody" from its merited obloquy, and its "low estate," which, if followed up by scientific men, will speedily supplant much of the trash which has been introduced into our choir service, in this particular department, by ignorant compilers, or incompetent vocalists.

The chaste, and highly finished specimens, in this style, which have previously and exclusively embellished this work from the same source, have, we are happy to learn, called forth the warmest marks of commendation from the musical portion of our subscribers, all over the Union. And, we doubt not, that the beautiful and scientific piece of Choral Harmony, which we now present to our patrons, will become, as it deserves to be, a "stock piece" in every Catholic Hymn-book, throughout the country.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

Holy Mary !—mother mild !
Hear, O hear ! a feeble child
Who on life's tempestuous sea
Is cast alone, O succour me !

Waves of sorrow o'er me roll !
Storms of passion shake my soul !
Dangers press on every side !
Star of Ocean ! be my guide.

Brightest in the court's above !
Joy of angels !—Queen of love !
Comfort of the sorrowing !—hear,
And ever let me be thy care !

MORNING HYMN.

BY THE SAME.

The morn in all her beauty wakes,
And from her golden tresses shakes
The dews of night ;
The babbling brook, the whispering wind,
With song of birds to praise Thee 're joined,
Father of light !

Shall man alone refuse to sing
Thy praises, whom, Eternal King !
Thy love sustains ?
O no ! at eve I'll sing to thee,
And thine my morning song shall be
While life remains.

SACRED LYRICS. NO. VI.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

(Usually sung before the Sermon, Catechism, and other spiritual instruction, &c.)

NEW MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EXPOSITOR BY

CHARLES M. KING.

1 Treble Andante. >DOL P CRES

2 Treble DOL P CRES

Tenor DOL P CRES

Bass. DOL P CRES

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vi - sit eve - ry

P

pi - ous mind, Come vi - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind, And

pi - ous mind, Come vi - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind, And

pi - ous mind, Come vi - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind, And

pi - ous mind, Come vi - - sit eve - ry pi - ous mind,

Sacred Lyrics.

sweet - ly let thy grace in - vade Our haarts, O

sweet - ly let thy grace in - spire our hearts, O

thy grace in - vade our hearts O

our hearts O

Lord, which Thou hast made, And sweet-ly let thy

Lord, which Thou hast made, And sweet-ly let thy

Lord, which Thou hast made, And sweet-ly let thy

Lord, which Thou hast made, And sweet-ly let thy

Sacred Lyrics.

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

grace in - vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

made Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

2 Thou art the comforter, whom all
Gift of the highest God, must call;
The living fountain, fire and love;
The unction coming from above.

3 Chase from our minds th'infernal foe
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow,
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

4 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practice all that we believe,
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father and the Son in thee.

5 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th'Almighty Father's name,
To Jesus equal praises be,
And, holy Paraclete, to thee.

